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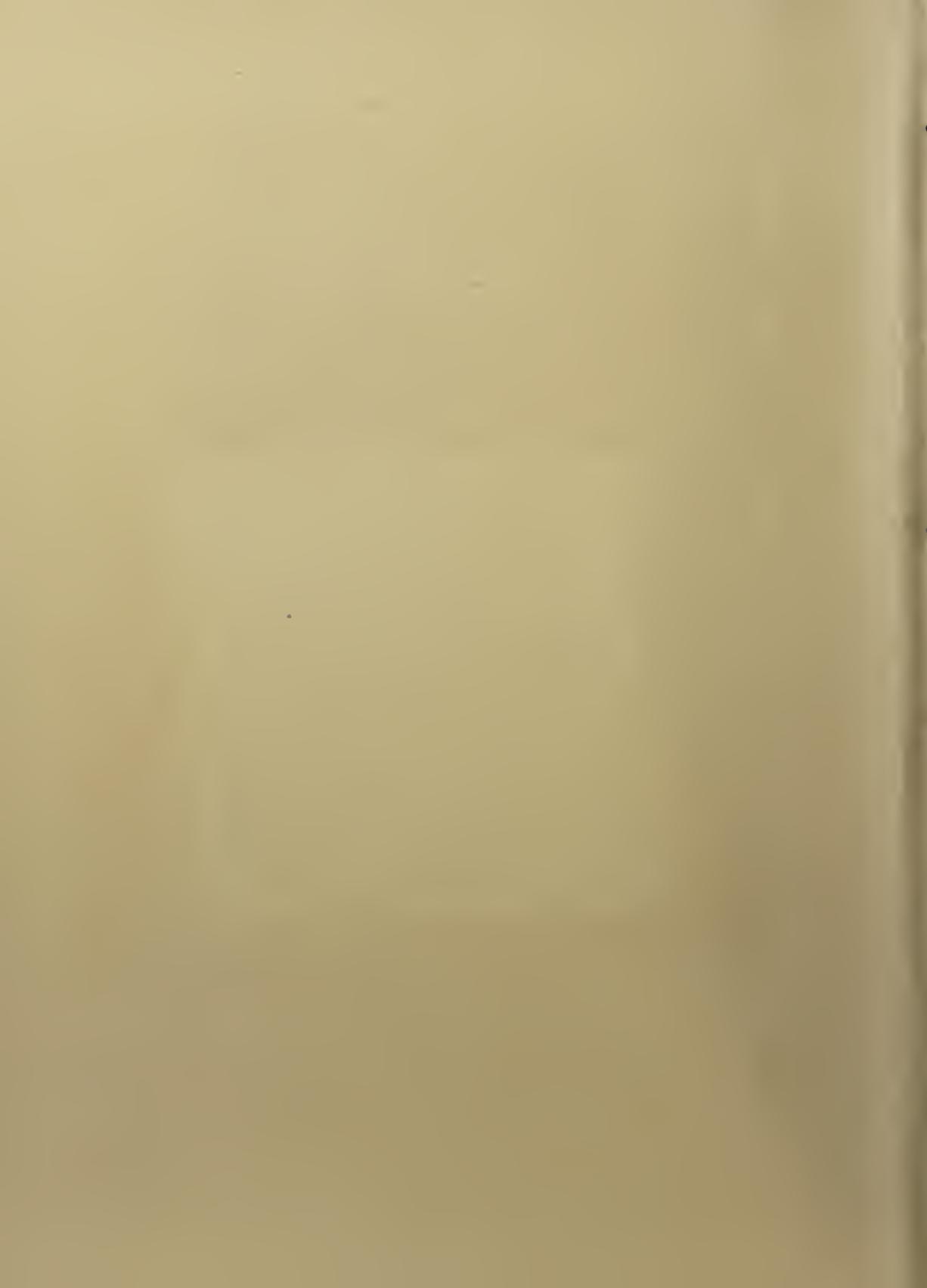
To a dear friend
Mr. ²⁵ G. Fern
Alfred Gietzen

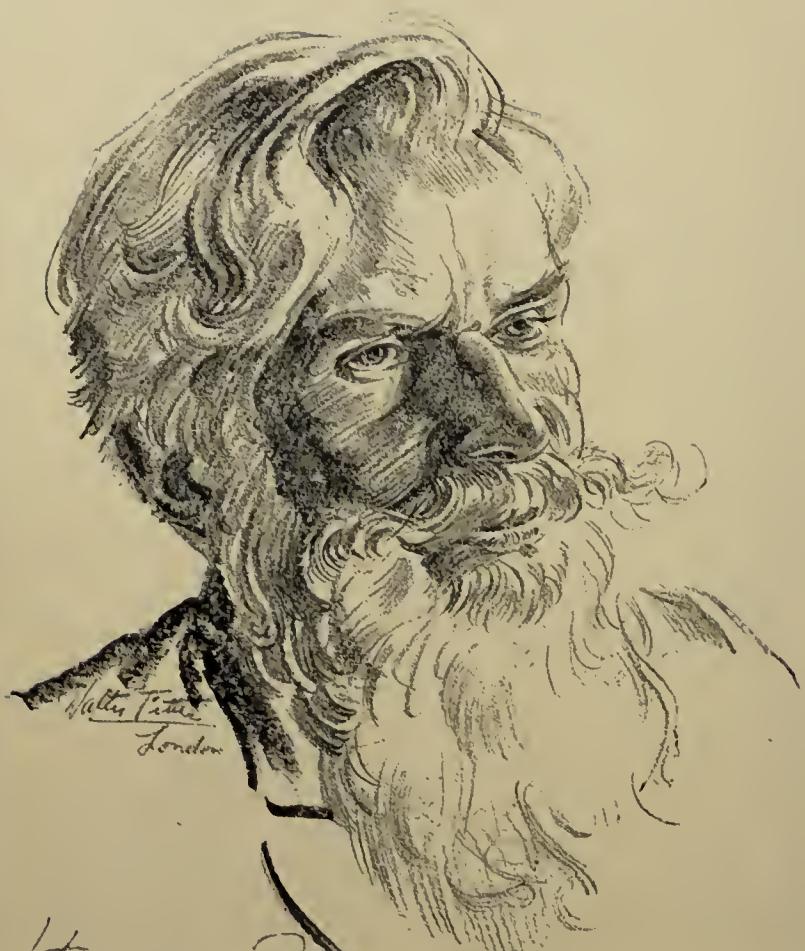
To Alfred Gietzen, ^{N.Y.C.} May 4
with the cordial greetings

7

Joseph Ishill

Oct. 1929.





Hawthorne

HAVELOCK ELLIS

IN APPRECIATION

BY

ELIE FAURE, BERTRAND RUSSELL, H. L. MENCKEN,
HENRY W. NEVINSON, HENRI BARBUSSE, CLARENCE
DARROW, JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY, JOHN A. HOBSON
MARGUERITE TRACY, ELLEN KEY, DR. B. MALINOWSKI

and thirty-four other important contributors

WITH AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY THOMAS HARDY
TO HAVELOCK ELLIS, AND A FOREWORD BY ISAAC
GOLDBERG & EMBELLISHMENTS BY LOUIS MOREAU

compiled, edited and printed by

JOSEPH ISHILL



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AU MAÎTRE

*Grand maître,—maître de la mort,—
Quand par folie, éperdument,
On a de l'angoisse à plein cœur,
Quand de douleur et de tourment
On vous arrive tout en pleurs,
Vous vous dressez contre le sort
Oh! vous, le plus humain des hommes,
Le moins faible par leurs faiblesses,
C'est votre bonté qui nous somme
Aux beaux espoirs, grandes prouesses,
Cher grand dieu! maître de la mort!*

*Grand maître,—maître de la vie,—
Nous avons appris qu'on la danse
Avec du sang plein les souliers,
Mais qu'elle est noble et douce trame,
Riante pour le cœur altier,
Mystérieuse et folle amie;
Dès lors, assis à ses banquets
Où les sanglots et les chansons
Sont belles fleurs de ses bouquets
Nous vous bénissons pour ses dons
Vous, grand dieu!—maître de la vie!*

FRANÇOISE DELISLE



F O R E W O R D

BY *Isaac Goldberg*

ON the 2nd of February, 1929, Havelock Ellis reached his seventieth birthday. Here and there, in various corners of the world, the event was observed by a few groups who long have known him for a revitalizing spiritual integrity. It was almost appropriate, however, that the world at large should scarcely have been aware of the date. It is the human way to celebrate rather those who bring destruction than those who bring healing. There is even a certain appropriateness about the delay in the appearance of this international tribute, which was planned originally to

be issued upon the birthday of the sage. For Time has ever been a ripe collaborator in the labors of Havelock Ellis; he has never served the calendar nor made haste to meet journalistic head-lines.

Mr. Joseph Ishill, who conceived the present volume and executed it, from manuscript to finished copy, by hand, has long bent his craftsmanship to the celebration of the libertarian spirit. The pure love of what fine paper feels like, what fine printing looks like, what typographical artistry may embody, leads him naturally to slave away, in moments stolen from the necessities of daily living, over projects the reward of which is least of all monetary. In Ishill, and in his fondness for intimate personal contact with the tools and mechanisms of his craft, is something of the dedication of a William Morris. The conditions under which he has produced his books demand that after each form the type be distributed, that it may be used again for the following form. Naturally, there is here no question of plates. Only one with a love of labor, and actuated by a labor of love, could have toiled through the fatiguing details of the small library of freedom that he has already produced. Thus Ishill, in addition to books of poetry

by his wife, Rose Freeman-Ishill, has published tributes to Peter Kropotkin, to the brothers Elisée and Elie Reclus, and to Edith, wife of Havelock Ellis.

These volumes are, whether for the nature of their contents or for the scarcity of their numbers bibliographical rarities. This man who runs them off on his old, rusty "Favorite" press, however,—not, as he once wrote, by the typographer's choice but by necessity,—is moved solely by his conception of a utilitarian beauty that shall match a beauty of the spirit. The volume of tributes to Havelock Ellis completes, in a measure, the two volumes previously dedicated to the spritely, effervescent personality that was his wife.

II

We hear much today — perhaps too much — of the "younger generation". Its cinematic accoutrements seem to be a plentiful supply of bootleg liquor, flashy containers for the elixir of a fast life, automobiles that automatically break all speed laws, and a tendency (not altogether reprehensible) to make love, or what passes for love, in and out of season.

Unfortunately, such a younger generation, so outwardly attractive in the group, tends individually toward an early old age. Who are the true younger generation of today? To name but a few: Professor John Dewey, George Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell, Romain Rolland, Henry L. Mencken, and Havelock Ellis. Of this group, Mencken, approaching his fiftieth birthday is by years the youngest. No. Youth is not a date on a calendar. Socrates is still younger than Clara Bow. And it is such as Ellis who have played, for our own day, the rôle of Ponce de Léon.

There is little reason why Ellis should be popular. He is the contemplative seer in an acquisitive age. There are source-personalities as there are source-books and source-documents. He is such a personality, — a germinal, a seminal writer, as important for his life as for his productions. He is not good "copy" for the newspapers and magazines. He does not lend himself to sensationalism. Even in his few confidences he seems incapable of sloughing an integument of reticence imposed by nature. His family, indeed, seems to have shared a capacity for lonely living. Yet already the world, to which Ellis has come in his slow, deliberate manner, begins to turn

to him. It is false, I believe, to consider him cold; as his wife hinted, his outer serenity may well have been the resultant of many inner conflicting forces.

Ellis has been, then, to paraphrase Dante, not an unmoved but a seemingly motionless mover. It is now, among those who know his work intimately, a cliché to say that he has brought illumination to almost every aspect of dynamic living. The universality of his outlook and of his accomplishments is attested by the variety of pursuits from which come the men and women of this volume to pay him homage. Scientists hail him as a pioneer of the study and the laboratory; poets discover in him a brother; women acknowledge him as one of the leaders in their struggle for emancipation; many who would not step into a church or a synagogue respond to the practical mystic in the man. Out of their many fragments he makes a living whole.

III

And yet something in him remains unapproachable. The members of his own family must have felt it. In March of 1926, too late for use in my book

on Havelock Ellis, I received — under date of the 9th — an uncommonly interesting letter from his sister, Louie. She died only a few months ago, rather suddenly. I am sure that I betray no confidences now in drawing freely upon this document, and in quoting from it directly.

"I have read with the greatest interest your article on the youth of Havelock Ellis in *The Forum*. You have finely caught the spirit of our ancestors; there is only one little disappointment—so short a mention of our mother. I quite understand it—my brother would find it so far easier to tell you about our fascinating grandmother Wheatley, who died from tight-lacing when her third baby was born, than to talk about an adored mother who died from heart failure after devotedly nursing her child through a fever, leaving a blank in our lives too vast for words."

Havelock Ellis, as a youth in Australia, never missed a mail to his mother throughout the years. It had been her ambition that he should enter the Church, but she readily acquiesced in his medical ambitions.

Captain Ellis, father of the writer, had been a sailor

by choice and by temperament. "He was debonair", as his daughter describes him. "Liked to kiss the girls: and the arrival of his ship in an Australian port was looked forward to as a social event, with dances and dinners given on board; but he had little initiative or spirit of adventure, and was at heart very proper. He never swore or smoked, drank in strict moderation and was most careful of his clothes. In his short home-comings we looked on him as a delightful visitor who monopolised Mother, sang and played with her alone in the drawing-room, went off with her on 'honeymoons' to the seaside and usurped her place at family prayers, carving, etc. . . .

"Now Mother, like Havelock, was a sailor by heredity. Brought up in a school she was exceedingly well-educated, spoke French, sang, played beautifully and danced well; but her greatest asset was a power to command; — an absolutely firm well-balanced mind, a sense of humor and a great spirit of adventure. She and Father never had a wry word, and though Mother was high-spirited, she was never known to lose her temper or self-control with her children or servants. She was supreme in the house. With no personal remembrance of her own mother,

no sister nor husband at home to help her, she set out to rear her children alone. Her system was to discipline them severely in their early years. She stood over little Havelock in the road once for over an hour because he obstinately refused to go her way. She didn't like doing it, she was nervous and sensitive, and had that pretty way of blushing which red-haired women have; but she felt it to be right. She would even resort to corporal punishment if she considered it necessary, but never found it so in the case of Havelock."

Like those endowed with a true sense of humor, Mrs. Ellis could appreciate a joke at her own expense. The author of *THE DANCE OF LIFE* has never been a dancer; it was much to his mother's regret that he didn't cultivate dancing, cricket, or other sports for which his physique easily fitted him. Ellis, even as a youth, preferred to watch from the sidelines.

His mother, out of religious scruples, observed a taboo against the Stage. Yet together with his sisters, the child Ellis, on occasion, organized amateur theatricals. Curiously enough, one of these, charmingly described by Louie Ellis, centered around

the story of Esther and Haman; it is this tale that in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century gave birth, in Germany, to the first plays in Yiddish.

"We acted 'Esther'", she wrote, "in the garden—my pretty sister with an antimacassar on her head, and a hoe for sceptre,—and I was carefully hanged on the swing as Haman. We had also a tableau of the 'Ancient Mariner',—a huge stuffed albatross hung around my neck. When Mother went up to the Thanksgiving Service for the Prince of Wales at St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1872, my brother ranged us up on the giddy height of the Tallboy as a grand stand, whilst he manoeuvred the Royal Procession of dolls, prams, carts, etc., tied together with string. He was very careful as to the details of the Procession; the Lord Mayor carried a silver spoon as Mace."

The adventurous fancies of Mrs. Ellis took various turns. When the Shah of Persia came to the Crystal Palace, she had to see him at close range. She was fond of removing to new quarters, and more than once her husband, back from sailing the seas, had to inquire as to the whereabouts of his new home! Now and again she would greet him in a foreign port, — at Antwerp, say; or at Grimsby or

Hull. On one occasion, when she had gone to meet the Captain at Antwerp—it was in 1867, when Havelock was 8, and one of his sisters was yet a babe in arms—they proceeded to Brussels, because Captain Ellis could not miss the thrill of beholding the body of the Emperor of Mexico, Maximilian, lying there in state.

Mrs. Ellis was an Evangelical Churchwoman, but "she was broader than her creed, and she gave us perfect freedom of action in all religious observances. Though grieved at our unorthodoxy, she would not bring herself to believe that any of her dear children were really heading for destruction. She would not bind herself to Church work, but she had her own poor people for soup and clothes, her own subscriptions to charities, sometimes anonymous." At her death, in 1888—before the appearance of her son's first book—the family broke up and the sisters went their separate ways. Until the marriage of her brother, Louie and he joined forces. Captain Ellis retired, and, "choosing to live with friends by the sea, resumed the rôle for many years of occasional and welcome visitor to his family."

I have quoted at length from Miss Ellis's letter because it presents, in charming form, information at once valuable and authentic. It is regrettable that she did not live to write at greater length about her family and her brother.

I am happy to have had this opportunity of incorporating, into Mr. Ishill's anthology of tributes and appreciations, a communication which I held for longer than three years before making it public at a fitting time.

Roxbury, Massachusetts

April 28th, 1929.



HAT A STRANGE FATE IT IS THAT MADE ENGLAND! A LITTLE LEDGE OF BEAUTIFUL LAND IN THE OCEAN, TO DRAW AND TO KEEP ALL THE MEN IN EUROPE WHO HAD THE SEA IN their hearts and the wind in their brains, daring children of Nature, greedy enough and romantic enough to trust their fortunes to waves and to gales. The most eccentric of peoples, all the world says, and the most acquisitive, made to be pirates and made to be poets, a people that have fastened their big teeth into every quarter of the globe and flung their big hearts in song at the feet of Nature, and even done both things at the same time. The man who wrote the most magnificent sentence in the English language was a pirate and died on the scaffold.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

"*Impressions & Comments*"
FIRST SERIES, 1914.





H A V E L O C K E L L I S

A GLIMPSE INTO HIS LIFE & WORK

BY *Joseph Ishill*



H A V E L O C K E L L I S will probably be written down in the annals of Puritanism as one of the greatest sinners and demoralizers who ever dared shatter tradition and prejudice, and enter the arena as an opponent of a strait-laced and sterile society,— a society which had already branded him in his early career. He has dared to speak the truth and espouse the cause of the really oppressed, the young against whom there are conspiracies of silence, whose purest, most fundamental instincts are dammed up by the anathe-

mas which often turn them into dark channels, sewers of stagnant repression.

This rebel sinner of yesterday will tomorrow be universally acclaimed as the seer who tore the veil from sanctimonious sainthood and let his light of truth stream down alike upon the imposed asceticism which counted its virtues as so many coins for admission to heaven and a facile renunciation which hid only emptiness.

How truly does he remark in *THE DANCE OF LIFE*:

"Every great and vitally organized person is hostile to the rigid and narrow routine of social conventions, whether established by law or opinions; they must ever be broken to suit his vital needs. Therefore the more we multiply these social routines, the more strands we weave into the social web, the more closely we draw them, by so much the more we are discouraging the production of great and vitally organized persons, by so much the more we are exposing society to destruction at the hands of such persons."

It is to be regretted that some who follow the precepts of Havelock Ellis should have side-tracked, whether consciously or not, his philosophy, and labelled him meretriciously according to their myopic views. The sex-question, so far as we can comprehend, was to Havelock Ellis an independent investigation and by no means admitting of a definite so-

lution. His knowledge of sexual psychology enlightens and clarifies matters from an individualistic point of view. Having a supreme confidence in his researches, I also note that an ever widening circle of students are beginning to assume the enormous task to which Havelock Ellis has so devotedly dedicated his life. To classify him as a "Philosopher of Love" or something similar means to vulgarize his inner perceptions and befog his ethical and aesthetic significance. For in this commercialized era everything is weighed with catch-penny phrases on scales which invariably overbalance the more ethereal conceptions of purely idealistic trend. I also realize, however, that, to a great extent, Professor Patrick Geddes is not far from wrong when he writes in a recent letter to me:—

"... I have never read his sex books and only dipped into one of the volumes at the outset. I admit their necessity in terms of medical science but I have too much seen his work—and Freud's too—as well, *used widely* as initiation into evils, and for popularizing their practices—whereas for Arthur Thomson and me, as simply naturalists, with no pathological terms, our own treatment of sex and evolution, based on example of song-bird and rose, are, we still think, the more wholesome and the more inspiring initiation for youth—for whom the less it thinks and knows of sex-diseases and deviltries the better! 'The Dance of Life' of course,—like Freud's books

too, like Zola's as well—demonstrate the vital idealism underlying all these exposures of evils: so I have always defended them against Puritan critics, and never attacked. Still, you won't misunderstand me for leaving their work mostly alone, and keeping to naturalistic lines, which seem older-fashioned, though I trust which aim towards a newer and more normal flowering of life by and by . . . ”

While I do not altogether agree with his rather conservative view on the question, I admit there is much truth in the assertion of Geddes, and for this reason it is necessary to guard oneself against the asseverations of those who constantly preach morality as well as those who are ready to interpret sex in terms of obscenity. In his sex-investigations Havelock Ellis bore the brunt of the burden himself, sharing its onus with none. He identified himself with this work and helped clear away the mists which obscured this problem and shatter the delusions of a misled humanity.

Great as is my respect for the personality and scholarship of Patrick Geddes, I must here say that his opinion was more appropriate five decades ago because today the public is advancing towards broader conceptions. The theories of Geddes are probably even yet practicable for children fresh from the land of faerie. Better examples cannot be more fittingly

taken than those from the science of botany. But when the child arrives at maturity he must be given information which more nearly approximates the biological structure of the adult human male and female than examples of roses and bees. I think it defeats its purpose (which after all are poise and proportion in life) to liken men to flowers which have nothing to do but eternally spill pollen, or to bees carrying the sweet and fertile germ from spot to spot. Might not the adolescent conclude from these examples that he too has little else to do but squander the seed of life or exploit its flowers?

It is a subject which cries for substantial facts. Havelock Ellis has pondered this and came to the rescue in time, although no one else had even attempted this before him. He bravely continued marching through the mist of Anglo-Saxon morality, convinced that some day he would reach the sunny spaces. It was years before the light of his torch beaconed a pathway bright enough for the people to tread without fear of the bogies of tradition.

Havelock Ellis will remain the greatest exponent of the woman's question. He fought for her rights, not from a political or economical but from a social

and humanitarian standpoint; for centuries the woman was treated as an inferior being, lower even than the masculine slave. She was abused and shamefully exploited in the interest of those who promulgated laws and amassed wealth.

Such barbaric attitudes as have crystallized into ancient customs are still to be found in those countries where darkness and superstition prevail. It was Havelock Ellis's courageous task to liberate modern womanhood, and this has become a vital factor to be reckoned with in his life.

Those who are familiar with the works of Havelock Ellis cannot deny the vigor of his mental outlook. Yet, a vein of tenderness pulses throughout its exalted masculinity. He seems not to have forgotten the taste of his mother's milk and to have incorporated its mild sweetness in his personality. That is perhaps why we who have read his works have achieved a subtler and truer appreciation of those qualities once sneered at as feminine. His mentality, like perfection itself, is curiously androgynous, possessing a balanced blending of tenderness and virility.

Perhaps the hub of his philosophy lies in the seven volumes of his *STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX*. Other problems revolve around this central one and he draws his conclusions admirably. In these studies a mine of information is to be found. He voices the struggle of the soul to free itself from the taboos of a reactionary society. There is a host of suppressed emotions and fine instincts which revolt against barriers, which tend to stagnate and putrefy if left to swelter between the banks of repression and fear. These studies are his *sanctum sanctorum* which must be approached in a reverent spirit. Sex is one of the most delicate problems we have to deal with and it is so keenly sensitive that even when one smiles tenderly he is afterwards disposed to reproach himself: One is so afraid to injure some fragile thing, to give pain in discussion, that one is perforce silent until a liberator like Havelock Ellis comes to unfetter the tongue and the emotions. In this field Havelock Ellis is not only unique, but a most significant libertarian. It is deplorable that we have quite a number of people today styling themselves libertarian or thus styled by their friends who would not link their names with his. They look upon him as

a demoralizer and corrupter of youth — but so was Socrates considered. For that reason they have always avoided the mention of his name. This shows how stupidly they have interpreted his ideas and how stubbornly they have refused to yield him his high place. They have denied him his fame but his shall endure when theirs shall have become a breath in the darkness.

He has undermined the entire structure of moral putridity and stupid conventionalism on which society is based. The rays of his wisdom are already beginning to shine through the crevices of the social-sexual structure he is helping demolish. His ideas are penetrating wherever there is desire for light, wherever there is a wish for comprehension. Because of him mankind stands on the threshold of deeper understanding which will tend to its ultimate peace. He has devoted his whole, long career to this beautiful and eternal motive.

During the great war he stood, as ever, by himself, on his own convictions, keeping his mental equilibrium intact. He did not join that infamous

band of *literati* who abandoned their mental equipoise, tossed it into the diabolic whirlpool of death and permitted themselves to be utilized as decoys in the setting of the trap for the people. The outcome of these reflections resulted in his ESSAYS IN WARTIME, including also some outstanding remarks in his IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS. There is one paragraph in particular where he unequivocally voiced his contempt for those pseudo-great who bartered themselves away so cheaply:

"...But what I do object to is that these creatures have been false to themselves. 'Human nature', if you like, but if human nature is to be bestial nature, let it at all events be that of decent beasts. Why need the generation of 1914 proclaim to the world that their minds are moulded of such soft pap? It would be better to continue to march to hell like men. It is enough to have been traitors to all that is great and noble in Man. There is really no occasion to be renegades also from their own miserable selves." (IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS, 3rd series.)

This clearly indicates that Havelock Ellis was not so indifferent to the issues of the day as some have thought him to be. When he saw the shedding of blood he protested, but since that protest held neither the hysterical note of the propagandist nor the uncomprehending and agonized cry of the victim, it was

held to voice merely the bored indifference of a spectator who has seen the curtain rise and fall on too many tragedies. His accusation of those responsible is clearly voiced and it leaves one in doubt as to whether the whole great blood-fest has donated any compensatory contribution to offset the colossal loss.

There are many spaces between his lines that are left to the reader to fill out. He shows one the different phases of life and leaves it to the student to discover which best appeals to him or is best suited for him to cope with. Throughout his work are to be found valuable data tending toward solutions which would yield a better understanding of men and their struggle for the finer things in life.

Although, Havelock Ellis has never identified himself with any political group or organization, his analytical studies and original research have nevertheless shown him to be not only one of the greatest pioneers in the problem of sex-psychology, and a philosopher and humanist to boot, but also a great philosopher-artist, whose ideas have reached higher spheres than the material propagandist has ever attained. His libertarianism is of a vaster scope than

that which any propagandist has achieved. For he has gone beyond the materialistic conceptions of the political and social-economic struggle. His thought is rooted deeply in problems that will still be a challenge when the economic question shall long ago have been solved to the advantage of mankind. He does not place the material milieu above man as a whole. But he studies man so profoundly in his relations to his milieu that not one determining factor is either overemphasized or slurred. None knows better than he that life is more than meat and the body more than raiment.

Many have written about Havelock Ellis. Many have admired the man and his work, but they have been mostly later-day admirations. From all the bulk of praise, nothing stands out clearer than that of his wife, Edith Ellis. Yet, no one has so briefly and appropriately emphasized the importance of Edith Ellis's biographical sketch on her husband as has Marguerite Tracy. This sketch, by the way, was the first ever written by a woman about him, and it remains by far the most valuable, for in its diminutive way it is a microcosm of his mental and spiritual signi-

ficance. Edith Ellis, in her modesty, has been reticent about her own importance in helping open the eyes of others to the meaning of Havelock Ellis's work. And she has significance in her own right also. She has attained a unique position in English letters, for her feminism was not merely propagandistic, as it was not merely cerebral, but artistic and brilliantly intellectual. Certainly, she will share the eminence of Havelock Ellis, as she has helped ease the weight of his burden when it bore down heaviest upon him.

Though as aforementioned Havelock Ellis was never a popularizer of ideas, he wrote with a beautiful simplicity. Throughout his fruitful career he sought those aesthetic values which are as minutely varied, as unapparently complex as a drop of protoplasm. For the germ of comprehension bears varying fruit according to the receptive tendencies of the individual.

All through Ellis's work is to be found indications of his acute insight into the destructive forces so detrimental to the welfare of mankind. It is precisely because his solutions are more indicative than definitive that they are capable of such wide applicability. He bestows a clear-sightedness upon the student

of his work and an understanding of, and reliance upon, one's own soul. In *THE DANCE OF LIFE* he affirms this by stating that:

"One must win one's place in the spiritual world, painfully and alone. There is no other way of salvation—The Promised Land always lies on the other side of a wilderness."

The chief value of Ellis's work lies in the fact that he does not impose his deductions upon the reader. One must grow *out* from one's inner soul to grasp and assimilate the significance of his ideas and then the result is a new merging of the best that is in one with the best that he himself has to offer.

Evidently Havelock Ellis has great faith in humanity and believes that it will some day realize its potentialities. Today it is swaddled under so many hypocritical strictures that it cannot realize that the world was created not only for struggle but for beauty and its appreciation. When it comprehends this it will understand the meaning of life.

Far away from the tumult and overcrowding of this "civilization" Ellis finds his balm in Gilead on the shores of his "antiseptic sea". There he inhales the serenity and strength that is in salt water. In such

an atmosphere do his thoughts shape themselves into a fluent vigor, born beautifully of the sea and later incorporated into his work. Here, in the quietude of Nature, surrounded by the glamour of the ocean, he is lifted to the supreme consolation that only the soul in communion with nature can confer. From Nature he draws clarifications and conclusions so that the most intricate problems of life become simplified, made cosmic by a heart which feels its kinship with the systole and diastole of the tides.

He has chosen the philosopher's prerogative of remaining calm and aloof,—yet not too aloof,—and he views the activities of life if not with passion, then with a more than compensating tenderness. For he is the very antithesis of the cut and dried pedant who is analyst, but not creator. Well has he written in *THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONFLICT*:

"The academic philosophers of ethics, had they possessed vitality enough to enter the field of real life, would have realized—as we cannot expect the moral reformers, blinded by the smoke of their fanaticism, to realize—that the slavery to rigid formulas which they preached was the death of all high moral responsibility."

Nations may change their boundaries, but humanity and its capacities for perfection are imperishable.

Havelock Ellis knows this and it is certain that his belief in mankind has inspired him to some of his greatest work. At times he is lost in reverie. Suddenly he flashes a fleeting revelation. There is nothing grotesque to obscure his thought. He is no obscene gargoyle spouting facile fulfillments, yet certain aspects of his spirit are at unity with the ancient world of Hellenism, the world of faun and satyr. There are in his musings all the color and sad, because passed, vividness of a world which has once been and which can never be again. There is something about his writing which is as ancient as the first dawn and yet which blows faintly sweet, with a fragrance of growing violets. He has the feel of life, the creator's power to bestow it upon sterile forces. He will remain the symbol of a free man, bound to no obligation but the high and self-imposed one of making the world aware. He who so understands humanity is well able to inspire great questings, adventures of the soul in more joyously intimate modes of expression.

He prefers to study in solitude the various intricate manifestations of life, rather than to mingle in its chaotic current. He remains detached and quite

apart from its ugliness and drudgery, its speed and its farce. Not that this detachment is purely objective. There are pulses in his prose that indicate points of delicate contact. One can sense where he has been hurt and how healed. Taking his work by and large, however, it can readily be seen that though coarseness may have repelled him — and by this is not meant the fastidious recoil of the intellectual snob, nor the sanctimonious horror of the hypocrite — they have liberated an exquisitely delicate series of reflections. In spite of his aesthetic tastes, he chose for his neighbors the downtrodden, disinherited class, rather than the class that neither toils nor spins. He may not have done so consciously, but still, it is worthy of belief that some inner urge prompted him to live near the class that produces and suffers and has the odor of sweat upon it. Nakedness is always truth, though seldom beauty, and living in a workers' neighborhood he sees plenty of stark truth.

He chooses to meditate upon all phases of life and of the emotions. And he draws his own conclusions. These conclusions we find profusely scattered throughout the three volumes of his **IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS**. These imperishable volumes

mean more than the modesty of their title may suggest. They are a series of analytical essays, fragmentary, but deeply comprehensive, mostly written at inspiring moments of his life, at various seasons, when intellect was at peace with spirit; sometimes they overflow with sweet invocations to a yesteryear of brighter traditions, of which only an elusive indication remains. Yet his magic evokes ghosts that are more real than living men, ghosts whose garments are fluttered by a wind that seems more vital than the very breath of life. At times one feels that this shy recluse flirts with some of his reminiscences, so light is his touch, so playfully tender, so coyly self-controlled, so full of the spirit of insouciance strangely tinged with sadness. It is a joy to draw breath in a garden in which the sensibilities are cultivated to the highest point of intellectual and emotional perfection.

When we read his work, we feel a certain ebb and flow as of a tide heaving on its cosmic course. It is a pointing of the way to fuller understanding. His prose rises at times to a crescendo of poetical ecstasy, an ecstasy which most of our modern poets have lost the capacity for evoking as being some-

thing which has no market value. His is the poetry that springs out of the depths of a man who knows and is unafraid—unhampered by a stultifying sense of sin. His prose, if one must call it so, is as rhythmical, as salty-strong as the ocean-waves. Indeed he has inhaled the sea-air for so many years at the British coast, particularly Carbis Bay, where a number of his most significant studies and essays have been written, that he has made the sea familiar even to the most inland reader. And his precepts flow from a personality that has imbibed some of the sea's poise and equanimity.

Some of his finest work was done in a little hut that had once been a miner's and was afterward converted by an artist into a studio. This he has occupied for some ten years at periods of six months each year. That accounts, as far as external circumstances can, for his style having acquired a sea-flavor so refreshing after urban impurities. There he meditates leisurely and sums up the values of life, not with the precision of a dry mathematician, but with the elating wisdom of a joyous philosopher and the skill of a trained artist-scientist. All the turbulent fermentations seething in the vat of civilization he

has analyzed chemically, catalogued biologically, through methods peculiarly his own.

His encyclopaedic knowledge is so marvellously detailed that often one receives the condensed substance of years of research in a sentence, and the clarification of enigmas that have vexed generations in a phrase. And even to formulate intelligently a hitherto nebulous question is to solve it in some degree.

To widen the scope, one should read *THE NEW SPIRIT*. These pages were written with the spiritual feeling of a Prometheus, a bearer of light. This work appeared at a time when liberal intellectual minds were groping towards new horizons but dimly seen.

AFFIRMATIONS is also a contribution of critical estimates which penetrates even deeper into the cosmic problems. It has a universal endurance, the entire structure of his mind being based upon universalities and bringing to the vision of the reader more spacious vistas.

THE DANCE OF LIFE is perhaps his greatest philosophical work he has thus far contributed. Therein lies the summary of his knowledge, his philosophic insight into a world which should be moving to

the rhythm of a perpetual dance. Every manifestation is a new step in the dance. The entire structure of the book approaches poetry and wisdom of the highest order. It would be difficult indeed to surpass it.

Havelock Ellis has surveyed life keenly and profoundly from almost every angle. His serene crystal-clear mind is reflected in his writing. Physiologist, psychologist and philosopher, there is hardly a monotonous or superfluous phrase in his work. Each thought deliberately bears its weight of unequivocal meaning with an airy spontaneity. Therein lies one of his best qualities, rather a natural gift than an academic faculty.

No one can see in his pages the dullness and fatigue of a prose that is turgid with the weight of its own importance. One is always sure to find a great vigor, an authentic revaluation of values. In spite of this shifting age of materialism, he has remained spiritually the idealist, the rebel thinker and great humanist of the same fiber as all great men. I can but haltingly express here what his books have come to mean to me and what undoubtedly they mean to others. Some of the most valuable deductions might

have failed of achievement had not this thinker swung his torch across the labyrinthine paths upon which so many have stumbled and fallen.

Today, when Havelock Ellis has passed his seventieth year of toil and study, he can afford to smile tolerantly at all he has had to undergo, for in the march of truth he has progressed furthest, touched his distant goal, hung his light high for the gropers to be guided by it. Havelock Ellis today is one of our greatest of forerunners: he can continue to smile his faun-like smile.

It is just this somewhat enigmatic smile of a demigod that Walter Tittle has caught so admirably. He sketched his portrait from life a few years ago and has conveyed his psychic as well as his physical features. Only a great artist could have succeeded in capturing and holding that faint and faun-like smile which is so typical, both of Havelock Ellis the man and of his philosophy of quiet joy. More than one has noticed that smile and compared it to that of a woodland deity. Yet for all its elusiveness that smile is rich with meaning. We are grateful to the artist

who has so spontaneously and so unlaboriously achieved his effect.

Above the bickerings of his time, beyond the contamination of its multitudes, a non-participant of its more boisterous activities, he stands serenely and speculates. It is certain that some aspects of its hilarity and its pain must appear to him to be foolish and futile, since he speculates upon fundamentals. But he is kind; he refrains from sour condemnations. His reflections, his observations, are in themselves an "antiseptic sea" that sterilize and sweeten the putridity of conventional repressions. His many and varied contributions are the levellers which will some day raze the mountain and let in the sunshine so long barred by its gargantuan bulk.

Pure and sincere hearts can never be content with subterfuges. Havelock Ellis has seen this clearly in the rejection of these superficial values rated with mechanical precision by a mechanistic society. It is these non-conformists whom Havelock Ellis has helped enlighten to the poignant joy of absolute candor in all relations. To such he will remain that beautiful and fertile paradox, an aristocrat of the soul as

well as a democrat by conviction, the beacon-light of those who will neither dominate nor be dominated.

When I first conceived the idea of issuing this book, I was nailing the last rows of shingles on the roof of my small bungalow. It was during one of those hazy mornings which envelope everything in a strange glamour as of some resurrected biblical Orient. The mist from the mountains on one side blended with the new green of the woods on the other. I was restless between an intoxication with beauty on the one side and the intense desire to do something concrete with my hands, on the other. Each blow of my hammer evoked an echo as if some god had wakened just to yea-say my work. It was the sort of sweet and mellow morning when one is completely absorbed in exalted things and yet still has a hankering after the little dear tasks of daily life. I felt free and accountable to no one. And I was filled with a stinging delight to think that I could dream and still retain the cunning of my hand. Suddenly a stream of golden rays invaded the roof, blessing the colored shingles I was laying so absent-

mindedly, yet so well. It was a benediction that illuminated the face of my desire. For I was thinking of the life and work of Havelock Ellis, and thinking how best to pay my tribute to the man who has borne his spiritual victory beyond borders and without compromise to the threshold of his seventieth birthday.

So I conceived this volume... It was set up and printed in this spirit of devotion by the writer during his evening hours, after days engaged elsewhere in the daily grind of labor. This is his tribute of love and gratitude to Havelock Ellis who has enhanced his life, roused him to finer comprehensions, unsnarled the tangles which confuse and bewilder and sidetrack the spirit into paths of superstition and darkness. The truth and beauty so harmoniously blended into the philosophy of Havelock Ellis is there for the understanding heart to accept. His light points the way to unfettered fulfillments which are innocent and beautiful.

. . .

Here the writer wishes to express his thanks to all who have so graciously collaborated with him to-

ward the achievement of this volume. It would be superfluous to re-acknowledge each name separately since they appear in the table of contents. But he feels that those who have taken especial pains to comply with his request, or who have been particularly lavish with their time in obliging him, deserve particular acknowledgement. He has so expressed himself in personal letters to them. Beside their tributes and appreciations, he has also extracted material from sources now either rare or extremely hard to trace.

He is particularly grateful to his esteemed friend, Elie Faure, who has collaborated for this volume as he has done for the "Elie and Elisée Reclus" book; to Isaac Goldberg, who in his fine spirit volunteered to write the included Foreword; to Walter Tittle, for having lent him the original portrait and drypoint here reproduced; to his friend, Louis Moreau who has so generously embellished these pages with his designs; to Mrs. Hardy and Sydney C. Cockerell, executors of the estate of Thomas Hardy, for granting leave to use the interesting and unpublished letter by Thomas Hardy, written in 1883 in appreciation of an essay of Havelock Ellis; to Margaret Sanger,

editor of the *Birth Control Review*, for her kind permission to use any extracts desired from the files of her review; to Mrs. Rose Freeman-Ishill, who has aided him with suggestions and various other literary matters; lastly to Havelock Ellis himself, who both directly and indirectly has guided him from the inception of this venture, helping him avoid as far as possible those involuntary blunders, which otherwise might have escaped in a work of this nature.

The compilation of the included material is the writer's own choice; if he has omitted others who might appropriately have been included, it is due in greater part to the fact that he was compelled to limit himself, since he worked under unfavorable material circumstances and was much pressed for time. Nevertheless, he earnestly wishes he might have been able to include many others who evince sympathy with Havelock Ellis, or who express an appreciation for his works. To them I apologize with all due respect.

Berkeley Heights, New Jersey.

May, 1929.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY THOMAS HARDY
TO HAVELOCK ELLIS

Wimborne, April 29, 1883.

My dear Sir,

GHAVE read with great interest your article in the Westminster, and can inadequately express by letter my sense of your generous treatment of the subject. I consider the essay a remarkable paper in many ways, and can truly say that the writing itself, with its charm of style, and variety of allusion, occupied my mind when first reading it far more than the fact that my own unmethodical books were its subject-matter. If novelists were a little less in the dark about the appearance of their own works what productions they might bring forth, but they are much in the position of the man inside the hobby-horse at a Christmas masque, and have no consciousness of the absurdity of its trot, at times, in the spectator's eyes.

However, I cannot complain of any invidious remarks thereon in my case. The keen appreciativeness which the article discloses sets me thinking, as I mentioned above, of the writer: it is an appreciativeness which, having the novelist's work as a skeleton to build upon, seems in many cases to cre-

ate the beauties it fancies it perceives in that work. "The prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of him" etc.; and the truism is not a whit less forcible when applied to a novel.

As to certain conditions and peculiarities you notice in the stories, I may mention that many are the result of temporary accidents connected with the time of their production, rather than of deliberate choice. By-the-by, I think that in speaking of men of the *Wilhelm Meister* and *Daniel Deronda* class as being my favourite heroes, you are only saying in another way that these men are the modern man—the type to which the great mass of educated modern men of ordinary capacity are assimilating more or less.

In hope to read some more of your critical writings in the future, and believe I shall discover them without a mark. Trusting that they may be frequent,

I am, my dear Sir

Yours very truly

THOMAS HARDY.

Pour son anniversaire

Tes aïeux étaient capitaines
Sous les vastes ciels étoilés,
Leurs voiliers, sur les mers lointaines
Par tous les vents étaient roulés.

Et tu parus, en ta stature
De fils venu des océans,
Pour reprendre l'investiture
De la force de ces géants.

Tu naquis, lorsqu'au zodiaque
Tes étoiles, au ciel semées,
Proclamaient un nouveau monarque
Marqué du sceau des bien-aimés.

Puisque tu veux rester modeste
Nous t'appelons notre berger,
Ne voulant point que te moleste
Le crainte d'un souci léger.

*Mais les vaillants t'ont couronné
Ne pouvant aimer d'autre roi,
Et combien d'êtres prosternés
Ne connaissent plus que ta loi !*

*Oh ! roi, berger, oh ! capitaine
De notre amour es-tu troublé ?
Confie ta plainte aux voix lointaines
De ton destin tout constellé.*

Françoise Delisle

2020



THE SCIENTIST AND SEER

AT SEVENTY

BY *George Ives*

THE Abbot Mendel made a world-wide reputation by working in his own kitchen-garden.

There lives today, in a little flat of outer London, one of our greatest thinkers, whose influence is extending further every year, and who is coming into his own. It has been said that a great man is one who effects the mind of his generation, and that is just what Havelock Ellis has been able to do. Calm and retiring in disposition, he has spent his years seeking

after truth. A dangerous quest, as all the other prophets have found, yet well worth the utmost toll of the track, as they all would witness; for the timid are not of these, but keep to well-trodden ways, along with the herd! Mendel studied the crossing and reproduction of peas and beans, and so escaped conflict; but he did not live to see his discoveries in the laws of heredity, applied and appreciated. Havelock Ellis studied the instincts, and the emotions of men, and so was attacked, at least indirectly; for the publisher of one of his greatest books was prosecuted, and the work was placed under ban.

That work, now one of the seven volumes completing the "STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX", has long been republished in the United States, and we need not have raked up bygone legal blunders, except that the prosecution called forth valuable testimony. George Bernard Shaw arose in his wrath and wrote:

"Dear Mr. Seymour,

[then editor of a monthly magazine called 'THE ADULT', of September 1898.] "The prosecution of Mr. Bedborough for selling Mr. Havelock Ellis's book is a masterpiece of police stupidity and

magisterial ignorance. I have read the book carefully; and have no hesitation in saying that its publication was more urgently needed than any other recent treatise with which I am acquainted.

Until it appeared, there was no authoritative scientific book on its subject within the reach of Englishmen and Englishwomen who cannot read French and German.

At the same time, Englishmen and Englishwomen are paying rates and taxes for the enforcement of the most abominably superstitious penal laws directed against the morbid idiosyncracy with which the book deals.

It is almost invariably assumed by ignorant people that this idiosyncracy is necessarily associated with the most atrocious depravity of character; and this notion, for which there appears to be absolutely no foundation, is held to justify the infliction of penalties compared to which the punishment of a man who batters his wife almost to death is a trifle.

My own attention was called to the subject many years ago by the passing of a sentence of twenty years penal servitude on a harmless elderly gentleman who had been ill-advised enough to plead guilty to a piece of folly which involved no dan-

ger whatever to society. At that time I was as ignorant as most people are on the subject; but the sentence so shocked my common humanity that I made an attempt to get the press to protest. I then discovered that the fear of becoming suspected of personal reasons for desiring a change of the law in the matter, makes every Englishman an abject coward, truckling to the vilest vulgar superstitions, and professing in public and in print views which have not the slightest resemblance to those which he expresses in private conversation with educated and thoughtful men. This hypocrisy is much more degrading to the public than the subject of Mr. Havelock Ellis's book can possibly be, because it is universal instead of being accidental and peculiar.

In Germany and in France the public circulation of such works as the one of Mr. Havelock Ellis's now in question has done a good deal to make the public in those countries understand that decency and sympathy are as necessary in dealing with sexual as with any other subjects. In England we still repudiate decency and sympathy, and make virtues of blackguardism and ferocity.

However I am glad to see, by the names of your committee [which had been formed of various eminent writers and public men] that a stand is

going to be made at last for the right to speak and write truthfully on a subject which every rascal and hypocrite in the country is free to treat falsely and recklessly. It is fortunate that the police have been silly enough to select for their attack a writer whose character stands so high as that of Mr. Havelock Ellis; and I have no doubt that if we do our duty in the matter, the prosecution, by ignominiously failing will end by doing more good than harm.

Yours faithfully,
G. BERNARD SHAW."

So much for the single stormy episode in his peaceful, reflective, life. Havelock Ellis is the last man who would try to 'shock' people, or to seek for a notoriety which I feel sure must have been exceedingly hateful to him.

But when it is a matter of truth and justice, there comes a vehement call to such natures; then they will say:

"We will speak out, we will be heard
Though all earth's systems crack,
We will not bate a single word
Nor take a letter back.

We speak the truth, and what care we
For hissing or for scorn—

While some faint glimmerings we can see
Of freedom's coming morn.

Let liars fear, let cowards shrink
Let traitors turn away
Whate'er we've dared to think,
That dare we also say."

But the genius of Havelock Ellis has not generally carried him into the dust and confusion of conflict and controversy. Calm and serene, he is a seeker after truth, whether it shall confirm his views, or correct his errors; and thus he would take all opponents with him, and abide by the facts, whatever they proved to be. I can imagine him reflecting with Nietzsche, that bitterness is always found in direct inverse ratio to knowledge; and agreeing with 'Mr. Britling' that moral indignation is the mother of most of the cruelty in the world. (H. G. Wells, p. 233.) Yet he has never avoided difficulties, he has gone out to them; thus he writes 'So far as possible I dwell most on those aspects of my subjects which are most questionable. It was once brought against me that I had a predilection for such aspects. Assuredly it is so. If a subject is not questionable it seems to me a waste of time to discuss it!' ("AFFIRMATIONS," preface, p.v.)

It would be a fundamental mistake to envisage Havelock Ellis as a mere searcher for data and evidence. Huxley said that Herbert Spencer's idea of a tragedy, would be, a Theory slain by a Fact!

But Ellis has the soul of a poet and the insight of sympathy, so that he is never content to see a fact by itself, but places it in its relation to multitudes.

Although he has assailed social wrongs, and has exposed injustice wherever he found it strongest and most deeply intrenched behind superstitions and vested interests, so that he has been called by a professor at Harvard "the wisest humanitarian of our age" (E. M. East, *Heredity and Human Affairs*, p. 310) yet he has never kept his eyes on the ground, for has been filled with the mystic's vision which ever seeks, that light which never was on sea or land; which the heart senses.

And, in the true Greek spirit, he looks on passion, as being the grandest of inspiration. "It is passion, more passion, and fuller that we need!" (LITTLE ESSAYS OF LOVE AND VIRTUE, 61.)

The words of the mediaeval Persian poet, Jami, were of this school

"A Sage (so heard I) unto whom a student
Came craving council on the course before him,

Said, if thy steps be strangers to Love's pathways,
Depart, learn Love, and then return before me."
(E. G. BROWNE, *A Year*, p. 128.)

Materialists will only believe in what they can weigh or measure; yet Ellis says "The only hard facts, one learns to see as one gets older, are the facts of feeling. Emotion and sentiment are, after all, incomparably more solid than statistics, so that when one wanders back in memory over the fields of life one has traversed, as I have, in diligent search of hard facts, one comes back bearing in ones arm's a sheaf of feelings. They, after all are the only facts hard enough to endure as long as life endures" (IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS; *second series*, p. 162.)

This is a world-old truth which others have found; thus, says a modern poet :

"Thought is deeper than all speech
Feeling, deeper than all thought
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught."
(C. P. CRANCH)

and another writer :

"Not the close-packing of the grain
In cubes of matter small or great,
Is any pledge they shall remain,
Or be more real, from their great weight;

Than lovers' dreams that take no form,
But lighter than the morning mist,
Yet out of infinite cause are born,
And though as shadows, still exist.

The fairy span of heaven's bow,
Valhalla's bridge to spirit-land,
Shines while the cloister-arch lies low,
And rock-piled cities are but sand."

I will not attempt to cite examples out of his books to illustrate the breadth and the profundity of his views. The Dean of St. Paul's has done him no more than justice, when he wrote, in a criticism, a year ago: "Mr. Havelock Ellis is one of the most original thinkers and one of the best writers of our time. He suffered for his courage when we were far more dominated by taboo morality than we are now. Today his reputation is secure though not so high as it deserves to be." (W. R. Inge, in the *Evening Standard*, 23 March, 1927.)

Yes, they have thrown some stones at him, as at most great teachers, but they have done no harm, and we will use them for a monument.



DT OFTEN STRIKES ME HOW DIFFERENT READING IS WHEN ONE HAS GARNERED IN THE GREATER PART OF LIFE'S EXPERIENCES FROM what it was when one was still at the seed-time of life.

When one is very young, to read is as it were to pour a continuous stream of water on a parched and virginal plain. The soil seems to have an endless capacity to drink up the stream, sometimes with prolonged perpetual rapture, sometimes with impartial calm indifference, endlessly, unpausingly, with never a disturbing echo. ¶ But when one is no longer young, to read is a very different matter. The parched plain has become a luxuriant forest with lakes and streams in the midst of it. Every image which enters it evokes ancient visions from the depth of its waters, and every tone rustles among the trees with a music so rich and haunting memories that one grows faint beneath their burden. ¶ So now, when I open a book, it often enough happens that I lay it down, satisfied, on the page at which I opened.

"IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS" *Second Series*; pp. 9-10.



THE PRESENT IS IN EVERY AGE MERELY THE SHIFTING point at which past and future meet, and we can have no quarrel with either. There can be no world without traditions; neither can there be any life without movement. As Heraclitus knew at the outset of modern philosophy, we cannot bathe twice in the same stream, though, as we know today, the stream still flows in an unending circle. There is never a moment when the new dawn is not breaking over the earth, and never a moment when the sunset ceases to die. It is well to greet serenly even the first glimmer of the dawn when we see it, not hastening towards it with undue speed, nor leaving the sunset without gratitude for the dying light that once was dawn. ¶ In the moral world we are ourselves the light-bearers, and the cosmic process is in us made flesh. For a brief space it is granted to us, if we will, to enlighten the darkness that surrounds our path. As in the ancient torch-race, which seemed to Lucretius to be the symbol of all life, we press forward torch in hand along the course. Soon from behind comes the runner who will outpace us. All our skill lies in giving into his hand the living torch, bright and unflickering, as we ourselves disappear in the darkness.

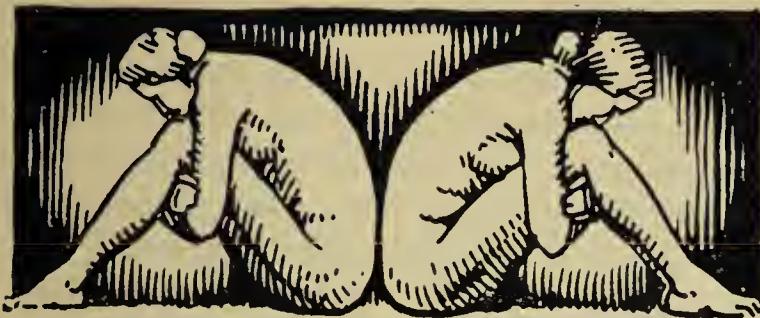
"THE NEW SPIRIT"



HAVELOCK ELLIS

At the age of 14. From a photograph taken by
G. E. Alder, Croydon, England.





HAVELOCK ELLIS: THE MODERN ESSAYIST

BY *Elie Faure*

HAVELOCK ELLIS is the very type of the modern essayist. It is impossible to maintain oneself with more grace—I should say almost nonchalance—than he does on the surface of the eddy which carries all away from us, both our histories and our spiritual form and where so many of us glide along perpendicularly, knocking against ruins of ideas, held fast in the mud which comes from disturbed morals, crushed between the flotsam and jetsam of a society upon which so many tragic events adhere to the worm-eaten frame-work. There is a heroism of in-

telligence which consists in raising oneself above the battle, not in taking part in the battle itself, but endeavoring to comprehend it in all its ensemble and in striving to draw a present and future benefit from it, both for oneself and for others. Moreover, does not the man who grows augment others? He is a passionate lover of impartiality, enthusiastic about skepticism, rigorously proving his ideas, garnering them for others. A free spirit which justifies and continues, in less facile circumstances, the attitude of one of the great precursors in English literature, being, as he was, "a spectator". Ethnographist, physiologist, psychologist, he ceaselessly reacts against the civilization which is at the same time the surest and most dangerous weapon of the modern world. Sure, because of facts revealed to us. Dangerous, because most of the time, thanks to the deformation it inflicts upon the spirits which it forms, it does not know how to co-ordinate and spiritualize these facts. The best worker of the future who is organized is the specialist. But only on condition that he consents to close his eyes, to renounce gauging the ensemble, to permit the architect to create, who is precisely the essayist, at least in times like ours when it

is a question of testing the materials, and of indicating their function in the edifice—rather than erecting the edifice itself upon grounds that are not sufficiently solid.

He has the air of one of those great British lords lately landed at the foot of the Viking's drakkar. A compound of courage, loyalty and timidity emanates from this ensemble of traits at the same time solid and refined; his glance does not rove but evades your own as though he would allow you all your chances in the combat by a generous understanding of fair play. Hair long and thick, flowing white beard, high forehead, classical nose, the grand lines of the face delineated as if meant to be seen from a distance, an eye which also gazes afar towards spacious horizons where sky and sea blend and mingle their tints, but which hover between the gray of the atmosphere and the alternating blue and green of the mirror-like expanse. He gives the effect of a *grand seigneur* who advances to command. No longer a Scandinavian warrior chief but a European warrior who no more leaves his fjord bent upon pillage and murder but who liberates his intellectual attachments for the conquest of a larger spirituality. Definitely of his

race as he is, he voices a constant and penetrating protest against race-prejudices, which truly comes from knowledge of the race and which the pure nationalist, oftenest, it is true, an alien, ignores to an exceptional degree. I am under the impression that all strongly organized societies have been demolished by the most authentic descendants of their organizers because they are themselves organizers and perceive that a new organization has become necessary. Sakiamouni was the son of a prince. Osaki an emperor. It has been desired, and doubtlessly this is well, to make of Jesus a descendent of a king. It is the great families of Europe who have been the first to adhere to the Reformation. The French Revolution was prepared in the aristocratic circles. The shadow always seen lengthening across the earth on the eve of popular riots is that of the lance of the Chevalier Don Quixote.

In my opinion, that which most surely explains the great modern European is his refusal to parade upon the tribune of controversies. Either action or meditation. A modesty which is also that of the *grand seigneur*, keeps Havelock Ellis far from the stage of the mountebank, working in a discreet shade, little

celebrated, very illustrious, away from academies and schools of thought. He seems to go hand in hand with those singular phantoms of great literature to which the hand-books accord only a few lines, but whose names live tenaciously, whilst the numerous pages consecrated to the laureates shrink from year to year to vanish very speedily and forever. Phantoms, I may say, operating from the novel, the poem, history, because their passion participates simultaneously in all categories which command souls, whether it be the novel, the poem, or history—which annoys a public habituated to the literary forms under indictment and to ready-made ideas, but which prepares for them and for others flowing harmonies which form the common future and fix themselves within spirits coming a long time after. Phantoms, for they wander far from the beaten tracks, in fields where all living species grow which they gather, so as to nourish an energy capable of blazing new trails, whilst those who use the old roads follow with docility the directions imposed upon them by the ideal nurture of other vanished phantoms. Phantoms often cursed during their life-time, exorcised by the public powers, if not delivered to the flames, phantoms

possessed by a daemon because embryonic truths germinate in them, in which the spirit of the future meets its origin. Havelock Ellis, for example, is looked upon as a sort of outlaw for having studied—in an Anglo-Saxon country—physical love, even in its basest(?)practices and shown with what timidity these base practices respond to the secret urgings of a rudimentary lyrism. It was a bold outlook upon a path followed by Freud and extended to the domain of art by Wilde, Marcel Proust, André Gide, accepted now as one of the prime, if not the essential, elements of our moral edifices.

It is, I think, because he is full of humanity that Havelock Ellis holds himself thus aloof, because he is proud of being a man among men that he is humble, because he is in love with mankind that he steadfastly remains the aristocrat to the point of seeming to dominate over man, even when he does not comprehend it, even when he does not know it, even when he is silent, even when he was always silent. May God, then, preserve this beneficent devil, in whose glory we participate.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S

BY *S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner*

I CANNOT bring myself to decline the honour of being one of the band of Havelock Ellis's friends to send you contributions for the book about to be published in celebration of his Seventieth Birthday.

But I acceed to your request with some trepidation. What is desired is a difficult thing to do; it is not possible to give public expression to what might suitably be said with glowing enthusiasm in private conversation, nor would such enthusiasm (then appropriately unguarded) be acceptable to so refined, modest and level-headed a man as our friend.

Yet, under the circumstances, there is much to be said against complete reticence with regard to the

living: the adage "Say nothing but good of the dead" is as false a guide as "Say nothing good of the living." I cannot see why a seemly expression of appreciation should be withheld until the happy and grateful words of a friend—to whom their utterance is a delight—can no longer be heard in the "deep dungeon's earless cell" of the Silence. I can but wish that Olive Schreiner were alive to express in her charmed language the admiration she felt for the character and attainments of the man who she once described as her "oldest and best friend."

I think one of the first impressions you would get on beginning to know Havelock Ellis at all intimately would be his noble and gracious quality of modesty, coupled with a rare and sweet delicacy. As acquaintance grew into intimacy, you would, in proportion to your reading, be more and more impressed, not only by what at times seems his almost encyclopaedic range of study, but also by his splendid gift of calling it up almost on the instant. Then, if you are really selective and appreciative of the best in literature (and one may perhaps be that without a great and inclusive range of reading, for the best is rare, and to some extent you may be guided to-

wards it), you will not fail to be struck by the high-level of his literary sense; he is "a critic of great experience, of wide and accurate learning, of pure austere and cultured taste" (as described in *The Life of Olive Schreiner*.) (His critical sense however is of course not confined to literature; it covers other realms of art as well.) And then, for our present purpose, lastly: if you have read no more than only his chief books, and thus know something of what he has accomplished, and if coupled with that you know the conditions under which he has worked, you will be deeply impressed by his steady and unremitting industry, his ceaseless and single-minded devotion to his work, through many years, often in prolonged solitude and under severe strain and self denial — you will not only be astonished, you will be enthusiastic in admiration. And when you fully realize that he has worked, not for notoriety, not for fame, still less for the making of money, but just for the sake of his work, inspired thereto by his love of knowledge—well then, you'll want to cheer: it is all so manly, so modest, so splendid.

We have ample grounds for rejoicing that a *man*, noble in his ideals and endeavours, has reached his

Seventieth Birthday. The hard-working, retiring, lonely student has won, without striving for it, the recognition he deserves; he has aroused that love and devotion which should be the meed of one who has helped so many; he knows that he is held in high honour by those whose well-informed, well-weighed judgement cannot but be, and indeed ought to be, gratifying and comforting even to one of whom I think it may be truthfully said "The work itself was his reward."

In 1897 I met his father, then an old man, but like his son, old only in years. He was the retired Captain of a sailing vessel; practically the whole of long life had been spent in navigating the oceans of the world—very lonely at times, hard worked, often in "heavy weather". He had never suffered shipwreck; he had always "delivered the goods", and at last, with flag flying, had entered port and delivered the ship itself. My heart went out to the sturdy "old salt", serene and individual to the end, as, with nautical roll and that "breezy" air of genial and unassertive independence which is bred of the sea, he swung along the causeway.

Is there not, in mind and body, an analogy be-

tween the old sea-Captain and the famous son who inherits the tough fibre of the sturdy sailor? Each of them devotedly did his job, expressing himself in his manner of doing it; and in each case it was an honest, independent self worthy of expressing. May the son live to reach the serene great age of the father, delivering the invaluable cargo of his mind to those who wish to share it—riches he has brought safe to port through many years, from many minds in many lands. He will yet, with flag flying, bring his ship finally to port; but before he does so, may he bring home to us many more "cargoes" of the riches he has gathered from the most desirable "mines" in the world, gathered not for himself but that he may share them with all who desire to have and enjoy them.

South Africa,
26th June, 1928.





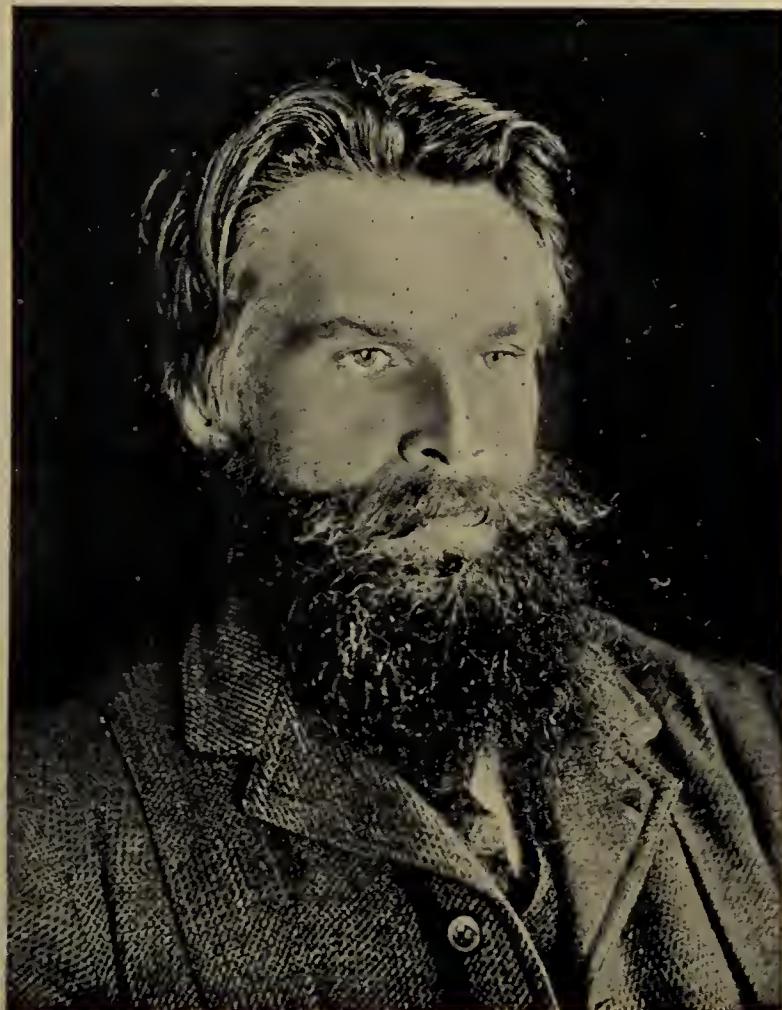
ERHAPS I MAY BE ALLOWED TO SEEK CONSOLATION FOR MY SLOWNESS, HOWEVER VAINLY, IN THE SAYING OF RODIN THAT "slowness is beauty", and certainly it is the slowest dances that have been the most beautiful to see, while, in the dance of life, the achievement of a civilization in beauty seems to be inversely to the rapidity of its pace.

IT SOMETIMES SEEMS TO ME THAT, IN THE FIRST PLACE, we, the common herd, mould the great movements of our age, and only in the second place do they mould us. I think it was so even in the great earlier classico-mathematical Renaissance. We associate it with Descartes. But Descartes could have effected nothing if an innumerable crowd in many fields had not created the atmosphere by which he was enabled to breathe the breath of life.

"THE DANCE OF LIFE"; *preface*, III, XI.

IT SOMETIMES SEEMS TO ME THAT ONE MAY REGARD A man's attitude towards the movement of the birth-rate as a test of his relationship to Nature, and a criterion of his right to live in the world. There is nothing so natural as natality, nothing that is so intimately connected with the physical and the psychic mystery of life. The man who places himself in opposition to its manifestations is a disturbing clog in the mechanism of the world's weels. At the present moment all the great live communities of men all over the world are concerned in regulating and ordering more reasonably, if not more eugenically, the output of babies which once was left, not to Nature, which is Order, but to the fate of Chance, which is Disorder. Civilization is bound up with the success of that movement. The man who rejoices in it and strives to further it is alive; the man who shudders and raises impotent hands against it is merely dead, even though the grave yet yawns for him in vain. He may make dead laws and preach dead sermons, and his sermons may be great and his laws may be strong and rigid. But as the wisest of men saw, twenty-five centuries ago, the things that are great and strong and rigid are the things that stay below in the grave. It is the things that are delicate and tender and supple that stay above. And at no point is life so tender and delicate and supple as at the point of sex. There is the Triumph of Life.

"IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS" *second series*; 19-20.



HAVELOCK ELLIS
From a photograph taken about 1899





HAVELOCK ELLIS:

AN APPRECIATION

BY *Henry W. Nevinson*

FOR Havelock Ellis! Very gladly do I contribute my "NOTE OF APPRECIATION." In my youth I received no training in physical, biological, or psychological science, for such studies were unknown in my famous Public School, and were hardly known in my more famous University of Oxford. So that I cannot speak with the smallest authority upon his scientific works, but must take their excellence on trust, which I do without question. It is by his essays that I know him—his "AFFIRMATIONS," and the three series of his "IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS." How much delight they have given me! How much encourage-

ment and wisdom! They reveal a singularly sensitive and perceptive mind, full of knowledge, but never overloaded or stifled by the amount of it all. In a note from his Diary of August 2, 1919, (*IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS*, 2nd series) he quotes that fine saying of Swift: "Whatever we have got has been by infinite labor and search, and ranging thru every corner of nature. Instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light."

And Havelock Ellis himself adds: "Nothing better was ever said about the writer's function. If I were ambitious I would desire no finer epitaph than that it should be said of me. He has added a little to the sweetness of the world, and a little to its light." Whether he has been ambitious or not, I could not find a tribute more fitting for Havelock Ellis's praise. He has added sweetness to the world, and he has added light.





HAVELOCK ELLIS:

SCIENTIST AND ARTIST

BY *Clifford Bax*



WE might search all the newspapers of England from January to December but we should not light upon a single paragraph of gossip about Havelock Ellis. He contrived, even, to visit Greece without the newspapers discovering the fact. He never figures at a function; he is uncommonly shy; he has more distaste of publicity than any man whom I know: and remembering this,—remembering his aristocratic, though benevolent, nature—I realize that I must praise him warily and must not indulge in any personal chatter.

For instance, when I picture his appearance—the tall lean figure, the light shrewd eyes that might be

the eyes of an experienced pilot, the wavy silver abundant beard and hair—I am tempted to say that he bears a striking resemblance to the Deity: but if I were to say it, he might rebuke me. Again, when I go to see him in his modest flat and there while he makes the tea, sit looking at the innumerable books, lovely or learned and in various languages, that occupy most of the living-room, I invariably fall to wondering why he should live in Brixton,—a part of London that is dingy, devoid of intellectual life, difficult of access (though he disputes that) and in no way attractive: but, in view of his retiring disposition, I had best refrain from even mentioning that he lives in a flat. Still, the old question persists, for when I am with him I have always so many other questions to put that I never have time to put this one. However, I have guessed at the answer. I suspect that he lives in that obscure district because he thinks that it is more wholesome to see life as it is lived by ordinary and humble people than as it is distilled by intellectual specialists. Moreover, he is obviously self-sufficient.

It is not surprising if a friend has always many questions to put to him, for the most remarkable

fact about Havelock Ellis is that he is equally a scientist and an artist. Life has had a double interest for him, and he has been much better equipped to appreciate it than most of us. We can see the two aspects of his personality in action from the outset of his literary career. He begins by editing the *Mermaid Series of Old Dramatists* and also the *Contemporary Science Series*. In the midst of compiling his monumental "STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX" he pauses to write "AFFIRMATIONS", — a volume in which he introduced to English readers a group of writers who were then little known, outside their own countries, but who are now regarded almost as classics: the best possible witness to the independence and acuteness of his judgement. He then writes a treatise, manned by a formidable array of statistics, upon "BRITISH MEN OF GENIUS", and straightway follows it with a sensitive study of the arts and the people of Spain. A few years later he publishes the first of his *pensées* ("IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS"); next, a short and charming novel ("KANGA CREEK"); and then, as if to unite the two streams of interest, a book of general philosophy ("THE DANCE OF LIFE"). In these dissimilar books we find two styles. The scientific

books give me the impression that, though their material must have been laboriously collected, they were written rapidly and with little concern for the rhythm and melody of the prose. The meditative books, on the other hand, are so melodious in phrasing, so austere and elegant, that "if criticism had not lost its ear" the writer would be generally acclaimed as one of our best stylists.

Nothing could be more absurd than to suggest that Havelock Ellis is without honour in his own country, for time has brought him the esteem of all serious readers; but I suspect that his renown rests unduly upon his books about sex, and that posterity will be surprised by the extent to which we overlooked the artist in favour of the scientist. The contemplative spirit is not now in fashion. Alike in painting, music, drama and poetry it is the violent effect which attracts attention. "**IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS**", "**THE SOUL OF SPAIN**" and "**THE DANCE OF LIFE**" are the emanations of a rich and subtle mind, and they achieve a serene beauty which will be rediscovered with admiration by the readers of a steadier age. The "**STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX**" will remain indefinitely, I take it, as a stand-

ard work on the subject. We who belong to a younger generation can probably not conceive of the horror with which this work was originally greeted, for nothing is clearer to our eyes than the idealism of the author's attitude toward sex: but we can at least realise that many thousands of people are not able to think calmly or cleanly upon the subject, and we can therefore honour the magnificent courage of the man who put all the facts before us. Am I right in thinking that when this great work first appeared it was burnt by the police? If that was indeed its fate, I imagine that Havelock Ellis must take an ironic pleasure in living next to a Police Station.

Perhaps no man may rightly be called a philosopher—at least in the sense in which Plato used the word—unless he combines the qualities of an artist with those of a scientist; but this is an exceedingly rare combination, and I for one should not be surprised if the men of the future, perceiving the sanity, the depth and the beauty of his work, regard Havelock Ellis as the best example in our age of a genuine philosopher. If they judge us by Havelock Ellis we shall be fortunate beyond our desert.

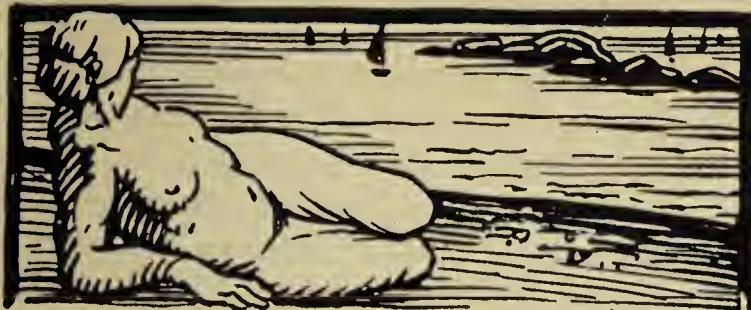


T IS WIDELY HELD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD THAT AMERICA IS NOT ONLY THE LAND OF FEMINISM, but the land in which laws are passed on every possible subject, and with considerable indifference as to whether they are carried out, or even whether they could be carried out. This tendency is certainly well illustrated by eugenic legislation in the United States. In the single point of sterilization for eugenic ends—and I select a point which is admirable in itself and for which legislation is perhaps desirable—at least twelve States have passed laws. Yet most of these laws are a dead letter; every one of them is by the best experts considered at some point unwise; and the remarkable fact remains that the total number of eugenical sterilizing operations performed in the States *without any law at all* is greater than the total of those performed under the laws. So that the laws really seem to have themselves a sterilizing effect on a most useful eugenic operation.
"ESSAYS IN WAR-TIME", p. 97.

¶ CHILDREN ARE MORE THAN MURMURING STREAMS, and women are more than fragrant flowers, and men are more than walking trees. But on one side they are all part of the vision and and music of Nature, not merely the creators of pictures and melodies, but even yet more fundamentally themselves the music and the vision. We cannot too often remember that not only is the art of man an art that Nature makes, but that Man himself is Nature. Accordingly as we cherish that faith, and seek to live by it, we vindicate our right to the Earth, and preserve our sane and vital relations to the Earth's life. The poets love to see human emotions in the procession of cosmic phenomena. But we have also to see the force of the sun and the dust of the earth in the dance of the blood through the veins of Man.

¶ CIVILIZATION AND MORALS MAY SEEM TO HOLD US apart from Nature. Yet the world has, even literally, been set in our hearts. We are of the Stuff of the Universe. In comparison with that fact Morals and Civilization sink into Nothingness.

"IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS", pp. 92-93



HAVELOCK ELLIS:

BY *Sydney Greenbie*

I

HAVELOCK Ellis has browsed in many fields of human interest. Within himself he has bridged the chasm between science and emotion, achieving a greater victory than is given to many men to achieve. In considering such a man, at once so simple and complex, one is faced with a task which might stagger any biographer. Realizing this task, I have here devoted myself to a very limited phase of the work of Henry Havelock Ellis.

In this little essay, therefore, only the popular character of his work will be considered, not his scientific work. In this he has written to lay before the

people at large certain lessons of life which the laboratory has worked out, lessons, the application of which would make for us a better world, a healthier social breeding place. The social laboratory does not differ from the medical laboratory. The physician experiments and then applies his findings to his patients. Intellectually, emotionally and morally the same aid should be given by sociologists. Such aid, the writer at least, has received from Havelock Ellis.

Long before I was closely acquainted with the work of Havelock Ellis I conceived a profound respect and admiration for him. Human understanding draws people of like sympathies into each other's horizons. We may not as yet see them, but vaguely and dimly as they appear on the verge of consciousness, we know them and take them for our own. To every great man there must come this unspoken word, this subtle assurance that there are listeners. To men of vision this must mean courage for the pursuit of their tasks. To every really great man the thousands whom he never sees nor hears, and yet who stand with faces filled with wonderment, gratitude and love, this is the very wine of life. From them, when the voice of the seer rings true, comes the pleasure

of accomplishment, the joy of having dared to speak. We are his success, we are part of him when we are at one with him. This unworded agreement is possible because, at the very basis, life is a unit; one part cannot be affected without at the same time affecting every other part. Whether we come to know each other through whisperings from man to man, or messages shouted from field to field, or whether it is mere intuition, is as hard to say. But the satisfaction is complete when, after having yielded to these inner persuasions, one finds that this psychic judgement was sane and just.

II

Henry Havelock Ellis was born at Croydon, Surrey, England, fifty-six years ago. One can easily imagine the influence on a child's mind of the simple country town, then without the usual signs of poverty that accompany industrial communities, within a stone's throw of the chalk cliffs from which its name derived. and, possibly a thoroughfare between London and Dover. But for him a more romantic childhood was decreed. The palace of the archbishops of Canterbury, the proximity to London, (Croydon

is only ten and one-half miles from London Bridge) the promise of growth from 10,000 to 200,000 population, the haunts of business, this was not stuff to which his family clung. For generations they had been connected with the sea and seaward his parents led him. Much of his childhood was spent upon the Pacific Ocean, and even to the present time, his main form of recreation is travel.

He first became a teacher, but one of such a disposition and up-bringing couldn't long continue as a teacher. To this type of mind, it isn't so much constant physical as intellectual movement that is necessary. Teaching, no matter how much liberty it permits, is liberty of the circle. One's mind may imbibe new thoughts with which to imbue new generations, but these are always on the same subject and addressed to the same type of mind—the child mind. At one time he qualified for the medical profession, but in that, too, he only remained a short time. Already assured within his own mind of what his career ought to be, he abandoned himself to the pursuit of science and literature.

In his marriage as in his work he made a fortunate choice. Mrs. Ellis, the author of plays, criticisms,

and novels, gave much of her time to lecturing on Dr. Ellis, not at him. Whom could one choose as a better exponent of one's real self than one who has given her life in such splendid comradeship.

III

Just as it is easy to tell the nature of an object by its impression in the sand, so is it possible to discern the nature and temperament of a writer by his style. One feels in everything one reads by Dr. Ellis a laborious precision and an extreme simplicity. It dominates his entire being. There is no undue effort, no striving after effect or desire to accomplish things. This at once establishes a basis of confidence between him and his reader. You know that he is not trying to convince. You know that he is not trying to teach you, that he is not, within his own mind, consciously or unconsciously, holding himself superior to his public.

This, in a measure, is the attitude of every great man, but there is a distinction which must be recognized. In everything I have read of Dr. Ellis, I have found an intimacy with facts and people and a sympathy with life unusual with most scientists and phi-

losophers, and even wanting in most romancers and novelists. Having drawn his inspiration and knowledge from life direct, and not from his own strangled ego, it is natural that his appeal, which is to life direct, should be as simple and as clear.

At an International Congress some years ago, one delegate rose to speak before the convention. There at his right and at his left stood men whose duty it was to translate speeches into one of the three official languages. When the time was up, the interpreter offered to repeat the delegate's thoughts for him, but he said he would do so himself, and proceeded to speak in French. After his second speech, the same thing occurred, and he repeated himself in German. Havelock Ellis stands in this position before the world. As a scientist he speaks to his fellow scientists in their language; as an artist and lover of the beautiful he speaks in the language peculiar to them; and as a man of the world his language is as simple, direct and "popular" as their understanding demands. And yet in each he speaks with a familiarity and a directness as if each was his mother tongue,

Of all things he speaks with love, and yet with the critical insight of the scientist. Take for instance

his article on "The Love of Wild Nature". Though he attacks it with the implements of a student, it is with the keen appreciation of the human value of his subject that he handles it. It is a survey of an immense field of human interest. He goes back to primitive life in search of evidence to establish the existence of love of man for nature, but he ends with "It is a passion that arises in ages of splendid individualism... in an age like the present, when the instincts of social and urban development are dominant over those of revolutionary individualism, the search for wild Nature sometimes seems to be a spiritual adventure which constitutes an almost closed chapter in the history of the human soul." In this is evident a love of nature indicating that, as usual, his use of scientific method is always only a tool for the understanding of life—and inferior to it. He is not interested in science for its own sake.

Fundamentally, there is fact and exactness in the writings of Dr. Ellis, but finally they are always spiritual, hopeful, just, and beautiful. Finally, his nature must lead out of disinterested inquiry after truth,—he must come to "translating to a higher plane" (a term he frequently uses), to exalting the affairs of

men to the hopeful vantages of the future. For him facts of science and nature must have but one value —a human value. They must satisfy not eagerness for truth as much as eagerness for happiness. They must help make the world better, must lead to happiness through self-development.

When he writes of "Science and Mysticism", "Socialism vs. Individualism", comparing things of opposite values and when he takes the intermediate point of view, one detects the poise with which he would imbue the world. In his biographical essays, his love of human nature is expressed in beautiful language, revealing a love of persons for their own sake and not for the sake of their accomplishments. He treats Rousseau and Henri de Regnier as men rather than as great men, more because of their possibilities, than their achievements.

In "The Home of the Holy Grail", he makes the monks human beings; not men who have surrendered all their human attributes to an ideal, but men who have gone in search of a place where they can best appreciate their own best qualities. Instead of being satisfied with momentary impulses and realization of freedom or grandeur, they have sought to

make them last a life-time. And whether we agree or disagree with the ethics or principles of conduct which they have laid out for themselves, how can they be considered in any way inferior to the paths of selfishness which so many choose who choose the way of comfort and the multitudes.

On the question of morality and religion we again find him concerned not with what is reasonably right, but with what is humanly practical. "Reason", he says, "...deprived man... of a vital illusion." After a jibe at "prancing philosophers" like "Kant, whose personal moral problems were concerned with the temptation to eat too many sweetmeats", he says: "Thus it comes about that abstract moral speculations, culminating in rigid maxims, are necessarily sterile and vain. They move in the sphere of reason, and that is the sphere of comprehension, but not of vital action. In this way there arises a moral dualism in civilized man. Objectively he has become like the gods and able to distinguish the ends of life; he has eaten of the fruit of the tree and has knowledge of good and evil. Subjectively he is still not far removed from the savage, most frequently stirred to action by a confused web of emotional motives, a-

mong which the interwoven strands of civilized reason are as likely to produce discord or paralysis as to furnish efficient guides." Havelock Ellis, like only too few other moralists, has lived his beliefs just as he has observed the living beliefs of mankind. That is why he is able to speak of the "Philosophy of Dancing" and "Morality as an Art".

The arts, the sciences, morality and religion—all go through the honest filtering and purifying process of this one man's mind. All these conceptions are filtered through the soil of the ages—the established facts and fancies of the world,—and come out simpler and more usable.

IV

Ten years went by between the publication of the foregoing article and the renewal of the writer's interest in the works of Dr. Ellis. I had covered many thousand miles at sea and on land round the world, and in the ordinary course of human relationships should have been completely forgotten by this very busy man. I had felt in the beginning that it was something of an intrusion on my part to ask Dr.

Ellis for the biographical material contained in my little sketch, yet he had sent it, simply and easily, without pretense. Returning from many years abroad, I again wrote Dr. Ellis reminding him of my former interest. He wrote back as I remember it: "I have been wondering during these many years where you have been." Only a man of his caliber would have kept an unknown youth on his mind during ten years, and he showed by his recollection of details that he had done so. Our correspondence continued for several years. My one hope was that I might go to Europe to meet him personally. Two years ago I was in France. I wrote to him rather casually asking whether I would be able to see him, and got back a letter at once saying that he was leaving for his Winter home on the coast and that he hoped I would get there that week-end before his departure. I literally took wing, for I flew by air from the Le Bourget to Croydon. Dr. Ellis told me that he would be able to see me at ten o'clock at the British Museum. I was a bit late, and found that this savant had wandered over to my hotel in search of me. When I saw him coming across the yard of the museum, I recognized him at once—a tall, serene, gray-

bearded gentleman, living very much a life within himself yet seeing all that was going on about him. We chatted for a few minutes amidst the statues and the relics of the museum, but everything we touched seemed to come to life. He said he was very busy preparing for his departure, but then asked if I would meet him again for lunch after he had done some research in the library.

We met at lunch, and I thought that that was more than I could ask of the busy man. The next day he invited me to his home and again we chatted easily, covering in a casual sort of way both things current and profound. When in my enthusiasm I had suggested some time ago that I should like to write the story of his life, he said that two others were making the attempt. I then said that I of course would withdraw. But he added, with that disinterestedness of the scientist as though he were talking about somebody else or some objective thing, that after all it would be quite all right for me to do so because a biography is as much the expression of the personality of the writer as of the life it touches. This to me was one of the most revealing characteristics. He was not afraid of seeming to be proud;

rather he seemed interested in himself, curious to see what another man would think of him, how he would look in the eyes of another, concerned as much about himself as an objective thing as he is about the humanity around him of which he writes so exquisitely.

It was the same in his international outlook. When I told him that the English pilot had struggled through dense fog but succeeded in landing at Croydon, while two French pilots had returned unable to land, he remarked, without the slightest indication of personal or national pride, that "that seemed to be a characteristic of the Englishman." When I spoke to him about America and raised the question of the alleged materialism and commercialism of America, he said that he never maintained that America was materialistic; quite the contrary, that he always felt America was over-idealistic.

Throughout there was that sweet serenity of nature, lacking in most people, great or small, with whom one comes in contact. He recalled a statement I had made some years before about that very serenity and said that his wife had always told him that she thought he was not so serene within. Neverthe-

less, there is no word that more definitely expresses his character than the word serene. It is found even in his modest home at Croydon. The study is not crowded with books or book-cases. A few shelves, a few books lying flat here and there... yet there is no disorder even in the lack of order. Everything seems to be in its place and happy to be there.

Thus does his life move on, with seventy years of action lying clear behind.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S :

A TRIBUTE

BY *Henri Barbusse*

FRIENDS from America are preparing to celebrate the seventieth birthday of Havelock Ellis. They have asked me to contribute to this spiritual festival. I do so eagerly and with joy, I will even say, with gratitude.

I have not forgotten, in effect, and I will never forget the mental riches that the books of this illustrious writer have brought to me when I was preparing myself with great pains for the difficult and heroic profession of authorship. He has opened my eyes more widely to Tolstoy, Stevenson, Walt Whitman, and even French authors like Zola. I have also

read many pages of Havelock Ellis upon English painting and I can say that the memory of those evocations has never completely ceased to be in my thoughts. I also know as one knows a comrade and a master and not as one ordinarily skims over a passer-by or a book, the voluminous "STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX", so great in their scientific precision.

Havelock Ellis has thought and has spoken upon a great many things. He has treated all sorts of various subjects and there are not many great questions that he has not touched in the domains of the spirit. He has done it with a satisfactorily powerful erudition and with an exaltation of view and of soul so that he has every time deepened and enlarged the public knowledge. He is never the abstract savant, the superficial polygraph, the touch-all of journalism and literature that we see and have seen so much. He is, in every sense of the word, a living being who has the gift of life.





H A V E L O C K E L L I S

Excerpt from—"MY DAYS AND DREAMS"

BY *Edward Carpenter*

IN 1884 or so the founding of the "New Fellowship" in London (from which afterwards the Fabian Society sprang) brought me into touch with Havelock Ellis and Olive Schreiner. As I think I have already said, Ellis discovered in the proverbial penny box of a second hand publisher, and soon after its publication, the little first edition of my "Towards Democracy"; and rescuing it wrote to me. Thus began my friendship with him, and afterwards with the authoress of the "Story of an African Farm. A prophet is seldom acclaimed in his own country, and the work which Ellis has done in that most impor-

tant field of Sexual Psychology is even yet by no means recognized in England as it ought to be—even though the subject is becoming extremely 'actual' here in the present day, and though elsewhere over the world his pioneer work is most honorably received and respected. The six massive volumes of his "STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX" form a masterpiece of large-minded and yet extremely detailed observation and generalization, and provide a survey of the most impartial character over this vast realm, and such as can be obtained nowhere else. For though the Germans have written extensively in this field their books—*more Teutonico*—are generally overladen with detail, huge jungles through which it is difficult to find one's way. Ellis combines with the Englishman's perspicacity and love of order a remarkable erudition and command of particulars. And at the present juncture when the world is waking up to the absolute necessity of a reasonable understanding and frank recognition of sex-things, the appearance of his book may almost be characterized as 'providential'. This quality may indeed be suspected in the fact that the author began making notes for his *magnum opus* at a very early age, driven thereto

by some sort of instinct, nor finished his work till he was nearly sixty. I know of few things in literature more touching than the postscript to his sixth volume—the *Nunc Dimittis* after some forty years of toil: "It was perhaps fortunate for my peace that I failed at the outset to foresee all the perils that beset my path. I knew indeed that those who investigate sincerely and intimately any subject which men are accustomed to pass by on the other side lay themselves open to misunderstanding and even obloquy. But I supposed that a secluded student who approached vital social problems with precaution, making no direct appeal to the general public, but only to the public's teachers, and who wrapped up the results of his inquiries in technically written volumes open to few—I supposed that such a student was at all events secure from any gross form of attack on the part of the police or the government under whose protection he imagined he lived. That proved to be a mistake. When only one volume of these *Studies* had been written and published in England, a prosecution instigated by the Government put an end to the sale of that volume in England, and led me to resolve that the subsequent volumes should not be published in my own country. [They are published now in Philadelphia by the F. A. Davis Company.] I do not complain. I am grateful for the early and generous sympathy with which my work was receiv.

ed in Germany and the United States, and I recognize that it has had a wider circulation, both in English and the other chief languages of the world, than would have been possible by the modest method of issue which the government of my own country induced me to abandon. Nor has the effort to crush my work resulted in any change in that work by so much as a single word. With help, or without it, I have followed my own path to the end... He who follows in the steps of Nature after a law that was not made by man, and is above and beyond man, has time as well as eternity on his side, and can afford to be both patient and fearless. Men die, but the ideas they seek to kill *live*. Our books may be thrown to the flames, but in the next generation those flames become human souls."

The personality of Havelock Ellis is that of a student, thoughtful, preoccupied, bookish, deliberate; yet unlike most students he has a sort of grand air of Nature about him—a fine free head and figure as of some great god Pan, with distant relations among the Satyrs.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S:

AN APPRECIATION

BY *Ellen Key*

IT would be impossible to express my reverent admiration for Havelock Ellis's work or my gratitude for his friendship. Face to face I have never met him. Some days ago I looked at the photograph he kindly sent me. It was taken some twenty years ago, and he looks like a young man. Since then he has lost his beloved wife, his fellow-worker in their happy home at Carbis Bay, Cornwall. And he has seen the great war. His hair must be gray now and his face sorrowful. It is only fourteen years since he finished volume six of the great work to which he has given his life. He sent me this volume, *Sex in Relation to Society*.

Grand and new vistas opened before his eyes. The volume was printed in 1916 and the same autumn he introduced my book, *Love and Marriage*, to the English-reading public.

The 14 years might as well be 140. All of us have suffered so much—not only personally but as members of humanity. We have not lost our hope that sex relations shall follow a line which may finally satisfy soul *and* body. But before 1914 our hope was that a thousand years would be enough for such progress. Now no earnest men and women hope for such a change during the space of ten thousand years. But Havelock Ellis—and other men and women of genius—are still toiling along the path. And many plain folks now share their faith that our sufferings have prepared mankind for purer forms and a higher spirituality in the master-passion of life and the vital condition for life.

"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", FEB. 1924.





H A V E L O C K E L L I S :

THE MOST ADMIRABLE ENGLISHMAN OF HIS TIME

BY *H. L. Mencken*

IF the test of the personal culture of a man be the degree of his freedom from the banal ideas and childish emotions which move the great masses of men, then Havelock Ellis is undoubtedly the most civilized Englishman of his generation. He is a man of the soundest and widest learning, but it is not his positive learning that gives him distinction; it is his profound and implacable skepticism, his penetrating eye for the transient, the disingenuous, and the shoddy. So unconditioned a skepticism, it must be plain, is not an English habit. The average Englishman of science, though he may challenge the Continentals

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within his specialty, is only too apt to sink to the level of a politician, a green grocer, or a suburban clergyman outside it. The examples of Wallace, Crookes, and Lodge are anything but isolated. Scratch an English naturalist and you are likely to discover a spiritualist. Take an English metaphysician to where the band is playing, and if he begins to snuffle patriotically you need not be surprised. The late war uncovered this weakness in a wholesale manner. The English *Gelehrten*, as a class, not only stood by their country; they also stood by the Hon. David Lloyd George, the *Daily Mail*, and the mob in Trafalgar Square. Unluckily, the asinine manifestations ensuing—for instance, the "proofs" of the eminent Oxford philologist that the Germans had never contributed anything to philology—are not to be described with good grace by an American, for they were far surpassed on this side of the water. England at least had Ellis, with Bertrand Russell, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, and a few others in the background. We had, on that plane, no one.

Ellis, it seems to me, stood above all the rest, and precisely because his dissent from the prevailing imbecilities was quite devoid of emotion and had noth-

ing in it of brummagen moral purpose. Too many heretics of the time were simply orthodox witch-hunters off on an unaccustomed tangent. In their disorderly indignation they matched the regular professors; it was only in the objects of their ranting that they differed. But Ellis kept his head throughout. An Englishman of the oldest native stock, an unapologetic lover of English scenes and English ways, an unshaken believer in the essential soundness and high historical destiny of his people, he simply stood aside from the current clown-show and waited in patience for sense and decency to be restored. His "IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS", the record of his war-time reflections, is not without its note of melancholy; it was hard to look on without depression. But for the man of genuine culture there were at least some resources remaining within himself, and what gives this volume its chief value is its picture of how such a man made use of them. Ellis, facing the mob unleashed, turned to concerns and ideas beyond its comprehension—to the humanism that stands above all such sordid conflicts. There is something almost of Renaissance dignity in his chronicle of his speculations. The man that emerges

is not a mere scholar immured in a cell, but a man of the world, superior to his race and his time—a philosopher viewing the childish passion of lesser men disdainfully and yet not too remote to understand it, and even to see in it a certain cosmic use. A fine air blows through the book. It takes the reader into the company of one whose mind is a rich library and whose manner is that of a gentleman. He is the complete anti-Kipling. In him the Huxleian tradition comes to full flower.

His discourse ranges from Beethoven to Comstockery and from Spanish architecture to the charm of the English village. The extent of the man's knowledge is really quite appalling. His primary work in the world has been that of a psychologist, and in particular he has brought a great erudition and an extraordinarily sound judgement to the vexatious problems of the psychology of sex, but that professional concern, extending over so many years, has not prevented him from entering a dozen other domains of speculation, nor has it dulled his sensitivity to beauty, nor his capacity to evoke it. His writing was never better than in this volume. His style, especially toward the end, takes on a sort of

a glowing clarity. It is English that is as transparent as a crystal, and yet it is English that is full of fine colors and cadences. There could be no better investiture for the questionings and conclusions of so original, so curious, so learned, and, above all, so sound and hearty a man.

"THE EVENING POST", SEPT. 24, 1921.

H.L.

[This second article by H. L. MENCKEN appeared for the first time in *The Birth Control Review*, February, 1926.]

Havelock Ellis, in more than one way, is the most admirable Englishman of his time. The Nineteenth Century, in giving the world the man of science, dealt left-handed blows at both the artist and the gentleman. But Ellis is all three—an almost perfect specimen of the well-rounded man, at home in all the fields of knowledge and yet missing none of the enchantments of beauty and none of the fine savors of life itself. He is an Englishman of the purest stock, and a sincere patriot; yet he is no chauvinist, no bellowing Johnny Bull. He is a scientist of immense knowledge and genuine scientific passion; yet he is no pedant, no slave of the laboratory. He believes thoroughly in human progress; yet a civilized skep-

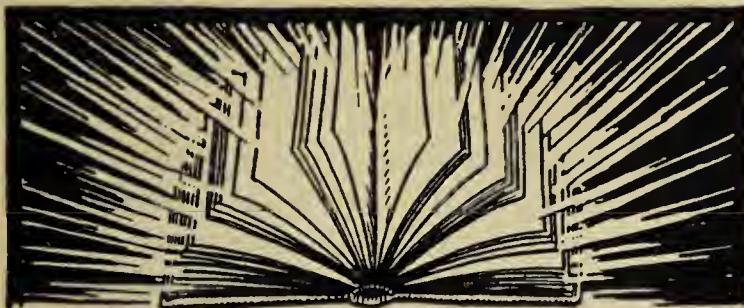
ticism lingers in his dream. He is an artist devoid of the faintest trace of artiness. He sees the world he lives in as a whole and his view of it is shrewd and serene.

Such a man would be valuable to the human race if he simply lived. But Ellis has also done a great deal of hard work, and it has counted. I know of no work of the past half century that has had a more profound influence, or seems likely to leave behind it a greater legacy of good, than his six volumes of "STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX". Compare the literature on the subject that preceded it, and the literature that has followed it. In the latter a wholly new point of view is visible — and a new courage. Ellis, at one stroke destroyed one of the worst taboos of civilized men. He completely revolutionized a whole department of thinking. That service, I believe will not be forgotten.



MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

From a photograph taken in 1914 by
Arnold Genthe, New York.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S

BY *Mrs. Havelock Ellis*

HERE are some personalities one always sees in imagination in certain surroundings which have been created by some great painter. For instance, there is a type of woman one associates with *Mona Lisa* or *St. Ursula*. There are some men one instinctively sees in imagination in a group of Bacchanalian revels and others again, as *John the Baptists*, excitedly demanding a new social order as a sequence of sincere repentance. A series of pictures Havelock Ellis instinctively loves is that of *St. Jerome* in his study. In them he has unconsciously seen an image of the student within himself. In that little cell open to the air and the sun, the peaceful philosopher ponders

over the great secrets in nature and in books. A tame lion lies at St. Jerome's feet, just as a fox and a snake in the wilds of Cornwall have remained at Havelock Ellis's side unafraid of one so absorbed in his thoughts. For both, domesticity has been reduced to the simplest expression. The whole universe, in thoughts, in dreams and books, in science and in art seems to lie before one who, from a boy to a mature man, is bent on fitting the right keys into secret locks. The ordinary ambitions and hopes of men have little meaning for him. Trivialities, and averages, and even malicious gossip, leave him undisturbed. He is an unraveller of mysteries as well as an organizer of practical issues. He is a hermit and yet an iconoclast. He is a lover of mankind and at the same time a withdrawer from their haunts. If, like a St. Bernard dog, he could express himself in his daily human life, through wagging a tail or lashing it, or barking and growling in turn, while keeping his written words for his more adequate expression, social life would not have such terrors for him as now.

Edward Carpenter once laughingly said of him that he reminded him of a snail cautiously peeping from his shell, and a social sound or a rough touch

sends him immediately out of sight into his own world of observation into which no one dare intrude. Olive Schreiner, again, described him as between a Christ and a faun; his aloofness from and yet nearness to human beings makes this image true. From his book of "IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS", we can gather the diverse conclusions that, with this temperament, he has come to during his life of fifty-five years. Such subjects as Bathing, Streams and Children, Solitude, Gods and Flowers, reveal the poet and the artist upon which the man of science is founded. Those who know Havelock Ellis best realize that the sensitiveness and tenderness and deep intuitions of a woman, added to the virile intellectualism of a man, with glimmerings of the fantastic fear and also the wisdom of a child, dip and dodge in all his life-work around problems which are so deep, subtle, and many-sided that most of us shrink from approaching them at all. A *fighter* for truth, in the militaristic sense he is not—only one of her careful and observant sentinels. By nature a poet, by education a scientist, the dreaming and probing consequent on this dual individuality have produced a man of unusual serenity and understanding, a man

of sentiment, yet free from sentimentality. He is at once a poised idealist and an accurate statistician—a man whose written words must inevitably lead others to deeds for the good of the race.

To women he owes the best that is in him and to them he has paid back his debt. His understanding of the primitive and complex in their natures is a little bewildering even to those of us who think we know ourselves. The parasite, the doll, the rebel, the angel, the idiot, and the over-woman must all acknowledge that this man has somehow surprised many secrets which women themselves, as yet, scarcely realize. It is as if he has been eavesdropping at the threshold of their souls and envying them their rôle in the race-work of the world. His mother was his first revelation of the sweetness and strength of woman. No one can of course as yet declare who will be the last to intensify his belief in women, but he can say with Ezekiel that "his mother is as a wine within his blood". Nothing has puddled the clear waters in which the faun and the Christ in this student have looked into the mirror of women's natures. When Justice Jeune resigned his seat as judge of the Divorce Court in England, he made a somewhat

peculiar statement. He declared that the thing that had struck him most in his long experience in these painful subjects was the goodness of human nature. After years of analysis of a subject ignored or tabooed, even by clergymen, doctors, and schoolmasters, Havelock Ellis can say much the same thing as Judge Jeune, because both have realized the terrific struggles of Love in order to come to a new birth. Love is still bound in the traditions of sin, well-meaning idiocy, or jealous bondage. Sins and shames, however, are better than stagnations because of the forging power of the pain consequent upon them. Havelock Ellis's attitude to sex and to woman is the attitude of the future man to the future woman. To be the over-man, or the over-woman, in these matters is neither easy nor popular, because sexual equality is not only an economic but a spiritual matter. It is for this very reason that the vote, imperative as it is to obtain it, is only one spoke in the great wheel and not an end in itself. It is the harmonious spiritual circle which is of vital importance and such matters as heredity, education, environment, and eugenics are equally important parts of the great whole. The forerunner is of infinite value just because

he sees deeply and truly into shallows and abysses alike, and realizes the difference between the transient and the eternal.

Very early in life Havelock Ellis was interested in this greatest modern problem—the problem of sex. His own mental unrest as a youth made him ponder on these matters. Fate sent him, when little more than a youth, to Australia to be a schoolmaster. While living in a wood there and doing everything for himself, Nature, as is her way in solitude, began her lessons to her child. Shelley had been the chosen poet of his boyhood, but in this solitude Nature became the dynamic force which made him investigate the writings which woke the smouldering fire. James Hinton, especially, became the ferment urging this embryo philosopher into declarations which attack conventions and accentuate verities. While in the lonely bush, where he sometimes used to read to himself for company, with Nature as his interpreter, he realized that to understand his own life and problems would probably be the first and best way to help the lives of others. Up to the age of fifteen he was intensely religious with that tinge of melancholy which belongs so entirely to youth. At

sixteen doubts assailed him. The universe, which in his early years seemed crammed with divine personalities, suddenly assumed the shape of a vast and cruel machinery — a machinery relentless and passionless.

All vital conversions seem to be instantaneous. A trifling word, a skylark singing in a blue sky, the sudden meeting of eyes or hands, a voice heard within or without, may alter a life or change a dynasty. It is as if Mother Nature had a sudden permit to stretch a human ear or open a human eye, to reveal the intangible behind the tangible. It was a vivid realization that the universe is a living *whole*, and that there is a oneness beneath all apparent contradictions that made Havelock Ellis know, in a flash, that the infinitely great and the finitely small are locks and keys in a scheme greater than any human brain can conceive. He became in a moment a man of faith, a faith involving no intellectual beliefs, and far removed from all creeds and superstitions. He has never lost that vision. It lies at the background of his six books on the *Psychology of Sex*, and is at the root of his studies of the Abnormal, the Criminal, the Man of Genius. It brings light to his serious face when

looking at pictures or listening to music. It is behind the holiday mood which enables him to realize the soul of Spain and the colour and charm of Morocco. It has enabled him to see the Angel with the flaming sword behind those revelations of the intimacies and crudities of the sexual life which to many only suggest disorder or dirt. We find it in embryo in his early book "THE NEW SPIRIT", and in more diverse and elaborate detail in the book of "IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS".

Like Hinton, Havelock Ellis never went to a public school or college, or passed brilliant examinations. He has learned through Nature, Love and Life. He is so sincere that any woman loving him must feel the need of wings in order to protect him when he makes those deliberate statements which are often misunderstood by gross men and sentimental women. To wage a war against impurities and insincerities enables one to realize the limitations of language and the omnipotence of stupidity overshadowed by fear.

Many criticise this man's love of solitude, but where would his work be if society or domesticity had chained his liberty? It may interest those who

believe in the emancipation of women to know that economically he and I have lived as the man and woman of the future will most certainly live—interdependent with regard to matters having to do with love, and independent in all things concerning money. It is our mutual belief that love and comradeship cannot be bought or sold, and that to keep love, friendship, or even comradeship in its own sphere and apart from any commercial transaction is as great an avenue to "Love's Coming of Age" as eugenics or any other evolved scheme for the regeneration of mankind. Of course, under present economic conditions, and in the face of the fact that marriage may involve parenthood, it is difficult to live wholly on the new lines, but these difficulties can be overcome by sensible and sensitive people. If we all wait for a miracle to pave the way toward equality and experiment we shall remain where we are. The forerunner sees and dares—the conventionalist sees and shrinks. The forerunner is called and follows—the coward disobeys. It is possible that nearly all sin has its centre in this fact of seeing and shunning, for we are all responsible only when we know the best and yet deliberately take the second-best.

In his experiments in living and in his books Havelock Ellis is a forerunner and has paid the price that groundlings pay to gods if they hope to join their ranks. But to this student, pain or loss or disentanglement in any guise have ceased to corrode or to shock or to enervate. With Nietzsche he can declare that what does not kill, strengthens.

He is literally always working, but his work is a radiant play as he can never do anything he does not enjoy. He declares that he has never done an unselfish thing in his life. If he does it, he enjoys it —otherwise he considers it is a sort of insult to the people upon whom he has practised virtue. Nevertheless, there is a slight suspicion of both drudgery and unselfishness in his attitude to his voluminous correspondence. From schoolgirls to specialists he is inundated with letters which in many ways are indeed an education. When an Indian, for instance, writes and asks him why his cat has had a second lot of kittens within a few weeks, or an intense American craves a brief statement of his whole philosophy and especially his views on immortality, he always makes a point of answering. This, for a man with no secretary or typewriter, is no light task.

(We both are asked questions which at any rate keep our sense of humour fresh. I once had a serious little note begging me to say what made my hair curl, and briefly answered on a postcard, "God.")

Whether or not Havelock Ellis's attitude toward his correspondence is unselfishly heroic, he is a real recluse, and it is just the change of work which enables him, if material circumstances or social intrusions do not drag him from his desk, to keep, as it were, his fingers on the pulse of every type of man and woman in order to understand the meaning of the rhythm.

In all the years I have known him I have never once heard him condemn a human being. "They do not understand" is the worst retaliation he expressed, when in 1898, six years after our marriage, the prosecution of the first book in the series of *Sex Studies* was brought forward. It was in the silly season when the police were evidently idle and George Bedborough was prosecuted for the sale of what was then termed an "obscene" book. It is an old story now, but it aged us both and made us feel that puritanism and purity are foes rather than allies. A defence fund was started, but Bedborough pleaded

"guilty" and took the defence out of counsel's mouth. Havelock Ellis, student, philosopher, doctor, and humanist, was called "obscene" in the leading London papers because a scientific book, as technical as a book on midwifery, was made an occasion for a silly season prosecution. He stood his ground, however, and wrote his defence calmly, taking Milton's immortal words in *Areopagitica* as the text of his plea for free speech.

This prosecution is many years ago now, but the vague maliciousness and vulgar curiosity of the gossip-monger have never been entirely dissipated. Semi-truths more dangerous than untruths, and untruths more absurd than even garbled truths have fortified him against regret in his St. Jerome cell, where the things that matter most are in evidence. It is to America that we owe the fact that the six books on the *Psychology of Sex* have not all shared the same fate as the first one of the series, and it is therefore in America that I feel it an unusual privilege to speak my thoughts about this forerunner. A curious sequel with regard to the prosecution came under our notice not long ago, proving that ill-repute one day may change into good repute the next, and that what is

Is it the strength of their
sins or the weaknesses of their virtues
that people have in view when they
approach a man like Oscar Wilde?
"Fit only to be shot" often declares
the honest, respectable Britisher :
"the bosom of his family. "Hanged him,"
cries the man of stern morality. "If you
hate us now such as we are," cries
the public. "Make it impossible for
him to recover his balance or learn to
live as the artist & decent human
being in his dictates. "Damn him
& get him out of our way," is the
popular cry. ^{are} The conventional
conception of law, ^{value} ~~value~~ & misapprehension
of ^{twisted} ~~twisted~~ organic forces and the
criminal than the acts of Oscar
Wilde? Don't they equally hinder

Fac-simile page on *Oscar Wilde*,—from Mrs. Havelock Ellis's
note book, (slightly reduced.)

an offence in one country is a defence in another: a judge in an American morals court let off a prisoner with a small penalty on condition that he read these very books he burned twelve years ago in England.

“What you oppose you assist”, is one of this fore-runner’s favourite sayings. He has realized that life is a force like a spiral: that is, that it is a series of expansions and resistances. There must be both or there is a lack of real energy. To have a perfect whole there must be inconsistencies. “Life, even in the plant,” he says in *IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS*, “is a tension of opposing forces. Whatever is vital is contradictory, and if of two views we wish to find out which is the richer and the more fruitful, we ought perhaps to ask ourselves which embodies the more contradictions.” In other paragraphs of *Impressions, Little Things, Apples and Pears*, and other apparently insignificant subjects, the universality of his outlook is shown in what appears to him to be the delicate intonations of human life. The whole book is a sort of diary of his own mental atmosphere and personal impressions and not, as in many of his sex and crim-

inal studies, a retrospect of those men and views of his age which make many footnotes essential.

In this connection, a laughable incident once happened in our little Cornish village, when a casual tourist pointed us out and asked who we were.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, my dear," said our neighbour who was weeding in her garden, "they're both writers."

"Oh!" said the tourist, who later became one of our friends, "and what do they write?"

The old neighbour leaned over the wall, trowel in hand, and said in a whisper: "He do write out of other people's books, but she do write them out of her own head-piece."

There is another story I tell to those who like to know me because I know him, for it credits him with my title to fame in the same village. A gentleman arrived at our local station and asked where Havelock Ellis lived. The man he addressed scratched his head and pondered. "Do you mean he with the three donkeys?" he asked. What the would-be interviewer was ruminating as he walked up our valley to the cottage I have never known.

It has been well said that only a sense of humour

can keep a man alive for a serious purpose, but perhaps one may add that only a sense of beauty can enable a man to do well the imperative scullery work in science or medicine which explains to the multitude the apparent contradictions and seeming ugliness of the primitive facts of life.

With Edward Carpenter, Olive Schreiner, and James Hinton, Havelock Ellis sees the significance of Love as a fine art, rather than as a frenzied episode or as a mere primitive egotism. He has the faith of a forerunner when he analyses and seeks to understand what Lecky calls the "most mournful and the most awful figure in history." He knows that the cure, alike for the puritan and the prodigal, lies in the evolution of the greater love which knows neither repression nor excess. In this wider and deeper and more joyous love is the richer life of the world. The true lover, combining spontaneity with spiritual order, is the rarest and sweetest product of evolution. The policeman, even the eugenic policeman, is only a makeshift. Why men like Havelock Ellis accentuate the need for eugenic education is not because they build their faith on any system of defence against race degeneracy, but because they realize that

it is better to try to purify the race by prevention of evils than to spend incalculable time in eliminating the products of the excess of freedom. Eugenics must follow the education which makes personal responsibility a large factor in race cleanliness. It has its great dangers, but it has its definite place in a scheme of social hygiene. We have not sufficient knowledge or humanity as yet, to enact laws as to who are fit or unfit to marry. What we need is deeper knowledge and an increased sense of personal responsibility toward the race. Every artist must learn technique, even the Love-Artist, and eugenics may possibly take the place scales have in teaching music.

Havelock Ellis sees as a forerunner, an onlooker, a mystic and a Spartan. Love and Art are his keys to the Universe. In love he hears music and in music the rhythm of life and love and death in one. Statistics are valuable to him only as notes to the musician. Facts are useful to him as words are to the poet, and ethics essential as colour to the artist, who knows how to use the notes, words, and colour to interpret spiritual realities. For spiritual realities are what we are all seeking. It is a sort of jealousy we feel toward a forerunner which makes

us crucify him or try to blow out his torch before he can hand it on to another. The true forerunner, however, can always die smiling—for he sees.

"THE BOOKMAN", JULY, 1918.



Sophia Perovskaia

EXECUTED 16TH APRIL, 1881

*She would not share the lot of those who make
The world a nest of ills; she gladly met
The thorns of that strange crown, their guerdon yet,
Who of Life's bread of freedom dare to break,
And pour Life's wine that after men partake;
And having laboured to redeem the debt
The ages owed, ay, not till she had set
A Czar toward death, she died for life's sweet sake.*

*Heroes and martyrs love and suffer still:
As flashes from earth's smithy they are hurled
About the sky to lighten darkest nights.
This has been so for ever, and ever will,
When on the anvil of the grief-worn world
God lays the human mighty heart and smites.*

1883.

HAVELOCK ELLIS



HAVELOCK ELLIS:

THE PERFECT DISTILLATION OF EVERYTHING BEST
IN OUR CIVILIZATION

BY *John Haynes Holmes*

HAVELOCK ELLIS's position is unique among the great leaders of our time.

He is not an outstanding popular figure, like Wells or Shaw, known to the man in the street as a name if not as a person.

He is not an embattled prophet, like Bertrand Russell or the late E. D. Morel, striking mighty blows in the fray for righteousness, and bearing away the cruel scars of combat.

He is not a philosopher like Bergson or a sci-
79

tist like Einstein, whose creative ideas mark an epoch in the history of ordered thought.

Not distinctive in any of these ways, Havelock Ellis is something rarer and finer. Himself the perfect distillation of everything best in our civilization, he has for years been an influence, pervasive as the atmosphere and as unintrusive, making for "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." In certain fields of inquiry, such as the sex problem, Mr. Ellis has of course done original work of a high order. In certain reforms, such as Birth Control, his vision and valor have been indispensable. But not here is his primary and ever-memorable service to his generation. What he has done, through some gift of temperament or some high discipline of spirit, is to enfranchise his own life, to develop within himself the whole man, and then, by serene testimony to the wisdom he has found, to bestow the secret on those ready and able to receive it.

More fully than any other man of whom I know, Havelock Ellis has discovered and revealed what life ought to be and may well be. To enter into his

presence is to feel oneself lifted up onto those heights where some day shall stand the race, freed, cleansed, ennobled, strong in the knowledge and happy in the enjoyment of the more abundant life.

"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", FEB. 1926.





WHO AM AN EXILE FROM CORNWALL, BANISHED TO THE CHILLY FOGS OF LONDON, & ABLE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT OVID ONCE wrote from Pontus, have been spending three days by the sea. All day long I have been lying on the cliff or the sands at work, while from time to time my eyes rested on the friendly vision of a dear woman, not too far away, playing with her child. The sun and the air, mixed with that radiant vision, enter into my blood, pouring a new vigour into my veins and a new inspiration into my thoughts.

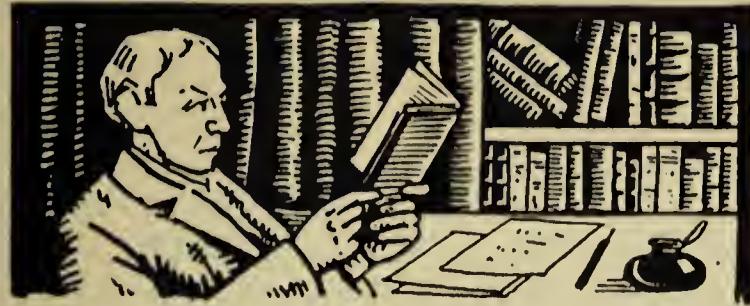
¶ Inspiration! For it is only here that I inspire, that I really breathe, in the warm and pure air of the sea, which is the food of body and soul, the symbol of love, and the enrapturing wine of the world.

¶ The pious devotees of Faith have clung to the conception of Inspiration and they made it meaningless or even ridiculous. Yet the most fantastic vagaries of Religion, when we can penetrate to the roots of them, are based firmly on the solid foundations of Nature. The breath of God may help us to realize the intoxicating breath of the sea. "*IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS*" *second series*; 162-3.



¶ The more rapidly a civilization progresses, the sooner it dies for another to arise in its place. That may not seem to every one a cheerful prospect. Yet, if our civilization has failed to enable us to look further than our own egoistic ends, what has our civilization been worth?

¶ The attempt to apply measurement to civilization is, therefore, a failure. That is, indeed, only another way of saying that civilization, the whole manifold web of life, is an art. We may dissect out a vast number of separate threads and measure them. It is quite worth while to do so. But the results of such anatomical investigation admit of the most diverse interpretation, and, at the best, can furnish no adequate criterion of the worth of a complex living civilization. "*THE DANCE OF LIFE*"; 301.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S :

AN APPRECIATION

BY *Judge Ben B. Lindsey*

THE outstanding fact about Havelock Ellis, to my mind, is that he is a pioneer. From the beginning he has had the penetrating vision, the imagination, the judgement, the peculiar blend of hardihood, caution, and commonsense which are the earmarks of every great explorer, discoverer, and creative artist, in whatever field.

It is not easy, in this day when women have legs instead of "nether limbs", and when we are all gradually learning to consider with equal candor either sex or the weather, as the occasion may demand—it is not easy, I say, to realize, now, the degree of

consummate tact, good taste, "bad taste", daring, plainness of speech, and sophisticated concealment of thought between lines, that was necessary in presenting even to the medical profession of a few decades ago the kind of material contained in the six volumes of "*STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX*". It required skill with words such that the man who undertook the adventure with the prejudices of his day had to be, not merely a scientist and a thinker, but a practical artist with words, as well. Havelock Ellis was the rare combination. In his field he is of the stripe of Tyndall and Huxley.

He achieved with impunity an amazing collision, head-on, with the prejudices of his contemporaries. The force of the impact may be guessed, indeed, by the fact that after the appearance of the first volume of his great work, an English judge, regardless of the fact that it was a medical book and hence privileged to tell the truth, angrily ruled that it was "not scientific"; with the result that Mr. Ellis had to seek an American publisher. I think a fear must even then have hovered subconsciously in the mind of the learned English jurist that the book was so clearly, honestly, courageously and adequately written that it

was likely to be read with interest, not merely by the medical profession but by the laity. And that, in fact, is what has happened, both to this, and to every other book Mr. Ellis has ever written.

"STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX", like all that have followed it from Mr. Ellis's pen, was an adventure in truth-telling, free from "scientific" jargon and camouflage. By virtue of its candor and plainness it so broke trail for the rest of us that it is possible today to issue for the laity a publication like *The Birth Control Review* without being put in prison. (Which isn't to say that it is easy, even yet.)

Creative, pioneer art in any field takes on piquancy and interest largely from the fact that it attempts to synthesize and reconcile the opposites, the contradictions of life. The particular paradox which engaged the attention of Mr. Ellis, even in his youth, when, as he tells us, he first began vaguely to plan the work he has since done with such eminent success, was the fact that "the art of making love and the art of being virtuous" are "two aspects of the great art of living", and that "they are, rightly regarded, harmonious and not at variance."

To the Anglo-Saxon mind such a reconciliation

even today is difficult. Then, it was well-nigh unthinkable. But Havelock Ellis attempted it with the courage of the scientist and the skill of the artist that was in him. More than any other person, in my judgement, he has made possible the frank search which this age and generation is attempting toward the difficult synthesis of Love and Virtue.

"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", FEB. 1927.





HAVELOCK ELLIS:

A TRIBUTE

BY *Waldo Frank*

IF one's admiration for Havelock Ellis is based on true understanding, the impulse to praise him is offset by one's reluctance to employ vague words in appreciation of such a man. Only a complete mastery of his work can justify breaking the silence of one's respect for Havelock Ellis. And I have no such mastery. I have read a number of his books, but I have not read all. My experience of him is of a man whose mind is sensitive and immense; whose spirit is almost femininely subtle and yet adventurous in measures vastly beyond the petty specializations of our age. Havelock Ellis is both a scholar and a poet: each gift in him has spurred the other on: each has made the man suffer, suffer creatively: the

fulfillment of both in a life marvelously quick with search and understanding has made a hero. This is probably the trait one has least hesitation in noting, when one's imperfect knowledge of Havelock Ellis's work bars from detailed comment. There is intellectual heroism in his career. I have felt it in all that I have read of him. I know nothing of Mr. Ellis's personal life, and I do not refer to the rather common heroism of any creator in our possessive age: the heroism that makes a man give up the miserable prizes of success for the far greater guerdons of the spirit. What I refer to is a heroism of a rarer sort: a certain inexorable self-standard, a saint-like test of one's own convictions and sensations, before any object. This man's Wisdom would have seemed sound to the Rabbis of the Talmud, his Truth would have been judged well-won by the severest adepts among the Hindus. He has sought understanding in psychology, in pathology, in literature, in racial and social problems, with a religious spirit. To every detail of his innumerable interests he has brought a wholeness of acceptance—which is to say a holiness of spirit. He is a truly religious man.

"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", FEB. 1928.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S :

LIFE AS A SUPREME ART

BY *Isaac Goldberg*

I

SEEKING to appreciate the secret of Ellis's universality, of his bipolarity, we recur to our early metaphor of the sea. Too many have beheld the ebb of the waters only; too many, only the flow. It is the Ellises who know that ocean has both tides and that both are one. They know, too, that sunrise and sunset are illusions of the eye, founded upon yet another illusion which is the horizon; that light and darkness are not antagonists, but inseparable lovers. "Life," wrote Ellis in the first of his books, "has been defined as, even physically and chemically, a tension." In his STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX he

has phrased the phenomenon more formidably, perhaps, as an alternation of tumescence and detumescence, whether in the sap of the tree where bud bursts into flower, or in the sap of the body where ovum bursts into life. Ellis's universality, his oneness with things,—what I have called his continual completion of circles,—is rooted in this procession of physico-chemical tension and relaxation. Others too often have seen the map of humanity as a sort of Mercator projection, in the flat; he has visioned it in the round as the globe that it is. He has heard not a single heart-beat of life, but both the systole and diaستole of the vital rhythm. To this roundness of vision, this ability to see circumferences rather than segregated arcs, to see not only tributaries but ocean itself,—is directly related his toleration. Even his style is a harmonious balance between the poetic and properly prosaic,—between, that is, the emotional and the intellectual aspects of living.

Herein, I would say, lies the great contribution of Ellis to the complex artistry of life. He stands as a great analyst who is an even greater synthesist. It was his good friend Remy de Gourmont, who, in an important essay on *The Dissociation of Ideas*, performed

a valuable service by breaking up into their disparate components ideas which shone with a false, inorganic unity. This is a needed technique that Ellis has employed from the beginning. He has employed, however, as its necessary complement, a finer technique of what I may call the reintegration of ideas. He has, in other words, concurrently with his unostentatious but decisive demolition of crystallized conventions, just as unostentatiously and effectively rearranged the elements of life in new yet natural combinations. Ellis, in effect, has taught us how, for ourselves, to make life whole. Here, then, is a wholesomeness, not in the degraded, namby-pamby sense which it has acquired on the tongues of those who would apply it to innocuous goody-goodyness. Wholesome is Ellis in the olden sense of sound and healthy,—a whole man and a hale man.

Though he has looked at life from above, it has not been from an ivory tower. Though he has beheld it from his own secluded nook, he has been none the less very much of it. This has been, not indifference, but control. In him, the actor may be, likewise, the spectator. "One is so often tempted in this world," he remarks, "to allow oneself to be lash-

ed into rage by its Intolerance, its Sordidness, its Imbecility, even in its mere tame Monotony. And I am not at all sure that we do wrong to be angry, and that our Hate of Hate or our Scorn of Scorn is not fully justified . . . Yet after all, let us never forget also that we have been so constituted as to be able to regard the World as a Spectacle." Not an ivory tower, this, but, in the Spanish phrase, a tower of "flesh and bone." (IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS, second series, p. 38.)

The World-as-Spectacle is essentially a mystic rather than a hedonist conception. It is, just as essentially, an aesthetic attitude, stripping life of excrescence and superfluity and regarding it with a certain impersonality, as if it were a picture or a piece of music. Here is effected — and one realizes, after all, how imperfect is the language of psychological discussion—a union of the subjective and objective. For life, like art,—life, at once as the source and as the sum of the arts,—may have its "significant form," a unity that is organic. In such a sense of life, pain and discipline assume their proper places as elements of pleasure and liberation, just as death itself merges into the greater whole. Authority, rejected from with-

out, derives at last from within. Thus Ellis's "sane anarchy" and the severe order of all true art become, despite the dictionaries, fairly identical.

The dictionaries...And the grammar books. Excellent servants, but tyrannous masters. "The significant form" of language is not in the grammar books, where a specious logic reign, but in the idioms of a tongue. There are those who live, as they speak, by the grammar books. There are those who live, as it were, not grammatically but idiomatically. Ellis's art, Ellis's life, have been in this sense idiomatic, — rational beyond formal reason, at that core where form and substance achieve identity. The idiom, in language, exemplifies Ellis's intuition of absurdity; it is an absurdity that, judged by the logic of language, means nothing. Yet it is something not only that has a clear meaning, but that expresses such a meaning in a manner far more effective than linguistic logic may devise. The idiom, in living, reaches similarly below the roots of logic to a deeper reason.

The World-as-a-Spectacle connotes that remarkable sense of personal proportion which is at the centre of Ellis's godless mysticism. He achieves a harmony of self with not-self, not by the megal-

mania of the religious fanatic, but by an intuition of proportion which is at the root of true humour.

From this point of view, Ellis's works reveal yet another harmony, — that of Occident and Orient. The Western mind, with its emphasis upon action, and the Eastern, with its tendency to immerse itself in contemplation, find in him that sector in which they overlap. By the same token, he rises above the limitations of either, and proves, in the poetry of his life, that despite the rhymster the twain may meet.

It is interesting, with this godless mysticism of Ellis in mind to see what remarkable affinities it has with Asiatic thought; the same, indeed, may be said for that other godless mystic, Nietzsche. With relation to Nietzsche this has already been shown, succinctly, by one of the few artists of life who understands equally well the West and the East. Reading the essays of Ananda Coomaraswamy one is impressed not so much by a sense of the hopeless gulf between Orient and Occident as by the numerous essential points at which thinkers and dreamers of both find themselves practically in agreement.

Ellis may appear as a balanced Nietzsche, with his own valuation of values. Visiting Greece, indeed, in

the spring of 1928, he sets down that "It is better, far better, to cultivate one's own taste, however bad, than to affect the taste, however good, of other people. My values are revalued. I follow my own instincts, I see with my own eyes." (*IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS*.) Such a revaluation, then, acquires its fundamental sanction from oneself. "Be yourself!" was the slogan in the early days of Ibsen and Nietzsche, and remained for long, until came Freud; and then the slogan, like a fashion, changed to "Be your selves!" Ellis achieves his values by re-establishing them upon that self which has been so sadly caricatured by the eternal disciples,— those selfless, parasitic, mildly hysterical devotees who live only in the life of others.

Fundamentally the Ellisian and the Nietzschean revaluations are alike. They differ as the men themselves differ, since here are two real selves. There are persons, Ellis has written somewhere, who have no right to agree with him. In Ellis, the revaluation, which opposes the conservatism of Nature to that stagnancy which man is wont to call conservatism, appears as a steady, all-pervading force. It is not, as in Nietzsche, barbed with epigram, scattering the

shrapnel of its thought through dynamic volumes. It has about it something of the impersonality of Nature itself,—Nature as Ellis has seen it in the pleasantest of June days. "What is Man that thou art mindful of him?" sang the Psalmist. "But," paraphrases Ellis, in one of those illuminating changes from the sacred to the secular, "what is Man anyhow that Nature should be mindful of him?" Ellis is not an anti-Christ; the Nietzschean violence is not in him. He shines with the German's light, but has a sweetness that is his alone. Sweetness and light! Formula that grew out of the bitterness and gloom that were the life of Jonathan Swift, and that finds its exemplification in the life and labours of Havelock Ellis. Sweetness and light, Ellis has written, are really inseparable. "Without a clear-eyed vision there can be no sweetness that is worth while, and without sweetness there can be no true revelation of light. Leonardo who was sweetest among men of art was at the same time the most clear-eyed among men of science." The words seem somehow linked to Ellis's early definition of Love as "the condition of right seeing."



EDITH AND HAVELOCK ELLIS

From a photograph taken in her study about 1895.

II

In Ellis, from the time of the first published book, there has been little essential change. In him no well-defined "periods" such as characterize those creative spirits who are always seeking, never finding, adjustment to life. In him no crises of the soul, after that strange conversion in the Australia of his youth,—a conversion which, as now we can see, was his own revaluation of values by the discovery of the self that determined them.

The search for frustration has become one of the fashions of the day. In the "new" biography we look now, often with prurience, for the flaw in personal character that determines the protagonist's career. Yet so doing,—and often with the best warrant,—we practise almost a canon of Greek criticism, and the tragic flaw in the heroes of Aristotle's *Poetics* assumes a peculiarly contemporary significance. Nor is this the only tie that binds the ancient Stagirite to the Viennese physician who has set free a flood of repressions.

In Ellis, however, is no discoverable frustration motif. I do not mean that he has had, from the outset, everything as he would wish it to be. That

indeed, would be, like perfection, a subtle and terrible frustration worse by far than the bogey of purity that haunted Mark Twain or the lure of class that fascinated Henry James. I mean that Ellis's life shows remarkable evidence of a plan early revealed to him and lived up to with practically undeviating steadiness. This was no blue-print arbitrarily set down as a guide to the builder; it was a spontaneous, instinctive manifestation,—the free expression of his nature, maturing inevitably like a flower or a tree, without the need of laborious direction. This is the essence of what once would have been called "divine inspiration." Ellis has fallen short of his dreams, but that is what dreams are for. With the Australian conversion he made his peace with life, and kept it. Thenceforth he proceeds, not by frustration, but by fulfillment.

Pursuing the same track, however, we may discover, in his social shyness, the trait that has been sublimated into his life work and into the special attitude that he adopted, from the first, toward life. I am inclined to connect with this characteristic both his central interest in sex and his bias toward contemplation.

III

Ellis belongs in the line of Goethe, and of all those who, before or after, have served in life the ideal of totality. There is, in him, a serenity, a largeness, utterly at variance with the glittering, niggling fragmentariness of a generation that is pleased to style itself "modernistic." Because he has dealt with the eternally human, he has a meaning for days that are to come after his own. It is part of his wisdom that we may own far more things than we possess, and that possession not always spells ownership. Men covet gold, and covet women, and live to lose the things they can grasp because they have not lived for the things that cannot be grasped. The glorious reality of life has slipped through fingers that wove a snare for wealth but only a sieve for beauty.

So we return to our starting-point: the artistry of life, a strange unity in which man is at once the maker, and the made, the material and the worker, *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*. Veritably, a microcosm, creature of the forces which at the same time he exemplifies and seeks to control. As a basis

for that control is the indispensable recognition of those forces,—of life as a flux which to dam is to destroy. Life, the supreme art, is thus removed from the narrow surveillance of what some have called morality and becomes, like those arts out of which it is compounded, an aesthetic experience, "beyond good and evil," beyond sacred and secular, because it has had a glimpse into their essential oneness. Reality is thus not a province to be escaped from, but an essence to be sought and discovered. To participate in that discovery is to live as an artist. Freedom is but another name for such a living.

The greatness of Ellis does not lie in having brought that freedom to his world, for true freemen crave no boons; they must create the gift of their own freedom. It lies rather in having so lived it as to recreate it in others. He is one of Nietzsche's visioned Supermen, not because he is above mankind,—a sterile self-gratification that mirrors only the ambitions of a Subman—but because he represents the untrammelled development of man's finest potentialities.

"If I were ambitious," he has written, "I would desire no finer epitaph than that it should be said

of me," He added a little to the sweetness of the world, and a little to its light." Happily, we may repeat the words, not as epitaph, but as epigraph to the beautiful book that has been his life.

"HAVELOCK ELLIS, A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SURVEY"

¶ It may not be out of place to point out that while this process of socialization is rapidly developing, individual development, so far from stopping, is progressing no less rapidly. It is too often forgotten that the former is but the means to secure the latter. WHILE we are socializing all those things of which all have equal common need, we are more and more tending to leave to the individual the control of those things which in our complex civilization constitute individuality. WE socialize what we call our physical life in order that we may attain greater freedom for what we call our spiritual life.

— THE NEW SPIRIT



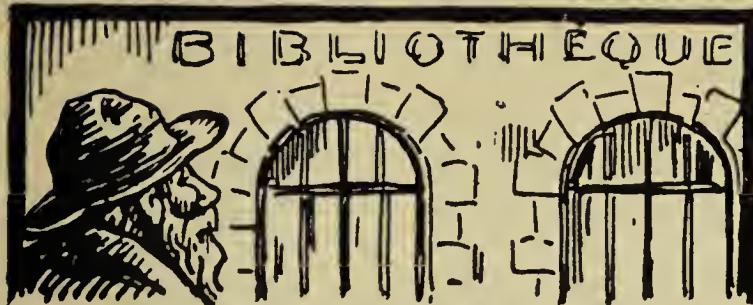
OME SIGHT OR SOUND OF NATURE, EITHER HABITUALLY, OR UNDER SOME SPECIAL CONDITIONS IN THE PERCIPIENT, MAY STRIKE upon the soul and liberate it at once from the bounds of commonplace actuality. Perhaps no modern man has better expressed the religious aspects of nature than Thoreau. Of the American wood-thrush Thoreau can rarely speak without using the language of religion. "All that was ripest and fairest in the wilderness and the wild man is preserved and transmitted to us in the strain of the wood-thrush. . . Whenever a man hears it, he is young, and Nature is in her spring. Wherever he hears it, there is a new world and a free country, and the gates of heaven are not shut against him. Most other birds sing, from the level of my ordinary cheerful hours, a carol, but this bird never fails to speak to me out of an ether purer than that I breathe, of immortal vigor and beauty." Generally, however, this emotion appears to be associated, not so much with isolated beautiful objects, as with great vistas in which beauty may scarcely inhere —

"all waste

And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

It is indeed myself that I unconsciously project into the large and silent world around me; the exhilaration I feel is a glad sense of the vast new bounds of my nature. That is why, at the appearance of another human being, I sink back immediately into the limits of my own normal individuality. I am no longer conterminous with the world around me; I cannot absorb or control another individuality like my own. I become a self-conscious human being in the presence of another self-conscious human being. —THE NEW SPIRIT.





HAVELOCK ELLIS:

A TRIBUTE

BY *Franklin H. Giddings, Ph. D.*

HAVELOCK ELLIS is one of those rare personalities who awaken our admiration by the range of their intellectual interest no less than by the depth of their thought, and, at the same time, charm us by the felicity of expression and the warmth and beauty of their play of feeling. Those personalities not only make contributions to knowledge, but also they influence human life for good. Ellis has shown himself equally at home in his exhaustive studies of the psychology of sex, in his wise discussion of the problems of social hygiene and in his interpretation

of the character of a people, as exemplified in his book on THE SOUL OF SPAIN. He has placed all right thinking men and women under everlasting obligation and his tens of thousands of admiring readers, with one mind and heart, will wish him many further years of production and happiness.

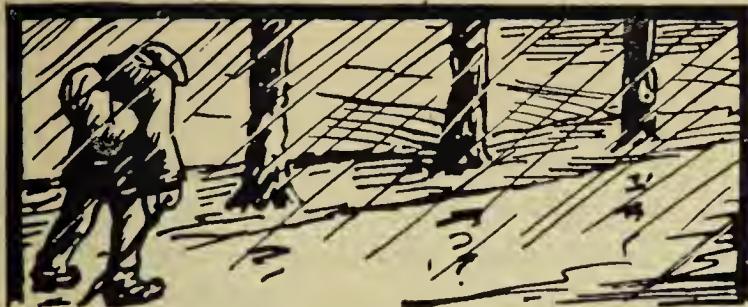
"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", FEB. 1926.



¶ IF THE QUESTION OF A MAN'S RIGHT TO A FOOTHOLD
ON THE EARTH IS NOT INTERESTING, WHAT THINGS
ARE INTERESTING ?

¶ WHEN we turn to those early societies, which are as lamps to us in our social progress, we find that the arts of life are in the possession of women. THEREFORE when the torch of science is placed in the hands of women we must expect them to use it as a guide with audacious simplicity and directness, because of those instincts for practical life which they have inherited.

— THE NEW SPIRIT



HAVELOCK ELLIS:

"ESSAYS IN WAR TIME"

BY *Horace Traubel*

ELLIS possesses the unequalled privilege of sanity and the lofty joy of the just spirit. At a time when most everybody's gone daffy he remains lucid. At a time when the others, most of them, don't know what they are about, he is aware of himself. There is war in his world but peace in his heart.

He is the man of science plus a heart. He is cold enough to be reasonable and warm enough to be persuasive. The madmen are having their day. Something else than madmen will follow. England will eventually be proudest of the men and women she is least proud of today. We can say the same thing of other countries and of our own country. How

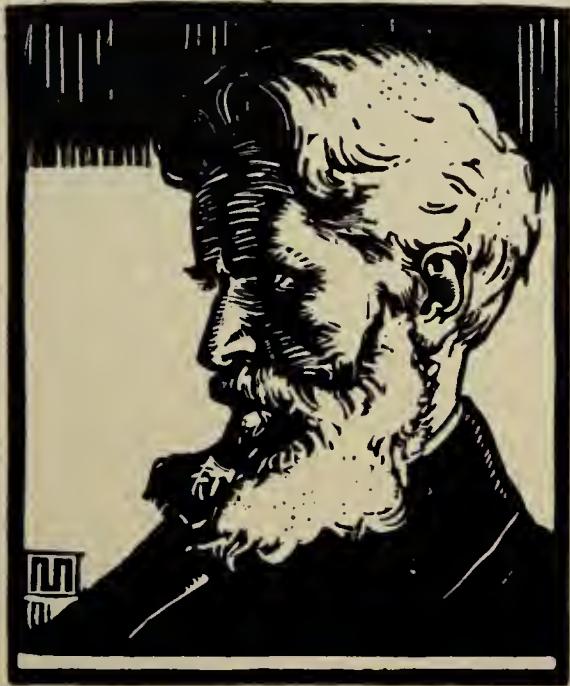
many people do you meet who can state this war intelligently from either side? There are some. But they are exceptional. This is not extraordinary. Nor is it anything that should surprise us. Maybe we should not wonder that it is as bad as it is. Maybe we should wonder that it is as good as it is. Perhaps that is all we should expect. That a few should survive the general dementia. Shaw says we'll have to declare a universal amnesty of speech when the war is over. How many writers are there who in this most tragical of all historic periods have said nothing they'll want to take back in the end? I suppose it is very hard and in some individuals impossible to be just to your enemies. And yet that is the first requisite of controversy. You can't be just to your friends till you have first been just to your enemies. Ellis quotes Franklin as saying: "Wars are not paid for in war time: the bill comes later." We might also say thought is not thought in war time: it becomes thought later. That is, what passes for thought in the midst of the clamor is never the persistent philosophy of history. We'll be revised. And the revisers will be revised. And these revisers again. There will be many revisions before we get at the truth.

And yet a man like Ellis seems to have got there already. He don't need to be revised. He'll do as he is. The people who argue that there'd be no civilization if it was not for war will get but little comfort from Ellis's study. He says evolution implies struggle and competition but not war. This is like puncturing the dearest dreams of Roosevelt. It leaves him nothing but corned beef and cabbage. Ellis don't say war never was of use or never can be. On the contrary, he sees reasons for war. But he claims that those reasons have become fewer and fewer till to-day they have almost vanished. "The fate of democracy in Europe hangs on the question of adequate pacification." Roosevelt is constantly asking us this question: "Would you like to be a Chinaman?" If I was in China I would probably be asked: "Would you like to be a Roosevelt?" Ellis himself camps on the medium sphere. Is anything so efficient as war? That's one question. Then there's another question. Is anything so wasteful as war? You see one question meets another. How can we get any spiritual satisfaction out of physical tests? The suspicion always haunts the exercise of physical retribution that we have given up a noble for an ignoble process.

Ellis says: "So long as the war lasts it is to the interest of England to strike Germany and to strike hard. But when the war is over it will indeed be directly contrary to those interests to cultivate hostility." For while "at some points the interests of Germany and England run counter to each other at yet a greater number of points their interests are common." I have long ago taken my eyes off the war. I have fixed them on something beyond the war. The absolute history of the war is not being made on the battle fronts but home in the belligerent countries in domestic revolution... I have little respect for murder even when it gets a villain out of the way. And I have great respect for creation even when it produces a villain. And I am jealous of life. I sweep up its obscurest atoms like the inestimable gold dust in the mint.

"THE CONSERVATOR", APRIL, 1917.





HAVELOCK ELLIS

After a woodcut by *Maurice Duvalet*



H A V E L O C K E L L I S :

AN APPRECIATION

BY *Leon J. Cole*, PH.D.

IT is indeed a pleasure to contribute a brief tribute to the work and influence of Havelock Ellis. Specialists who can write authoritatively in their own fields, but who nevertheless have a breadth of knowledge and a balance of judgement which enable them to discuss the wide applications of their subject in all its relations, are relatively rare, and are sadly needed in the sciences, and particularly in those less "exact" sciences, such as sociology, in which too often unverifiable opinions parade as facts. The combination of these abilities seems to me perhaps to be

Ellis's outstanding characteristic, as evidenced by his many and varied writings. As an authority on criminology, for example, he is preeminent. His ability to see the broad bearings of his subject may be illustrated by his comprehensive grasp and understanding of the aims and program of eugenics, while his clear perception of the relation between the hereditary and environmental (euthenic) sociological influences gives good evidence of his judicial poise.

But not only does he foresee the direct material benefits from the application of science to race betterment; his vision includes ideals which bear on man's religious and normal life as well. As he in one place says: "The hope of the future lies in the slow development of those habits, those social instincts arising inevitably out of the actual facts of life and deeper than science, deeper than morals. The new sense of responsibility, of responsibility not only for the human lives that now are, but for the new human lives that are to come, is a social instinct of this fundamental nature. Therein lies its vitality and its promise."

Finally may be mentioned Ellis's courage in following wherever truth may lead. This characteristic

is exemplified by his fearless identification with the Birth Control movement, as a result of his clear conception of the place of Birth Control as an ameliorative social influence and as an important factor in racial development.



¶ A man takes sides with religion, or with science, or with morals; oftener he spends the brief moments of his existence in self-preservation, fighting now on one side, now on the other. BUT for a little while we are allowed to enter the house of life and to gather around its fire. WHY pull each other's hair and pinch each other's arms like naughty children? WELL would it be to warm ourselves at the fire together, to clasp hands, to gain all the joy that comes of comradeship, before we are called out, each of us, into the dark, alone.

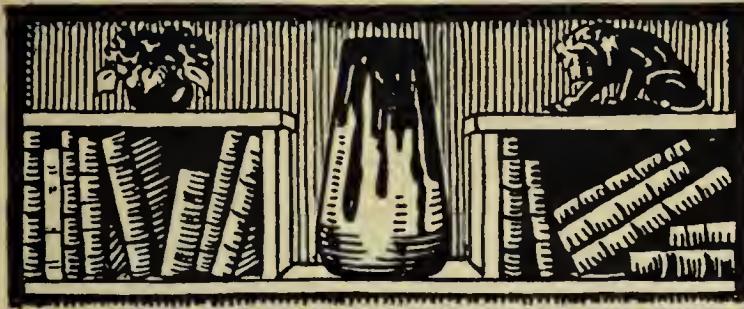
—THE NEW SPIRIT



HERE IS NO HUMAN SOUL IN SIGHT ON THIS LARGE EXPANSE OF BRECKLAND, NOR LIKELY TO BE ALL DAY LONG; FAR AWAY INDEED one faintly discerns here and there a human habitation but no indication of human life. So here among luxurious elastic hillocks we choose our place of repose. Here we may spread our simple meal, here we may discourse of the whole universe or read from the books we have brought, *Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure* and *Les Cents Nouvelles Nouvelles*, books that seem to harmonize with each other and with our mood of the moment: the wise old Chinese philosopher of twenty-two centuries ago, renouncing nothing, yet seeking nothing, content with the concord between Nature and the Individual, with the possession of the absolutely essential things; and that series of marvellously variegated scenes from the European life of the fifteenth century,—once attributed to the genius of Antoine de la Salle,—scenes all the more true to life because distorted by no moral, and under the unfamiliar disguise of ancient manners bringing so vividly before us the same problems of human nature which perplex us today. ¶ It is a warm day but soft. The warmth of the sun and the coolness of the air seem at this delicately poised moment of the year to alternate rhythmically in delicious harmony. Afar from the eyes of men, we are free to open our garments and so far as we will to fling them off, so that sun and air alike may play deliciously through on our flesh. Here is the atmosphere of Giorgione's Concert. Here is the Wilderness of Omar Khayyam. Yet still it is England, and our jug of wine is ale and the larks furnish our music. ¶ In a few days, among the crowds of London streets, this day will seem to both of us a dream that was never lived in the world.

— “IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS”, *second series*; 26-27.





H A V E L O C K E L L I S :
AND HUMAN BIOLOGY
BY *Raymond Pearl, Ph. D.*

HUMAN beings have long been known to be curious animals. Endowed with some degree of intelligence, statistically speaking, they often behave in an entirely unintelligent manner. This is particularly true in respect of behavior about intellectual matters. It pleases us to be greatly interested and amused at the observance of taboos by savage peoples. A warm glow of superiority suffuses us when we read or hear that an Eskimo, for example, will not even talk about something because to do so is taboo.

But wherein lies the superiority? Nothing could be plainer than that scientific men have been, and

are, almost completely restrained, by precisely the same consideration, from discussing certain matters which are universally admitted to be among the most important in the whole domain of human biology. I refer specifically to normal human sex behavior. Psychiatrists are permitted to discuss freely the horrible details of the pathology of sex without loss of caste. But against the study or discussion of the normal biology of this function there is a potent taboo. Every medical man, every psychologist, and every sociologist, knows that the suppression by taboo of what meager knowledge does exist about this phase of biology, is the direct cause of a great deal of human misery. The application of intelligence to the business of living would seem to demand that suffering remediable by such a simple formula as this should be promptly eliminated. But nothing of the sort happens, nor is it likely to. The taboo is too strong. And when it comes to further research to extend the bounds of knowledge about the biology of sex in man, the pious horror of the scientific world in general at the prospect is dreadful to behold.

Hence it is that the normal admiration and respect which everyone has for the pioneer in any

kind of enterprise, is so heightened in the case of Havelock Ellis. Any sort of pioneering demands the highest type of courage, and when it is into a tabooed field the world can have no doubt of the intellectual and moral fibre of the pioneer.

Havelock Ellis's *PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX* is a remarkable piece of scientific pioneering, which will stand, for a long time to come, as one of the classics of human biology. It contains errors, some dubious reasoning, and does not everywhere display that literary skill in presentation which later came to its distinguished author. But when and where was ever a *pioneering* enterprise perfect in all its details? The important thing is that it broke new ground. It assembled substantially all that was known at the time about the biology of human sex, and in doing this showed clearly where the gaps in knowledge were, what problems were of the greatest importance, and, in considerable degree, how it would probably be profitable to attack them. Does it especially matter, in the face of so considerable an achievement as this, that time has shown that some things in the work are open to criticism?

To write these volumes at all required a degree

and kind of courage which few scientific men possess. I believe that, to the shame of mankind be it said, it is still not permitted to display and sell them freely in any English speaking country. But quite apart from this aspect of the case, the *PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX* is a piece of scientific research of a high order of merit. Few workers in any field of science, and particularly few in sociology and psychology, have handled a material at once so broad in its scope and so intricate in its details, with anything approaching the insight, originality, and judgement which this work displays.

No scientific man will begrudge the literary fame which has deservedly come to Havelock Ellis in the last twenty years or so. But there does arise the age-old regret about the impossibility of both having and eating one's cake. If the literary world was the gainer, surely science was the loser, when Havelock Ellis turned from his investigations in the biology of sex to other lines of endeavor. But every student of human biology is deeply grateful for the enduring monument which he left us to remember him by.

"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", FEB. 1926.





HAVELOCK ELLIS:

AS THE PATHFINDER, THE PROPHET, THE SEER
OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT

BY *Annie G. Porritt*

THERE are some among us who speak of Havelock Ellis in a tone of tender regret, as a man who has done great things for women, but who has been left behind, who is no longer in the front ranks of the fight to secure for woman her ideal place in the world. It is too soon to admit that these feminists are right. We shall have to wait until the tumult and the shouting of the women's battle for freedom cease, and until we can see in truer perspective what has been won and what still remains to be won. In the meantime the lovers of Ellis possess their souls in

patience. Havelock Ellis is more than a scientist, more than a fighter. He is a seer. He stands outside of the confusion of the present and keeps his gaze fixed on the eternal verities. In the narrower sense of the word he is not a feminist; for, after all, feminism is merely a stage through which women have to pass in their ascent from subjection and sex servitude into human freedom and true womanhood.

The women, and many of the men who have been their colleagues in the long fight, are still so close to the dangers, the difficulties, the perils of the struggle, that detachment is impossible for them. They view feminism as a holy cause, and they tend to stress the right of woman to equality to such a degree as to demand identity with man in rights and duties. This has come about naturally and inevitably. At first, the readiest way in which women could prove their fitness for liberty equal to that accorded to man was to show practically that they were capable of winning it. They demanded education, and to prove their claim, they showed that they could meet and vanquish men in the colleges and curricula which had been built and framed for men, not women. They demanded entry into all fields of labour and

had therefore to prove that they would compete successfully with men in business, in the professions, and even in the vast fields of manual skill and physical endurance. It was perhaps the only way, but we are beginning to see the pity of it: that women had to show that they could successfully masquerade as men, before they could secure the right to develop freely as women.

All through the long struggle, Ellis has seen that identity is not the true goal. He championed from the first the right of women to develop freely their own individualities, to be self-directing human beings, to grow into the very best and finest that is in them. But he has kept constantly in mind the fact that the finest woman is not a mere duplicate of a fine man. She is something different — neither superior nor inferior, but having within her a possibility of contributing something to humanity which humanity needs, and for lack of which the world must suffer. So he demands for women something more than the rights which most feminists claim. He demands the possibility of the fullest development of womanhood. If a differentiation of the world's labour were necessary in order to give woman the

possibility of that fullest development, he would not shrink from demanding such a differentiation.

Perhaps the world is not yet ready to share in Ellis's vision. Perhaps woman has still a long struggle ahead before society will grant her her greatest sphere of usefulness and achievement. But the time will come when the feminists of this or a future generation will perceive that the freedom of woman does not mean mere emulation of man or competition with him. When those days come, they will recall the vision of Ellis, the seer, and much as we admire and love him now for all that he has done for women in vindicating their love rights and their right to full control over themselves, soul and body, there will be a still higher place for him in the future, when he will be recognized as the Pathfinder, the Prophet, the Seer of the Woman's Movement.

"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", FEB. 1926.

¶ *THE morals that rests on religion, will sooner or later collapse with it in a common ruin. THAT has been too often seen. RELIGIONS change: every man is free to have his own, or to have none. NO man, scarcely even a Crusoe, is free to have no morals, and the ideal morality cannot widely vary for any two societies.* —THE NEW SPIRIT



H A V E L O C K E L L I S :

LIFE AS AN ART

BY *Bertrand Russell*

MORALISTS, in the main, have been a somewhat forbidding race. Their main preoccupation has usually been to try to prevent people from doing what they wanted to do, on the ground—formerly explicit, but now seldom avowed—that the natural man is wicked. Psychoanalysed, such moralists would be found to be moved principally by envy: being themselves too old or too sour or too stiff for the pleasures of life, they feel a discomfort, when they see others enjoying themselves, which appears in consciousness as moral reprobation. Accordingly the things they condemn are not things which cause pain, but things

which cause pleasure, and in order to be able to condemn such things they put fantastic interpretations on religious precepts. The commandment not to work on Saturdays is interpreted as a commandment not to play on Sundays. This particular rule of morality is dying out, but many that are still insisted upon have equally little foundation in reason.

Mr. Havelock Ellis is a moralist, but not of the usual sort. He is best known as the author of a monumental work of research, which the authorities, in their wisdom, have seen fit to make unobtainable for ordinary men and women, on the ground that no one would be virtuous except through ignorance, and that therefore the spread of knowledge must be illegal. It is true that a host of wise men, from Socrates onwards, have taught that wrong conduct always springs from ignorance, but that has never been the view of the police, who have always believed that people must be either ignorant or wicked, without telling us which of the two they considered themselves to be.

Those who know nothing else of Mr. Havelock Ellis might expect to find in him the temperament of a rebel, with possibly some bitterness against "fol-

ly, doctor-like, controlling skill." But although his views on most subjects are unorthodox, he is far too urbane to be properly described as a rebel. He surveys the world calmly and genially; he does not try to scold men out of their evil ways, but to win them to the life that he considers good by the portrayal of its delights. The holders of power, reinforced by their sycophants among parsons and professors, view the lines of others as consisting essentially of work, with only such intervals of rest as are physiologically necessary. Mr. Havelock Ellis views life as essentially play, interrupted by the need of a certain minimum of work to secure the necessities of existence. He begins with a chapter on the art of dancing, and goes on to maintain that all life ought to be as like a dance as possible. This is not suggested in Bacchic spirit, as a way of drowning our sorrows; the mood is not that of:

"Is it not fine to dance and sing
While the bells of death do ring?"

The tragic facts of human life seem to have lost their sting for him, and to have been somehow harmonized as they are in tragic drama. This is explained by his

very interesting account of his conversion to mysticism at the age of nineteen—a conversion which was permanent in spite (or because) of its almost complete freedom from dogma.

"My whole attitude towards the universe was changed. It was no longer an attitude of hostility and dread, but of confidence and love. My self was one with the Not-self, my will one with the universal will. I seemed to walk in light; my feet scarcely touched the ground; I had entered a new world."

This mystic illumination underlies the views set forth on thought, on religion, and on morals, all of which spring from the elimination of Satan. There are many people—the present writer is among them—who find it harder to give up Satan than any other item of orthodox religion. Mr. Havelock Ellis has given him up, and has abandoned along with him all the sterner side of morals and religion and thought. He does not believe, with Jeremiah, that "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Consequently morality is not to be restrictive, but expansive: it is to be more like the training of an athlete, designed to cultivate a natural excellence. It is not, however, to be a matter of obedience to a set

of rules, but must at every moment depend on feeling.

"No reasonable moral being may draw breath in the world without an open-eyed freedom of choice; and if the moral world is to be governed by laws, better to people it with automatic machines than with living men and women. In our human world the precision of mechanism is for ever impossible."

This is one of the points where the author's optimism becomes apparent, and where the Devil's Advocate sees his chance. "Automatic machines" are what men and women are becoming; "the precision of mechanism" is what the industrial system is forcing them to acquire. The present writer, as a devout believer in Satan, holds that in our age he is incarnate in the captain of industry, whether trust magnate or communist commissar. But to say to the ordinary person: "Remain a living man or woman; do not become an automatic machine," is equivalent to saying: "Die of hunger, and do not attempt to earn your living." Advice of this sort is apt to be coldly received. Moreover the state of an automaton, once achieved, is pleasant; a life which is entirely habitual involves a minimum of friction and responsibility. The Bolsheviks and the Fabians, quite rightly, insist

that love of spontaneity is anarchic and aristocratic. All true democrats in the present day mean by "democracy" the reduction of the few to the level of the many, not the raising of the many to the level of the few; consequently they welcome increasing mechanization, and wish it to become universal. The power of Satan, therefore, is just as great as in past times.

To speak without diabolic metaphors, the question is whether life is to be conceived as a game or a fight. In the former case, we may agree with all that Mr. Havelock Ellis says; in the latter case, we shall import something of traditional morals into our outlook. Let us agree at once that life ought to be a game, that there is nothing intrinsically desirable about fighting, and that the disappearance of the sterner virtues, if it were permanently possible, would be an unmitigated boon. But if—to take an analogy—the game of football were illegal, it could only be played by organizing a subsidiary team to take on the police, and this team would have to be much larger than the teams that were playing. In this case, the preservation of football would require a high order of self-sacrifice in those who faced prison

to protect players. It happens that football is not illegal, but many occupations quite as innocent and quite as productive of a balance of pleasure are illegal. Bishops and other busy-bodies employ an army of detectives to spy upon couples in the Parks, for fear they should not suffer from lack of housing accommodation so much as is hoped. Female teachers, in most parts of England, are required to be unmarried, which means that they must be childless and either celibate or very skilfully deceptive. It would be no more cruel to insist that they should be blinded or have their hands cut off. Uncivilized races are compelled to work in mines or other industrial enterprises, and are drilled to spread terror and starvation among the weaker nations of Europe. In China, an ancient civilization which has almost all the characteristics that Mr. Havelock Ellis admires is being deliberately destroyed by the military and financial ambitions of nations with stronger armies and navies, to the accompaniment of cant about integrity and independence and the Open Door.

In such a world, all who are not a menace to their neighbours are bound to be exterminated by war or economic pressure. Art is almost extinct; science still

flourishes because it ministers to homicide, but must perish when it has perfected its work by destruction. How is one to say, in such a world, "my will is one with the universal will"? Mr. Havelock Ellis professes that his mysticism is free from dogma; but if he suposes that we have anything to do with a universal will other than that of organized mankind, he has adopted all that is essential in the dogma of theism. The only "universal will" visible to me is that of human groups, which are all bent upon mutual destruction. With this universal will I am emphatically not at one. Agreeing with Mr. Havelock Ellis as to the ends of life, I find it difficult to agree as to means. I believe that those who value these ends must temporarily submit to the yoke of organization and coöperation, since otherwise they will be crushed in detail by clever energetic maniacs. If one could believe in some cosmic purpose, worked out through the folly and wickedness of men, it might be possible to wait patiently for the happy consummation. But if one believes that there is no purpose in the non-human world — at any rate in that part of it with which we are in contact—it is useless to look to anything but human effort to extricate us

from the dangers of the time. Science and machinery have given men new powers over nature and over each other. Unfortunately, the more humane portion of mankind is also the less executive portion, and therefore the new powers have fallen into the hands of men who use them almost wholly to produce misery and crush out whatever is excellent and spontaneous or individual. Unless the champions of humanism rouse themselves to enter the practical world and make themselves masters of the new powers, their cause is doomed.

It is possible, however, that this outlook is mistaken, and that the serpent may be charmed by sweet songs. Man may grow weary of strenuous futility; the ideal of "efficiency" may lose its appeal. If so, what is most needed is to set forth persuasively the conception of life as an art. **THE DANCE OF LIFE** does this with great charm; every page is interesting, and the author has our sympathy throughout. May his words, and those of men who feel as he does, prove potent beyond our expectation.

"THE DIAL", NOV. 1923.



Isolation

*From the uneven ground great columns spring
To dim far heights. At vespers or at nones
The one-voiced dialogue in shouts or moans
Through the triforium, gloom, floats echoing,
No unseen choirs sweet showers of music fling;
Below the altar, on these worn grey stones,
While solemn sacrifice my soul atones,
I serve myself the mass myself must sing.*

*Alone I stand, and here for ever swing
This censer, whence large curls of incense rise
Round clustered pillars to the clerestories.
This side the western door, with offering,
No separate soul my altar may attend:
Alone, apart, I stand until the end.*

1885.

—SONNETS

HAVELOCK ELLIS



HAVELOCK ELLIS:

A TRUE RADICAL

BY *P. W. Whiting, PH. D.*

THE radical is not rabid, nor is the true revolutionist wantonly destructive. The radical goes to the root of things but he does not necessarily tear things up by the roots. The evil may not be in the plant itself but in the parasites infesting the roots.

Thus Havelock Ellis strips from the concept of religion all that is unsound and scientifically inaccurate, and at the same time shows that science rightly understood is not at variance with the instinct of mysticism or religion.

"If indeed by 'science' we mean the organization of an intellectual relationship to the world we

live in adequate to give us some degree of power over that world, and if by 'mysticism' we mean the joyful organization of an emotional relationship to the world conceived as a whole, the opposition which we usually assume to exist between them is of comparatively modern origin.

We may not all agree with Ellis's terminology but what scientist can object to his essential idea? He emphasizes the importance of adopting a perfectly sound scientific view of nature and at the same time developing the emotions harmoniously. The retention of the word religion enables one to make the transition from a superstitious to a scientific ideology with less difficulty.

Havelock Ellis seems to be completely emancipated from false notions, but he does not shock the sensitive by shouting the truth so blatantly as to antagonize. He has built a bridge over the chasm dividing the uncertain sands of false tradition from the solid rock of radical and correct thinking and feeling. He beckons to all to follow and those who fear to jump may walk.

To many of false modesty sex is a subject either too disgusting or too sacred to mention. Ellis treats



HAVELOCK ELLIS
From a photograph by *E. Hollyer*.

it in a way so objective and at the same time so sincere that his readers gain an altogether new point of view without realizing how radically they have changed. His views of religion, law, and morality are scientific, idealistic, and profoundly radical. His most revolutionary thoughts are convincingly expressed. To hear or to read them is to adopt them.

"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", FEB. 1926.



¶ I DREAM of a world in which the spirits of women are flames stronger than fire, a world in which modesty has become courage and yet remains modesty, a world in which women are as unlike men as ever they were in the world I sought to destroy, a world in which women shine with loveliness of self-revelation as enchanting as ever the old legends told, and yet a world which would immeasurably transcend the old world in the self-sacrificing passion of human service. I have dreamed of that world ever since I began to dream at all.

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS, second series.



HE JOYOUS BEAT OF THE FEET OF CHILDREN, THE COSMIC PLAY OF PHILOSOPHERS' THOUGHTS RISE AND FALL ACCORDING TO the same laws of rhythm. If we are indifferent to the art of dancing, we have failed to understand, not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life. ¶ The significance of dancing, in the wide sense, thus lies in the fact that it is simply an intimate concrete appeal of a general rhythm, that general rhythm which marks, not life only, but the universe, if one may still be allowed so to name the sum of the cosmic influences that reach us. We need not, indeed go so far as the planets or the stars and outline their ethereal dances. We have but to stand on the seashore and watch the waves that beat at our feet, to observe that at nearly regular intervals this seemingly monotonous rhythm is accentuated for several beats, so that the waves are really dancing the measure of a tune. It need surprise us not at all that rhythm, ever tending to be moulded into a tune, should mark all the physical and spiritual manifestations of life. Dancing is the primitive expression alike of religion and of love—of religion from the earliest human times we know of and of love from a period long anterior to the coming of man. The art of dancing, moreover, is intimately entwined with all human tradition of war, of labour, of pleasure, of education, while some of the wisest philosophers and the most ancient civilizations have regarded the dance as the pattern in accordance with which the moral life of men must be woven. To realize, therefore, what dancing means for mankind—the poignancy and the many-sidedness of its appeal—we must survey the whole sweep of human life, both at its highest and its deepest moments. —THE DANCE OF LIFE; 36-37.



¶ All human work, under natural conditions is a kind of dance. —THE DANCE OF LIFE.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S :
I N T E R P R E T E R
B Y *E. M. East*

IT IS afternoon on a calm and peaceful day of mid-summer. Around are long, thin pines, with here and there a spruce reaching longingly for light; below, the sunlight traces dancing elves on the brown carpet of last year's needles. Out across the glen rises the blue-green harmony of a low mountain whose nearness gives it a warmth of beauty denied to those of greater bulk and grandeur. The balmy air carries only the delicate odor of the balsam firs, and the twitter of the young chickadees. There is no sound of man's activities. Momentarily he is out of sight around the corner. What a setting in which to read,

when the volume ("HAVELOCK ELLIS" by Isaac Goldberg) is the life of a friend who has perhaps helped me more than any other to enjoy Nature's beauty understandingly, a friend whose work I love, and whose soul, telling its story from the printed page, I respect and admire.

I have never seen him, this poet, scientist, philosopher, who has made himself my friend. What does it matter? Does one need a personal association with Havelock Ellis to call him friend, he who is the friend of All? Many are the times I have wanted to grasp his hand, to sit by his side upon a Cornwall slope and hear his answers to problems that vexed and troubled. Such good fortune has never come. A loss, no doubt, but not the loss it would be with another, for he has given his spirit to the world, vividly and intimately; and when this generation passes, he, eternally youthful, will still offer the friendly hand to those who are yet to come.

Dr. Goldberg's work on Ellis is published as a Biographical and Critical Survey. Is it critical? I do not find it so; but it is not the worse for this lack. Let us accept it for what it is, — a labour of love. Later will come the critic, when distance in time

gives proper perspective. And he will be a brave man who attempts the task. It will not be easy to evaluate justly such a many-sided personality. Today is it not better to have what the author has given us, a happy portrait of the man, an aesthetic appreciation of the poet, a skillful epitome of the aims and ideals of the sympathetic and tolerant psychologist?

The conventional biographical data, particularly the early adventures of the body, are recorded simply and well, without that redundancy of trite anecdote which is a fault only too common. The later adventures of the spirit are more elusive; but even here the author has been remarkably effective, when one considers that his psychograph concerns a most difficult subject. The result is a volume that will enthral many a reader who has not known Ellis at first hand, and will make him long for better acquaintance. This in itself is much. And in addition, the diligent biographer is able to offer over seventy pages of *Ellis Miscellany* which, because of the first imprint, would seem to deserve separate copyright.

The author is himself one of that struggling fraternity to which some writers belong, whose mem-

bers labour endlessly to give their expressions an appearance of effortless ease; and it is this quality in Ellis that he understands best of all. At times he achieves a felicity of phrase worthy of the master whose gospel he proclaims. He also is an individualist who vibrates sympathetically with Ellis's attitude of discerning tolerance, often showing great subtlety of comprehension in respect to his socio-logical ideals. At times, however, he appears to fail, particularly when the scientist is under consideration. In saying this I do not wish to be misunderstood. Ellis is too great a magician to present the same appearance to everyone. If there are facets to his work from which I get a light that may not manifest itself to some, surely others will detect reflections which I do not see, or, if I sense them dimly, which do not satisfy. Each of us is probably sensitized differently to Ellis, hence it is quite likely that Goldberg has caught peculiar qualities of his iridescence that will stir profoundly those readers having the same receptors.

This is as it should be. Ellis is deeply learned, and uses his knowledge with consummate wisdom; he is a polychrome artist, but never superficial. It would be

strange if certain elements of his varied nature did not appeal more deeply to some readers than to others. Emotionally I thrill to the beautifully turned phrases, to the aptness and originality of the metaphors, to the kindly humor, as keenly as Dr. Goldberg. With him I enjoy listening to the salutary practical suggestions which seem to come as from one who sees all and knows all, from one who sits smilingly apart, gazing without ridicule at human absurdity, and who does his best to be helpful without succumbing to the messianic delusion. But to me the basis of Ellis's power, that which makes his influence understandable, is his science. Above everything else he is the generalizer, the interpreter. True, he is more than this; but he builds upon this groundwork. It is his talent in the dual rôle of scientist and literary artist that makes him great.

Too many people fail to realize the effectiveness of this combination, because unity of purpose as an artistic canon has been taken to mean a lack of admixture in creative effort. In general the literary mob appreciates only one kind, or at most two kinds of art, those of the eye and of the ear. For them the higher cerebral centers are useless baggage. Newton,

Darwin and Gibbs are dull fellows. They are to be pitied, those cocksure aesthetes. The great scientist—I will not be too inclusive, for mediocrity is tedious wherever found—is never dull to his peers. The beauty of truth is transcendent, and to those who understand, inductive discovery is the highest of the creative arts, as the Greeks well knew. Yet the scientist must make use of another art to reveal the grace and excellence of his real product. When he does this properly he inclines to simplicity and lack of ornamentation in order that there should be no mistake as to which is the gem and which is the setting. The French style in the mathematical work of Poincaré is a good example; the English prose of Wallace is another. On the other hand, the literary man who deserves the name of artist, while he necessarily throws into high relief his skill with words, must have worthy and substantial thought behind it all, must be somewhat of scientist and philosopher, or he fails and fails utterly. Usually the creator who endeavors to emphasize equally these two forms or any two forms of expression falls into the gulf between; but occasionally there comes a genius who achieves a *Taj Mahal*. And in the dual rôle of scientist

and prose poet I can think of no better illustration than Havelock Ellis. In these matters the public generally deceives itself. Hudson was not a profound scientist, though he enjoys the reputation because his literary style was so delightful. Darwin was none the less an artist, though his English was not that of Oscar Wilde.

Ellis himself has never seemed to appreciate fully the part that science has played in his life-work; yet without his extraordinary intellectual curiosity and his perseverance and ability in satisfying it, which after all are the qualities essential to a man of science, he would have been a commonplace journalist, writing ordinary sociological drivel. In various essays of late years, he has emphasized Beauty as the sole end of living. It is not to this feeling that I object, but to his explanation as to the source of that feeling. He says in one place:

"Beauty is the end of living, not Truth. When I was a youth, by painful struggle, by deliberate courage, by intellectual effort, I won my way to what seemed to be Truth. It was not the end of living. It brought me no joy. Rather it brought despair; the universe seemed ugly and empty ... One day, by no

conscious effort of my own, by some inspiration from without, by some expiration from within, I saw that empty and ugly Universe as Beauty, and was joined to it in an embrace of the spirit."

There is something about this statement that is a little disturbing to me. How many indolent minds, reading by rote, understanding nothing, will be lulled by it into a satisfied acceptance of their own dull torpor? The "End of Living" is not gained by merely opening one's arms to the embrace of Beauty. Beauty is a coy mistress who demands long courtship. She must be served for longer than Jacob served for Rachel. It was thus that Ellis served. Patiently, toilingly, he has gathered knowledge; and it is from the varied ores of this knowledge that he has smelted the true metal with which to fashion his image of Beauty. Is it better to have called it Beauty—or Truth?

In another place he carries out the same motive in a different key:

"The only hard facts, one learns as one gets older, are the facts of feeling. Emotion and sentiment are, after all, incomparably more solid than statistics. So that when one wanders back in memory through

the field of life one has traversed, as I have, in diligent search of hard facts, one comes back bearing in one's arms a Sheaf of Feelings. They, after all, are the only facts hard enough to endure as long as life endures."

Almost everyone who has passed the age of forty has had occasion to think this thought, though few could express it so graciously. But what does one really mean by such an emotional outburst? If it means anything beyond mere rebellion against the futility of trying to find out what Life's goal is, it means simply that having traversed the various paths of human knowledge we gradually come to understand the relativity of all our generalities. The combined fruits of all our experience are inferences so simple, and because of their simplicity so vague, we think of them as direct intuitions rather than as the result of a long and more or less subconscious process of inductive reasoning. Where did Ellis get the belief-compelling keeness and vision with which he goes to the heart of things sociological, psychological and artistic? Not from a Sheaf of Feelings, but from good, hard facts well digested. His Sheaf is plump, ripe grain, collected head by head. He is

an emotionalist, yes; but a rational emotionalist, or rather a pure rationalist with keen but well-controlled emotions, which makes all the difference in the world. The cerebrum rules, not the cerebellum.

I feel convinced that it is what he says rather than how he says it that gives lasting value to Ellis. One may say this even though he sides with the majority who turn most often to *Affirmations* and to the *Impressions* and *Comments*. The lovely phrases of these works would tinkle unimpressively on the ear were it not for the inexhaustible treasures of knowledge which he sorts so carefully and arranges so thoughtfully. What are these subtle musings on "blackbirds and airships, sculpture and pacifism, music and seacoasts?" Are they not philosophy? Not the illusory, unsubstantial froth of an Eucken or a Kayserling, but the sound philosophy of the true scientist, based on evidence. If any one is doubtful on this point, let him make the following test. Imagine the substance fading until the rhythmical wording is prevailingly vague and unintelligible, the lucid intervals advertising bald platitudes signifying nothing. Imagine second that the poetic imagery is ruthlessly shorn away, retaining only the creations

Villeneuve (Vand) villa Olga
4 mars 1928

Cher Joseph Mill

J'approuve entièrement votre projet de célébrer le 70^e anniversaire de Havelock Ellis, et je m'associe, d'esprit, à l'hommage que vous allez lui rendre. Mais je ne suis pas qualifié pour écrire un article sur son œuvre.

Veuillez m'excuser de croire à mes sentiments cordiaux

Yvain Olano.

generated by the intellect, the bold truths. Which should be chosen? Which would last?

There are critics in plenty who would not place a very high value on the scientific accomplishments of Ellis. Clearly this is so or he would have been elected to fellowship in the Royal Society. So much the worse for this ancient and honorable body. Of many of its members one asks why they were elected; of this particular scholar one asks why his name is absent from the rolls. Presumably this situation arises through the custom of judging candidates for similar distinctions by the ordinary laboratory products, the individual building-stones of science. Estimated thus, his contributions are not extraordinary, yet they are by no means negligible. He has quarried and shaped a number of these fragments and has added them to the several structures known as anthropology, psychology, physiology and genetics. It is nevertheless questionable whether the work he has done with the customary tools of experimental science can be ranked with the best of its kind. Goldberg, for example, overestimates Ellis's work as a statistician, "a statistician with a soul," he calls him, as he underestimates that of Francis Galton, whose stature

has grown with the years until it rivals that of England's greatest.

No, the spirit of Havelock Ellis could not be confined within the four walls of a laboratory; his hands could not dabble with test-tubes and microscopes; his mind could not work contentedly with least squares and integrals. He knew the value of statistical methods; he made use of elementary theorems to gain results that were first approximations; but I doubt whether he ever knew enough of Statistical Theory to pass a first-course examination. He used the inductive method, nevertheless, and used it magnificently. The world was his workshop. Everywhere he found grist for his mill. And he ground exceeding fine. If it had not been so, we should not have had the *Psychology of Sex*, or the various volumes of sociological essays which have made him a leader in every progressive movement of society, or the *World of Dreams* which anticipated so much of the best in Freud. With infinite patience he sought everywhere for raw material. What he found was little enough for the problems he had so courageously attacked. But clear thinking gave him the "Midas-touch." It has been said that the genius is he who draws the

correct conclusion from insufficient data. By this definition Havelock Ellis ranks with the great.

It is not easy to classify the labours of the man. He has had too many interests. But in only three or four volumes is he predominately the high-priest of literature. In the remainder he is the scientist-philosopher. The sex Studies and Dreams are psychological analyses of fundamental importance. They form the central theme, from which the author wanders forth in search of practical contacts. These contacts are most direct in the sociological cycle, which numbers four volumes, *THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*, *THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE*, *ESSAYS IN WARTIME*, and *LITTLE ESSAYS OF LOVE AND VIRTUE*. *MAN AND WOMAN* was a sort of stepping-stone for the sex STUDIES. The other two contributions to statistical anthropology, *THE CRIMINAL*, and *BRITISH GENIUS*, were excursions, side issues, yet in their way are definitely connected with the main problem. The remaining works are philosophical,—*THE NEW SPIRIT*, *AFFIRMATIONS*, *THE DANCE OF LIFE*, *IMPRESSIONS & COMMENTS*.

To many readers this last statement will seem ridiculous. The first two works, they will say, are

biographical. But this is a decidedly superficial view of the matter. The author knew what he was about when he gave them their titles. The five literary lights of *THE NEW SPIRIT*, Diderot, Heine, Whitman, Ibsen and Tolstoy were simply the laboratory material, the guinea-pigs and rabbits, of the dissecting table. So too were Nietzsche, Casanova, St. Francis and the others in *AFFIRMATIONS*. Ellis uses these individuals; they serve a well-planned purpose. He psychographs long before Gamaliel Bradford, he psycho-analyzes long before Freud. He finds out what motivates these men, what gives them their personalities, what makes them what they are; and with this knowledge so cunningly extracted, he reasons.

"What is the new spirit?" says Goldberg. "It is briefly, 'a quickening of the pulse of life' resulting from the action of three forces, of which one is science, the other two being the rise of women and the coming of democracy. The history of human thought, though we are fond of dividing it into neatly ordered chapters, is not a series of lighted compartments separated by tracts of darkness; it is a *continuum*. 'The tree of life is always in bloom

somewhere, if we only know where to look.' In the scientific spirit — there is no paradox in the juxtaposition of the words — Ellis finds his new faith. 'The fruits of his scientific spirit are sincerity, patience, humility, the love of nature and the love of man.'"

To Goldberg *AFFIRMATIONS* is, and justly, "a ripened continuation of *THE NEW SPIRIT*." In it, he says, "Ellis reveals five aspects of the complex but harmonious personality that is himself." Obviously there is considerable truth in the observation. In the hereditary makeup of every individual there are fragments of many personalities. One must not forget, however, when endeavoring to understand Ellis, that his sympathetic *objectiveness* is what gives him the enlightened tolerance which marks him above most other men of his generation.

Ellis will appreciate the discerning way in which his biographer writes about the sex *STUDIES*. It is a monumental work. On the technical aspects of the subject it will remain the standard for many years. Yet anyone familiar with the later books on social ethics will recognize that this somewhat Augean labour was but a means to an end. Ellis had to know

and understand the facts before he could proceed to have at the real task; yet from the beginning the true goal was social service. He wanted to know how best to guide this powerful impulse into channels that would promote individual happiness without retarding the advance of social order. A shy and sensitive man, he must have suffered much; but "with a courage as rare as the persistency that directed it, he faced every implication of his task and pursued it to the logical conclusion."

"I regard sex as the central problem of life," he wrote in the General Preface to the Studies. "And now that the problem of religion has practically been settled and that the problem of labour has at least been placed on a practical foundation, the question of sex—with the racial questions that rest upon it—stands before the coming generations as the chief problem for solution. Sex lies at the root of life, and we can never learn to reverence life until we know how to understand sex."

One cannot give his conclusions in a sentence or in a paragraph. He realizes the relativity of conclusions; he recognizes that the sex problem must have solutions, not a solution; and his findings are elastic

and individualistic. The following paragraph will serve to express this quality as well as any.

"The sexual impulse is not, as some have imagined, the sole root of the most massive human emotions, the most brilliant human aptitudes,— of sympathy, of art, of religion. In the complex human organism, where all the parts are so many-fibred and so closely interwoven, no great manifestation can be reduced to one single source. But it largely enters into and moulds all of these emotions and aptitudes, and that by virtue of its two most peculiar characteristics: it is, in the first place, the deepest and most volcanic of human impulses, and in the second place, —unlike the other human impulse with which it can be compared, the nutritive impulse,— it can, to a large extent, be transformed into a new force capable of the strangest and most various uses."

Such is Ellis, scientist and philosopher, Christian and Pagan, poet, lover of Nature, artist. He approached all things without prejudice, he considered all things without censure, he judged all things without malice. He took "a many-sided and active delight in the wholeness of things." There, in ten words, says Goldberg, you have Ellis self-defined.

To me he is better described as an eminently practical, deeply erudite idealist who was never misled by the tyranny of racial folkways. He is Havelock Ellis—Interpreter.

¶ Now is the time of year when Cornwall has often seemed to me loveliest. THE air is soft, inspiring to spirit as well as to lungs. THE sun is warm and as long as it stays in a cloudless sky I, too, can stay here, feeling my cheeks tingle with its chemical warmth as I write. Now, too, the butterfly visitors of the summer season have long since all fluttered away, and since there are few inhabitants here, and no railway or other method of public locomotion within five miles, I may count all the splendour of the coast my own and wander about for hours without seeing a single person, scarcely a sign even of civilization, so that I must sometimes remove my shoes and socks to cross a stream because there is neither ford nor bridge.

As I recline on the untouched sands and the waves creep up towards my feet, influences come out of the past to wrap me round and round. I am within the circle of a sacred halo iridescently woven of sadness and joy, of tenderness and peace.

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS, third series.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S :

FOR LIBERTY AND TOLERATION

BY E. S. P. Haynes

MY FIRST acquaintance with the works of Havelock Ellis dates back a quarter of a century; but I never knew him personally till about 1908, when Mr. Arthur Symons gave me an introduction to him. It is interesting to remember that Arthur Symons wrote his famous poem "Stella Maris" one night when staying with Havelock Ellis at Carbis Bay and gazing at a distant lighthouse. Havelock Ellis has a rare combination of literary and scientific capacity. For instance his friend Edward Carpenter has a fine style;

but does not weigh evidence as carefully as Havelock Ellis, and possibly for that reason Havelock Ellis's work will be more enduring.

Havelock Ellis owes something to Edward Carpenter because Carpenter is about twenty years older and started earlier on the same unpopular task of enlightening his countrymen on sex problems. I remember one of Carpenter's sisters telling me in old age that she had spent most of her life in asking for her brother's works at different bookshops and being told that she ought not to know of their existence. I am glad to think that both these great men have by now survived the ostracism that every reformer has to meet, and I think that I may claim some knowledge of their literary style as on one occasion I collaborated with both of them in writing an article which they, for good reasons, desired me to sign as my own. The reception which their early work received fully justifies the epigram of Anatole France that the best test of the value of any man's work is the amount of abuse which it receives.

Havelock Ellis, like nearly all great thinkers, has been content to live most of his life in what many would call poverty and obscurity; but he has always

enjoyed cordial friendships both in the literary and scientific world. He is perhaps especially indebted to the United States, because his works were published there at a time when they were prosecuted in his own country, and I believe that the American sale of his works was for many years much more important than the sale in other countries. Today his works are translated into many foreign languages and up to within quite a recent period it was almost impossible for a British student to read them at the British Museum in English.

Although Havelock Ellis is well on the way to seventy, his work seems to improve year by year and in physical appearance he remains youthful and handsome; in the matter of longevity he has a good family history, and we may all quite reasonably hope that he and his work may illuminate coming generations who will become more and more capable of appreciating his message to mankind. That message contains more than the result of wide learning and observation and more than the attraction of beautiful prose, for I venture to think that few men in the history of the world have ever more perfectly realized the real inwardness of all that is implied by lib-

erty and toleration. Havelock Ellis has reached real philosophy without subsiding into perfect boredom, as Marcus Aurelius did, according to Renan's malicious epigram. "BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", February, 1927.

Q~~E~~VERYWHERE we see *Man* today surrounded by a cloud of animal and vegetable parasitic vermin, from rodents to bacteria multiplying as he multiplies and even more rapidly, so that he can never overcome it, preying upon him and slaying him, rendering him, indeed, in the process so poisonous that when a boatful of apparently healthy civilized Europeans is landed on a remote island inhabited by simple natural men it has sometimes left death-spreading infection behind. The old Greek myth of Chronos and Zeus has at length been translated into prosaic fact. *MAN* has slain *Nature*, the Mother that gave birth to him and devastated all the wonder and beauty of the world that was given to his charge. Now in his turn he is about to be slain by the swarm of living things he has himself in effect created.

Q~~Y~~ET today is not too late if *Man* but knew, not too late to save the world, or at least to win what is left of it for spacious and pleasant living to a finer human race that had become the reasonable artists of its own size and shape. Today is still offered a Choice—"brief and yet endless."

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS, third series.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S:

ONE OF THE GREATEST LIFE-GIVING FORCES OF OUR TIME

BY *Margaret Sanger*

As time passes we realize that our debt to this serene and solitary spirit becomes heavier and heavier. The truth is that the spirit of Havelock Ellis is a radiant one—radiant I mean in the true sense of that overused word: Havelock Ellis radiates light and warmth so that everywhere in the world individuals are the recipients of his miraculous, life-giving influence. How then is it possible to repay in the inadequate coinage of mere words, this ever increasing debt.

All that we can do is to acknowledge the receipt

of that spiritual, creative power. To receive it, however, is to gain a new conception of living, to awake to fresher and more intense values in life, to be liberated and to be endowed with a greater capacity for what this great man names "free and exalted living." In a world, in a period like today, where as the man we honour expresses it, "the essential things are hidden from sight by people who either fail to see them or take pains to ignore them or else openly profess that they are not there," no one can feel his influence without benefitting deeply by it. For this reason we acclaim Havelock Ellis as one of the greatest life-giving forces of our times. Aloof, impassive, removed as he seems to be from the everyday struggles and tragedies of ordinary men and women, he yet possesses the secret power of reaching, with his intangible yet healing power, into the very souls of people scattered here and there over the earth.

Time does not respect the work of men who fail to make it a component part of their creative effort, it has been truly said. Time has gone into the creation of Havelock Ellis's work. There is nothing undigested, nothing chance, nothing ill-considered in the words he utters. Yet on the other hand there is

no suspicion of the pontifical, not the slightest suggestion of arrogance. For this reason the world is beating a path to his door, and more and more men and women are reshaping their lives according to the creative values he has asserted. No triumph in days such as these, when all of us have been led astray by listening to false prophets, could be greater than this of Havelock Ellis. They are turning from false standards and seeking the renovation of their lives by a fresh appreciation — which he has awakened — in the simple, profound and essential joys that lie hidden in everyday life.

We acclaim Havelock Ellis in these pages not merely as a prophet of Birth Control. He is above this particular battle. We acclaim him because no one more truly, no one more eloquently, no one more patiently, no one more courageously, during so long a period, has asserted the finer values in life. No one has possessed so sure, so unwavering a vision of the future. No man has possessed so illuminating, so keen, so penetrating a vision of the hidden nature and as yet the unrevealed beauty latent in womanhood. In our struggles and battles against injustices, in the sordid tragedies of oppressed woman-

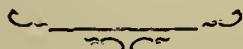
hood that demand our immediate attention, in the hot discussions of theories and economic fact, most of us are prone to lose sight of the more profound beauties of life, to become blind to the goal toward which we are, consciously or unconsciously, striving. At such hopeless moments we must turn for refreshment, for rejuvenation of our energies to those cool serene pages in which we find the expression of this great spirit.

We turn again to Havelock Ellis as a parched traveller turns to a spring. This spring is life-giving. We cannot plumb its depths. We lesser mortals cannot surmise the source of its strange power. But we know that in spite of the apparent passivity, the seeming remoteness of the man from the squabbles and hot controversies of the moment, his beneficent, life-giving power is exerting itself day and night.

And so again, we lay our humble tribute at the feet of Havelock Ellis. We wish only that we were more gifted, that we possessed greater resources, a wider scope of influence, so that our debt of gratitude might be more nobly repaid. Volumes are published in homage to lesser men. Sophisticated folk run after each new literary idol, elevating to

temporary immortality the newest comet on the literary horizon, decorating with awards and prizes men who are "great" with a manufactured greatness. They fail to realize that greatness is not a matter of mere size or bulk. True greatness in a man is to be measured by depth, by a man's power to get beyond the superficial and provincial aspects of human nature, by the strength and power of his roots, by his ability to recreate human nature, and to re-direct it along the path of his own vision. Herein lies the true greatness of Havelock Ellis. We wonder how long it will take the professional critics to discover this secret of yours and mine.

"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", February, 1927.



¶ *The world is no longer presented to us as the little stage on to which suddenly rushes the bungling Playwright Himself in a wild and hopeless effort to mend the fiasco of His own actors. The universe expands and we see the soul of man rise to its own supreme rights, no longer the plaything of Gods, but itself the august creator of Gods.*

And so we may find a new beauty and significance in the Mass of the Presanctified. It ceases to be the dance of the Slaves of God; it becomes the dance of the Masters of Life. IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS.



HE CREEK WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A STRING OF SILENT POOLS; THE BLACK ROOTS OF THE SOMBRE SHEA-OAKS ALONG ITS EDGE WERE distinct in the moonlight as they seemed to twist among the stones down to the water. A few scattered red gum-trees went up to the soft far-away sky and a faint dream-like mist bathed the large outlines of the hills around. It was very still. The small vacant schoolhouse stood on a flat a hundred yards from the Creek, with its little verandah and its rough fence. Everything seemed asleep after the scorching January days of drought, and no wind swept down that night through the gorge at the head of the valley or tumbled like an ocean among the hills. No other human habitation could be seen. There were few signs of life; nothing but a distant curlew's melancholy long-drawn cry. Once a native cat climbed the chimney and made his way noisily down inside. Then nothing more might be heard save now and again the awkward flight of a great moth. The strong bright moon sailed across the clear sky and sank behind the western range, leaving a last kiss on the summit of the tallest gum-trees. After that the valley was left to the stars.

¶ And the pale young man with the tight lips who is now schoolmaster at the Creek knows nothing of any alphabet of love once taught in that place. He works up his school, he drudges on as he awaits the inspector's visit, he looks ambitiously forward to the promotion which will some day deliver him from the lonely and hated bush; to this end he works in schoolhours and out. Perhaps sometimes an intangible presence, the echo of a feminine voice, the rustle of a woman's clothing, the faint fragrance of a woman's body, may come out of the past to haunt the old schoolhouse and make the plodding schoolmaster restless, he cannot tell why. It may be only the breath of Nature expanding the rosebuds on the verandah posts or fashioning the little breasts of the girls whose prattling laughter arises from between the saplings below. But however that may be, surely in the autumn nights the great wind still tumbles among the hills like a sea, bearing into the valley the far rumour of the wide world outside, and the giant myrtles still mount high to be kissed by the rising moon, and the flowers spread abroad their prodigal loveliness. And the little birds still play at their early games of love. —KANGA CREEK



HAVELOCK ELLIS:

THE MOST SATISFACTORY GREAT MAN I EVER MET

BY *J. William Lloyd*

THE name of Havelock Ellis is one to conjure with, in these days, among all the younger generation of advanced thinkers and readers of modern literature, but he was not quite so well known in 1913, when I happened to be in London, in the studio of John Trevor, who was taking some photographs of myself.

As I sauntered about the studio I was struck by the vigor and handsomeness of a certain face, among the likenesses hanging on the wall, and enquired whose portrait it was.

"Why that is Havelock Ellis, said Trevor.

"Havelock Ellis!" I said, "he is the one man in

London I particularly wanted to see, but I cannot, for I am told he is away in Spain."

"No! He isn't!" cried out Trevor, "he has just returned; is here in London, right now and, if you hurry, you may catch him before he goes out to Cornwall."

Enough said. I grabbed my hat, and sped away.

Arrived at the ancient-looking "Dover Mansions", where he was said to live, I found No. 14 on the first floor and knocked at the door.

It was opened almost immediately by a striking looking man, not very large perhaps, but with something solid and stocky in his build and in his manner of standing and action that at once suggested to my mind a sailor. Abundant hair, a full beard, vivid, kindly eyes, a large smiling mouth with large teeth. Here is a natural-born Viking, I said to myself. Largeness and freedom seemed to radiate.

Not till many years afterward did I get an explanation of that sailor-like impression so instantly given to me. Then, in the course of a letter, in which he replied to some enthusiastic praise of mine for his peculiarly true descriptions of the sea and its atmosphere, he wrote:

"Several readers have been struck by the passages about the sea in the book *IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS*. It is to be remembered that my father was a sailor, my mother a sailor's daughter, and I was taken around the world at the age of six in a sailing ship. So the sea seems specially near to me."

I told him who I was, and remarked that I did not suppose he remembered me, but I had once exchanged a letter with him, and that I came from America.

"O yes! I remember all about you!" he laughed, and swinging around in his tracks, right there, with the door still open, he pulled my *Dawn-Thought*, and *Life's Beautiful Battle*, out of a bookcase flanking the passage, with some clippings about me, and held them up before my face.

Could a reception have possibly been kinder, more gracious, or more flattering to an unknown scribbler?

Much of the time he stood up, sideways to me, and I can see yet his remarkable profile, outlined against his window, a far-away look in the eyes, the expression grave, kind, wise, infinitely considerate. A beautiful face, strongly masculine, yet sensitive, refined, and with a potential tenderness almost fem-

inine. And the whole manner of the man so simple, natural, unaffected.

Many years have passed since then, and I have had the honour of his friendship ever since, and in the many letters that have passed between us I have ever found that what I then saw in his face did not deceive me. Always in his words and between the lines appear the same simplicity and naturalness, the same grave kindness, the almost fastidious care not to give pain in criticism, blended with brotherly affection.

When I then left his presence I said to myself, "This is the most satisfactory great man I ever met!" and I would say the same today, indeed have often re-said it.

It is so seldom that one finds mental greatness combined with an equal moral greatness of evolution.

Clear-eyed, poised, sympathetically understanding, remarkably devoid of prejudice on either the radical or conservative side, he has, in an extraordinary degree that mysterious faculty we call wisdom — the faculty of appropriately appraising and using knowledge.

It is hardly necessary for me to refer to his liter-

ary ability or the services he has rendered humanity. All the world knows it or will soon know of it. This poet — for he is really a poet, both in feeling and in actual production of verse — when he entered the field of exact science proved by results the clearness of his vision and excellence of his technique. In his preferred field of sexual psychology he is acknowledged to stand in the highest rank and in the realm of literary criticism and in the production of wise, beautiful prose all the younger generation acclaim him. His is a fame destined to widely, serenely spread, till it covers the world and endures with the life of humanity.

In that work, which when he began was so tremendously needed, of redeeming the study of sex from shame and reproach, and elevating it to its proper place as among the most fundamentally essential of sciences, he was one of the pioneers, and one of the greatest and most successful of them.

We who so love him can only wish and hope that many, many more years of happiness and accomplishment may be added to his life and work.





THRILL OF JOY PASSED THROUGH ME AS WE DROVE ALONG THE BEAUTIFUL ROAD AND MY EYE CHANCED TO FALL ON THE POPPIES IN THE FIELD. It has always been so since I was a schoolboy and I suppose it always will be. A friend said sadly this spring that for her the war had taken all their beauty from the daffodils. I do not feel that, but rather the reverse. Behind the passing insanity of Man the beauty of Nature seems to become more poignant in her serene orderliness more deeply peaceful. So when men tell me how they have lived in the trenches ankle-deep in human blood, I think how Nature has shed these great drops of her pure and more immortal blood over the green and yellow earth. And I dream lingeringly over the poppies in the corn at Merton as I went through the narrow paths on my way to school, and the incarnadined slopes of Catalonia in spring, and the rich scarlet of the large fields around the beautiful old church of Worstead, and now the soft bright red splashes that shine here today, as we drive among the Chiltern Hills. ¶ To allow our vision of Nature to be disturbed by our vision of Man is to allow the infinitely small to outweigh the infinitely great. If we keep our eyes fixed on Nature, whose most exquisitely fantastic flowers—when all is said and done—we ourselves remain, how little it matters! Voltaire, as his *Micro-megas* remains to testify, was wiser. Nature continues the process of her resurrections, whatever may happen to the animalcule Man.



¶ *WHAT is the thirst for alcohol and morphia and all the poisons of the apothecary compared with the soul-destroying thirst for the poison of Laws?*

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS, second series;

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HAVELOCK ELLIS

SOME REMINISCENCES AND INTERPRETATIONS

BY *Percival Chubb*

THE Havelock Ellis about whom I shall write must be, in the main, the friend of long ago; and yet I feel that in essentials it will be the Havelock Ellis of today. For when, after many years, I looked him up in the summer of 1923, it was the same simple, genuine, quiet Ellis who greeted me, as if we had parted but yesterday. He was more august: but here was the same ready smile, the same upstanding figure, and,—Ah, yes!—the same old limp hand-shake. Furthermore, here in the littered and dusty room was the same indifference to surroundings. I had to

find him out through the mean streets of a shabby suburb. What a dwelling for an Olympian! But it reaffirmed the old paradox, — a high sensitiveness insensitive to the near-at-hand. He was lodged in a dingy world; but he was not living there. He dwelt still in an Epicurean garden of the mind. This is a first clue to him in his work. Let me follow it.

The early copy of *THE DANCE OF LIFE*, which he then gave me, lies here beside the cherished auto-graph copy of *THE NEW SPIRIT*, his first book, mailed to me overseas in 1890, soon after I had left him. In the latter book I found the ripened and enriched fruition of the first. Ellis "arrived" with the first. Although during the interval of thirty-three years, much has happened, the "new spirit" has carried over. To be sure, Ellis the scientific investigator of Sex has intervened; but Ellis the humanist essayist has survived and triumphed. The general attitude toward life and the general outlook upon it remain in essentials what they were.

"I saw Ellis!" chortled one of our younger literary men to me on his return from England. "Ah! there's your real Olympian! To look at as well as to talk with!" It is true. This Jovian presence was

in the making forty years ago. The calm detachment, the far-ranging eye, the simple dignity were there in the old days. But no thunderbolts! Never any heroics, never any outpourings of impetuous speech. So it has continued. There were, for instance, no lightnings of wrath for those who maligned him when he explored the field of sex. "Filthy minded!" they spat. That charge arouses a friend's indignation. Never was there so ludicrous a slander. Here was one who lived in the cool clean air of the uplands of thought. His was—let me venture the word:—the chasteest mind I have ever known in a large and affluent nature. His work on *Sex*, like his handling of the *Woman* question and *Love*, might almost be the work of a disembodied spirit. He cannot be vulgar. There is not a trace of the satyr in him. He is too astral,—too dispassionately scientific,—too imaginatively sensitive. I do not know where to look for the same fusion of scientific and aesthetic endowment in the same fine balance. His accusers were self-accused.

The ultimate explanation of this is that, despite his aestheticism, he does not actually live in the close-enfolding world of senses. There is no turbulence of the senses in his books: these have little

feel of personality. I recall the past again. He was, above all things, shy and reticent. He came to meetings, but said nothing. Next day you might get his reactions in a letter. He was most himself at his desk, pen in hand. The inner Ellis was a scribe. Unworldly, yet human; solemn, yet suave,—his personality is elusive. Olive Schreiner's audacious characterization,—“a cross between Christ and a faun”, (see also her diagnosis in the letter quoted by Isaac Goldberg on page 113 of his study of Ellis)—was a daring attempt to hit off that dual self,—now in grave repose and now lit with that faunish smile. But we must not press it. There is the broad conquering brow to reckon with, its freight of knowledge and its robust and lucid mentality. Hebraic he is not; he is nearer the Greek,—the Alexandrian, perhaps; and yet he is not at heart a Greek. The Renaissance and Romanticism claim too much of him.

The absence of the Hebraic stress in him is a cardinal factor. His disinterested intellectualism and his sensitive aestheticism leave no room for Hebraic ethical energy. They are the clues, I have said, to his fine, clean handling of Sex and Woman and Love. They also explain the fact that this protean mind is

characterized by a striking ethical naïveté. "There is no struggle on my brow:" no seams and wrinkles of spiritual perturbation. I used to think that he showed no sense of the agony and bloody sweat of human travail. And his big book confirms my early feeling about him. Life is a dance!—not, O Imperial Stoic, — your grim wrestling test. He is on this score as incorrigible as ever. Religion is still for him an aesthetic anodyne, to which we resort when the dancing becomes a bit feverish. But for Ellis, the dancing is an imaginative spectacle to spheric music. The harsh chords, the harrowing dissonances, the broken melodies, he seldom notes. They do not seem to penetrate his ivory walls. For him, as for Montaigne, in his tower among his books, life is spectacular, not participative.

Here I can scarcely help becoming personal. I tread on dangerous ground, but I believe that Ellis the man is the key to Ellis the thinker and writer. Ellis dancing was unthinkable. This or any other form of participation in the sportive world,—in athletics, in singing, or yarning, or in dramatics,—was foreign to the flesh and blood of Ellis. He is an Epicurean of imaginative retirement — a delightful spectator

of the Dance. He tastes vicariously of these dances of the human species; his imagination rejoices in them; he weaves lovely patterns about them; he builds winning theories out of them. And he does it deftly, and often with quite exquisite and entertaining skill. And all this he does by virtue of the delicate sensitiveness, the disinterested aloofness, the insatiable curiosity, the many-sided catholicity, and the power of imaginative divination, which no other English essayist has exhibited.

It is not my purpose to attempt any appraisal of his view of life, or to meet the question that arises when we put down *THE DANCE OF LIFE* and ask,—What is the significance and value of this remarkable contribution to the solvent thought of our time? But one reaction is in place here, for it is bearing on the point I have raised above. To me the book is a somewhat bewildering manifestation of sensitive receptivity. How many are capable of following this rich scientific-aesthetic responsiveness to the many interpretations, scientific and sociological, philosophical and poetic, artistic and aesthetic, of our civilization? His is no touch-and go, superficial acquaintance with the endless file of writers and ten-

dencies he passes in review. His is no patch-work eclecticism. We have a closely textured pattern of thinking. But the salient interrogation is—what are the omissions? And the omission which counts for most is explicable by the ethical naïveté I have spoken of. Ellis has no patience with metaphysics and the ethical philosophy of the schools. The concept of personality scarcely exists for him. His bent is pantheistic to the interrogation, What is man in his ethical essence and selfhood and how does the consideration of his inner drama of thwarted effort affect the thesis that Life is a dance? — there is no answer, or at least an answer that looks like trifling to hard-beset human beings. Pain, suffering, disaster, desolation, the human cry, the prophetic soul—how are these to be reckoned with? This brilliant and beautiful tapestry of the Dance—how shall it suffice us? To cope with these questions would lead us into a difficult debate about first and last things; and I merely raise the issues as involved in a critical understanding of Ellis's general temper and attitude. His is no hard-won Stoic acceptance and resignation. That early and decisive transfiguration in the Australi-

an wilderness was a ravishment by the Beauty of the cosmos.

Let me turn to the personal equation in another relationship. For one who has enjoyed Ellis's quiet and sincere friendship the contrast finally presents itself between the rich complexity of his writings and the simplicity of his nature and his ways. We all felt his shy reticence; but we knew that much was going on inside that reserved personality; that he was reading voraciously, thinking unceasingly, writing much. He was exploring corners we had never sighted, and discovering portents we had never suspected. He had taken up a dozen scents we had never sniffed. His simplicity was not, however, that of an easy, amiable acquiescence. He was stubbornly and openly independent. We knew his dissents and antipathies. Here was the simplicity of unassailable intellectual rectitude and frankness. Ellis was incorruptible; and he was "set" and inaccessible to certain philosophical outlooks which weighed with some of us.

But there was more in it than that. We were all deliberate "simplifiers" in those early days. We were so for reasons; and ultimately for the reason which

emerges clearly in the closing chapter of Ellis's big book. In the great battle between acquisition and the burden of mechanism and material things on the one side, and, on the other, living for creative and contemplative activity, we were enlisted for the latter cause. It sounds like "talking big"; but there was really very little pose in the attitude. Ellis is a proof. His writings do not suggest "pose". His career and his own very simple habit of life are a refutation of any such charge. We were with the currents that flowed through Morris, Carpenter, Tolstoy and others. At our outings — with their climactic shilling-teas at some rural tea-shop, — veritable festal banquets! — we often read aloud underneath the bough on the Surrey hills or in Kentish woods, Thoreau and Emerson and Whitman with a youthful gusto.

True there was an element of necessity in this virtue. We — say a round score of us, — *had* to be simple. We were impecunious. I recall many a six-penny luncheon and tea with Ellis at the A.B.C. tea-shops, — and many a dessert "off" pictures afterwards, at the National Gallery. We went in perforce for the things that were cheap. But it was not a case of sour grapes. These things outdoors and in, — tramps,

concerts, museums, libraries, cheap books,—were to be had by the ambitious poor. For Ellis it was a matter of simplifying the conditions of living so as to be free to do his work. And that work was complex in a complex contemporary situation. We pass on, then, to this complexity of the environment.

Here we reach the root of the subject; we have the key to Ellis's period of gestation. To understand his variety and many-sidedness we must consider his inborn curiosity and sensitiveness in the midst of what one may call the English Renascence. Those were the days of the New Spirit, the seething Eighties, the turn of the tide, the birth of the modern spirit in England. That is too long a story to tell; and has never been adequately told. A few references must suffice. The New Social Conscience, as Henry D. Lloyd called it, was born after the epoch of *Laissez Faire* Individualism. "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" was heard; and Toynbee Hall was one of the many responses. Toynbee himself expressed the influence of Ruskin, the Greens, Hinton, Besant. Socialism, Land Nationalization, Philosophical Anarchism, Fabianism, the University Extension movement, the Arts and Crafts movement; the New Brama

(after Pinero, Ibsen: I remember attending the first performance of Ibsen's "Doll's House" with Ellis and Olive Schreiner); the new Internationalism, due to the vogue of Ibsen and the Scandinavians, Tolstoy and the Russians, and the newer men of Germany and France; the invasion of Monet and the Impressionists,—and so on: all these were mingled in our new world. All these manifold influences were formative influences for Ellis. No one was more sensitive to them, or more eagerly in touch with them.

Ellis is then a fruition of these seemingly contrary forces, — simplification and complexity. He stands for the endeavor to harmonize them. That accounts for his eclecticism and his aestheticism. And that accounts for the relation in his work, or lack of relation, between reality and imagination.

Here I must end abruptly. We have to still catch up with Ellis. We are not in the best mood today to profit by him. Nor are we in the best mood to discern wherein he must be supplemented, as, to speak personally, he must be. To say that his spiritualized Epicureanism must be tempered by a neo-Stoicism is to cover the issue only partially. I am thinking of a Stoicism cut loose from the deter-

minism which must be fatal to the free creative activity which Ellis himself regards as the one thing needful. There must be the ethical cover to save us from the paralyzing extravagances of our modish mechanistic bent. Mechanism is for Slaves. "Creative", Ellis's key-word, carrying the postulate of Ethics as well as Aesthetics, is the word to save us from the concept of life as mere puppetry — accompanied, however, as it strongly is, by Promethean protest from all those who have any creative urge. And with these Ellis belongs.



Postscript

The foregoing brought from Ellis a characteristic letter, friendly and magnanimous, but carrying a protest against my reading of his temper as Epicurean. He adduces his admiration of the Stoics and of Gilbert Murray's admirable essay, which he cherishes. I could only retract by cancelling what I have said about his ethical attitude and feeling, I might array passages from several sources; but my appeal is to the whole temper and climate of THE DANCE OF

LIFE. He is of the tribe of Marius and not of Marcus. His streak of asceticism is of the Marian variety; and so are his ultimate sanctions and benedictions upon life. He admires Hardy; but his is not the tragic solution,—not even the trag-i-comic of Meredith. He is nearer the aesthetic refugism of Schopenhauer, but with a light sense of frustrations that cloud our mortal destiny. But this is, after all a matter that can be argued only by resort to the more delicate balances of emotional and imaginative appraisal. I must let my general verdict stand; but Ellis's repudiation sheds another light upon his character and the fine shadings of his mind.

¶ So in the brief moments that are left to me I desire no longer to say over again the things I have said before, but rather to say afresh the things still left at my heart unsaid, and to make one final effort to Express the Inexpressed, to squeeze an ever finer essence from the crude juice of the winepress of life, to help to form that Word in which Man is for ever slowly creating the Universe.

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS; 3rd series.



HE CLOUDED SKY HANGS LOW, GREY AND TENDER, SOFTLY FALLING, NOW & AGAIN, IN A FINE ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE RAIN, for a mild and languid wind is coming from the west. As I stand on the northern headland of this bay I see how the smooth slaty sea swells into slow long billows, larger than I have yet seen here, that curve slowly over into spray. They swell and flow and rise so calmly, so majestically, so deliberately, that they seem to dream, as I seem to dream, that they are still on the far shoreless Atlantic where they can swell and rise and flow at ease. But here, suddenly, they crash against the dim dark rocks and break, with an immense surprise, into cascades of pearls and mountains of foaming spray, pausing in the air, it seems, in a momentary wonder, ere they fall and fade and float away in the vapour. So it is along the coast as far as the eye can see, and I watch enthralled, the endless slight variety in the external harmony.



Every spiritual darkness, they say, is darkest before dawn. It is said, no doubt, that we of the last two centuries should, beyond all men, have lived in the age in which, above or below all others, the world could not be seen for what it is, and that all our literature and our art, and almost our science, is so choked and disguised in artificial and hypocritical garments that one sometimes wonders whether in future times anyone will ever think it worth looking at. It may seem hard. But what finer stimulus could there be to our courage? One sometimes feels that the substitution of the minor martyrdoms of modern times for the major martyrdoms of older days has not been altogether for the good of humanity. Of old it was from the flames that went up from the bodies of real martyrs burnt at the stake that the dawn was first most clearly seen in the sky.



TO
HAVELOCK ELLIS
—A FEW FRAGMENTARY LETTERS—
BY *Olive Schreiner*

24 JANUARY, 1888. On one side your nature is like ——'s, and unlike mine. When I want to go to Trafalgar Square and fight the enemies of Freedom of the hour wildly and get my head broken, *you* say I am a fool, and you are right. When I run about after prostitutes, —— writes to tell me I am a *fool* and wicked for leaving my work, and he is *right*. Goethe was a far more highly moral man than Schiller. The man who sits quietly in his study, writing and working out a great scientific truth, while his little petty state is going to pieces, is greater, more

human, more moral than the one who, like myself, would rush out wildly and fight. *You* of all people I have ever met (infinitely more than——) are a man of the study. You are perfectly dead on the other side. That is your weakness and your strength. That is why you will do great and useful work in the world. The world is *crashing* about you, your dearest friends are being dragged to prison, theories you have been interested in are being practically tested, cruel and wicked wrong is being done to innocent little children—and you look with astonishment and disapproval at another who is not untouched by it. Your very medical work is not for its own sake, and give you £200 a year and you would curl yourself up in abstract study and thought for the rest of your life. In time of revolution and war you will never be in the market place. Your *greatness* is your absolute absence of the enthusiasm of the market place. When the *Pall Mall* revelation affair happened, it was all——could do to keep himself from dashing wildly into the fray; I wrote and collected women. You sat by quietly and did nothing. I knew that there is a little to be said in favour of the practical side of my nature, but the side of my nature that is

like yours is the most valuable side and the one with which my work is done.

JANUARY, 1888. My horror was that you would sink down into the mere literary man, like Leslie Stephen, or, worse still, something like Lang. It is the scientific side of your nature will save you.

2 JULY, 1888. Your genius lies in the direction of keen most subtle and understanding criticism. I believe you to be, in reality, the finest critic, that is the finest judge of a literary or artistic production. I would take your opinion on a work of mine before that of any other person. You are always true, always right and valuable in your naked simple idea.

19 JULY, 1888. I have been reading your Ibsen essay. It is nearly quite perfect . . . You will develop into the first biographer of the age yet; you have the insight and sympathy necessary and the width.

30 OCTOBER, 1906. There *is* in you a certain cold, bloodless, examining element; where Edith or I would say of a thing how beautiful or how hideous,

or how hateful or how loveable, you would say : "How interesting!" There is, *besides*, in your nature an infinity of tenderness, of love of truth, even of passion and ideality, that your face does not always show. I have never in my long life seen any face so transfused with beautiful and ennobling and intense emotions as I have seen yours, till it is almost angelic.

¶ *Beauty, when the vision is purged to see through the outer vesture, is Truth, and when we can pierce to the deepest core of it is found to be Love. This is a goddess whom I have worshipped sometimes in the unlikeliest places, perhaps even where none else saw her, and she has given wine to my brain, and oil to my heart, and wings to my feet over the stoniest path. No doubt the herd will trample down my shrine some day, yet still worshipping Beauty, even without knowing it. But I shall no longer be there.*

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS, *third series.*



HAVELOCK ELLIS

A PERSONAL PORTRAIT

BY *Walter Tittle*

IN response to my tap on the door of his South London apartment, the voice of Mr. Havelock Ellis, as he opened it to me, was most pleasant in its cheery, high-pitched note. His gay cordiality contrasted delightfully with the more grave and serious demeanor that I had unreasoningly anticipated. I am prone, subconsciously, to preconceptions as to the manner and appearance of people I am about to meet, and on meeting them wonder often why I had formed a mental image of them at all. Whatever portraits I had seen of my present sitter had faded in my memory, and the second very agreeable surprise was to

find him so splendidly adapted, physically, to portraiture. Tall and slender, his patriarchal head, with its luxuriant ivory mane and beard, constituted an invitation and a challenge for any artist, and from examples on his walls I could see that he had not been neglected. His ruddy skin was heightened in effect by contrast with his hair; and his keen blue eyes, obliquely set, laughed merrily from under bushy brows.

Having made a considerable number of portraits in recent years of people upon whom my eyes had never rested until the first sitting, I confessed to Mr. Ellis that I was tempted to shout with joy at my first glimpse of him. In this game of "sitters unseen" fortune is not always so kind. In different attitudes and varying expressions his splendid head suggested to me Tolstoy, Carlyle, and Bernard Shaw. He confessed that a likeness to the first had often been noted, and that he had been mistaken for the last on several occasions. Because of the almost pagan slant of his eyes, he said that some of his friends had dubbed him Pan, the satyr, or the faun, to which he retorted that worse names might easily be applied to one, for at least these personages ranked as lesser gods.

I tried, as our conversation progressed, to get my sitter to talk about himself, but in this I was only partially successful. He seemed to prefer to explore me and my ideas instead, and in the discussion of my profession that ensued I found his knowledge of painting and sculpture to be far beyond that of the majority of men who devote their lives to the practice of these arts. This phase of our talk started with a casual mention of the name of Ribera, and he demanded of me my estimate of that master. In giving it I regretted certain results of the influence of Caravaggio; and, in my condemnation of the powerful but rather unimaginative realism of the latter, it developed that I had attacked a special idol. From here we ranged with fair thoroughness through all the schools of painting, and my wonder increased at his grasp of the subject. In reply to my question as to whether or not he had written on painting, he replied he had, to some degree, and had also devoted some effort to perfecting an old translation of Vasari.

I deplored the fact that the Anglo-Saxon race has not as yet produced a master to rank with the world's greatest, such as Rembrandt, Velasquez, Titan, Michelangelo, and Dürer, and found that my sitter had

a most interesting theory on the subject. England, he said, was originally peopled with pirates and commercial travellers, whose qualities were such that they did not produce great painters. Instead, the kind of imagination that they possessed resulted in a school of poets unexcelled in the world. He has been interested in analysing the effects of different infusions of race on the art of England, and has made the discovery that the East Coast produces naturalistic painters, while from the West Coast come the traditional ones, of classical and academic tendency. This, he says, is a matter of race entirely. The south-east portion, nearest Flanders, has produced the best, probably benefiting by blood infusions from that prolific and excellent source.

Reynolds, from the west, erudite and able, studied the past and drew strongly upon tradition. Gainsborough, from the east, went to nature as his source, with results that were original and interpretative. Turner combined virtues of both tendencies, his mother being from the east, and his father from the west. Burne-Jones could not possibly have belonged to the east coast; it could not have produced him. The two best painters of England today are really

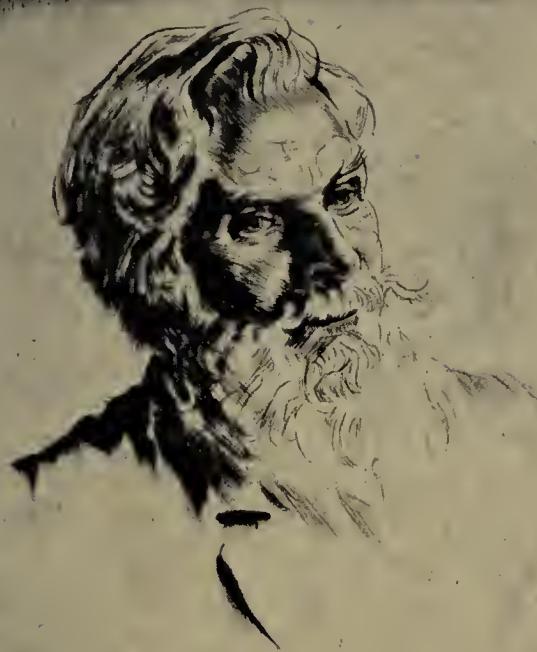
not English: Brangwyn has a blend of Welsh and Belgian blood; while John is Welsh. These interesting conclusions, the result of careful observation and research, he has elaborated in some of his own writings; this brief mention of them should be sufficient to attract one to the fuller exposition that he has produced.

Succeeding finally in turning our talk into more personal channels, I discovered that we shared in common several American friends. Mr. Ellis has never been to America, though his name has long been known there much more widely than in England, he said. He has been invited there to lecture, but that field of activity has no attraction for him, and he refused. Even a holiday visit would be difficult, he thinks, as he has so many friends there that a quiet sojourn would be impossible.

"I am really glad that I am less known here than there," he said. "I greatly prefer to be at a comfortable distance from what fame I possess. My wife had a successful lecture tour in America ten years ago; but the strain of it, I fear, was too much for her. She died in the year following; I have often thought that the stimulating climate there was bad for her.

It is likely to be dangerous for English people who are used to this heavier atmosphere."

We talked a bit about the writings of Ellen Key, and from this, as I had hoped, came a few remarks outlining briefly his attitude on sex relations, interesting particularly as final conclusions after his years of thought and writing on the psychology of sex. Marriage, he said, is a necessity, and must always exist in some form. He is of those who believe that there should be two kinds of marriage recognized by society—one, such as exists today, for purposes of family life; and a lighter bond that would make possible the union of couples who cannot bear the prohibitive economic burden that the present time imposes. Increasing living costs make larger yearly the group of people who cannot face the financial responsibility of children; but this should not deprive them of love. Under existing laws, written and unwritten, many unions have to be concealed. These should be recognized, he believes, and the legal bond imposed should be light in accordance with the weaker financial position of the participants. Recognition would remove from secret unions the sense of guilt that usually exists, and pairs who will not



HAVELOCK
ELLIS

3d or final trial engraving

Walter Tittle, engr

fly in the face of law as it now stands would not need to suffer from sex starvation. The development of the purely personal element in modern love—a thing apparently unknown to the ancients—is the greatest step towards the elimination of indiscriminate relations. Mr. Havelock Ellis also expressed the opinion that the freer standards adopted by modern women are really moral in their effects.

My sketch completed, we inspected a number of prints and pictures that attested further to Mr. Ellis's devotion to arts other than his own, and I was made the glad possessor of an autographed copy of his "Sonnets and Folk Songs", sumptuously issued in a limited edition. A belated luncheon at a neighbouring restaurant followed, after which my interesting companion put me on the bus that carried me to my club.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS", Sept. 12, 1925.



To Havelock Ellis

*I walked in darkness on an unknown way,
Bearing a burden like a funeral pall,
Afraid lest by some hapless step I fall,
And, ere my time, by roadside hedge, decay.
Moreover, not a word dared I to say
About the thing I bore; yet I saw all
Who passed me bearing burdens great and small,
Such as the leech-like load that on me lay.
Then in the troubled, burden-bearing night,
One crossed my path, a torch was in his hand;
And from its light I came to understand
The burden that I bore was naught of shame,
But happy gift of God. For this clear light,
With me forever fair shall be his fame.*

MAX EHRMANN





HAVELOCK ELLIS:

A PROPHET OF THE JOY OF LIVING

BY *E. Armand*

IN France we are scarcely acquainted with Havelock Ellis except through the translation of his *STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX* and *THE WORLD OF DREAMS*. Everyone knows that though outwardly seeming to be very much in advance upon all that concerns the sexual life, France is really a country which is very backward in the matter of sexual education and psychology.

In France, indeed, one enjoys a certain sexual liberty the limits of which depend only on the boundaries of one's power. But everything which has a trace of the sexual easily, only too easily, becomes a

matter for joking. Or, *per contra*, it is understood to be no subject fit for discussion in polite society. Even those whose ethics indicate that they are emancipated manifest a repugnance in sincerely discussing the sexual question, as soon as it is envisaged otherwise than from the pathological angle.

Every family in France numbers one, two, or at most three, children. A great many households are childless, comprising those of the political directors. That, however, does not prevent the laws which repress neo-Malthusian propaganda and abortion from being ridiculously severe.

Undoubtedly, in France, they make much of sexual psychology: that is to say, that in the more or less well-written novels they analyze the states of being and the emotions of the soul, which is liable to evoke the amorous passion.

What Havelock Ellis meant by sexual psychology is an entirely different thing from this romantic and overreaching analysis. That is why one must be grateful to him for the light he has focussed upon the so-long dark and ever darkening road on which the Sexual Question stands.

It is both as biologist and as philosopher that

Havelock Ellis considers sexual psychology. For him the sexual instinct is a human fact of which it is vain to dissimilate the importance and the reverberations in the species and in the individual. The sexual fact must be studied in all its manifestations and there is none of its manifestations the study of which can fail to be of advantage to the soul and heart of man.

To close one's eyes to the sexual fact or to approach it with prejudices is to behave like a fool and an ignoramus. I have been profoundly struck with the loyalty and courage of which Havelock Ellis gives proof by studying the delicate subject of so-called sexual aberration. Thanks to his great heart, we have come to ask ourselves if not only were the so-called sexual abnormals innocent victims of social enmity but even if, to this enmity already difficult to bear, there was not added the personal condemnation springing from ignorance where they are held in general variations or deviations from the sexual norm? Is it not barbarous to admit that the sexual anomaly should make of those tainted by it pariahs, whilst their ordinary daily conduct presents no deformations? Yet again, should not sexual anomalies be classed, very simply, among the

different aspects of which the sexual instinct and impulse are susceptible? And would some of them, despite their benignity, appear so horrible if their "horror" did not so well serve the interests of the State, the great Devourer of Men and of the Church which cannot consider in the sexual light anything outside of the genital manifestation?

The works of Havelock Ellis stimulate the thinker to ask himself all these questions. One cannot share all the conclusions of the author of *STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX*; one cannot dispute as to whether he leads us to vast areas where all sorts of roads are going to be cleared. It is up to each one who is enlightened to take that path which best accords with his determinism.

I do not ignore the fact that Havelock Ellis has touched upon many other subjects: religion, criminology, aesthetics, ethics. I read many extracts from his works which reveal him as a great artist. That is what he is essentially: an artist. In the dance, thought, written expression, morality, religion, he views as so many different arts. He is one of those who desires that both the individual and the collective life should resemble a work of art. By that he shows himself to

be deeply humanist, a son of the Renaissance, one of those who ask that life be something other than a vale of tears, who envisages it as an alert and joyous march towards those little peaks of shadows that are laughing and eternally green. Havelock Ellis is a prophet of the Joy of Living and that is why I love him.

¶ NATURE IS A PERPETUAL MIRACLE, AND WHY SHOULD MAN, WHO SUPPOSES HIMSELF to be so supreme a product of Nature, be so dull and depressing in the mass? I fill my life and my thoughts as I may with the few rare people I have known, who are perpetually miraculous. Yet I see no reason why they should be so rare, so fatally held in grip by the herd instinct.

—IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS; 3rd series.

¶ THERE WAS NOT A SINGLE CLAUSE IN MY RELIGIOUS CREED BECAUSE I HELD NO CREED. I had found that dogmas were—not, as I had once imagined, true, not as I had afterwards supposed, false,—but the mere empty shadows of intimate personal experience. I had become indifferent to shadows, for I held the substance. I had sacrificed what I held dearest at the call of what seemed to be Truth, and now I was repaid a thousandfold. Henceforth I could face life with confidence and joy, for my heart was at one with the world and whatever might prove to be in harmony with the world could not be out of harmony with me. —THE DANCE OF LIFE.



IT IS ONE OF THE FIRST DAYS OF SPRING, & I SIT ONCE MORE IN THE OLD GARDEN WHERE I HEAR NO FAINTEST ECHO OF THE obscene rumbling of the London streets which are yet so little away. Here the only movement I am conscious of is that of the trees shooting forth their first sprays of bright green, and of the tulips expanding the radiant beauty of their flaming globes, and the only sound I hear is the blackbird's song —the liquid softly gurgling notes that seem to well up spontaneously from an infinite Joy, an infinite Peace, at the Heart of Nature, and to bring a message not from some remote Heaven of the Sky or the Future but the Heaven that is Here, beneath our feet, even beneath the exquisite texture of our own skins, the Joy, the Peace, at the heart of the mystery which is Man, For Man alone can hear the Revelation that lies in the blackbird's song.

These years have gone by, I scarcely know how, and the heart has often been crushed and heavy, life has seemed to recede into the dimness behind, and one's eyes have been fixed on the End that crowns all. Yet on the first days of Spring, and this Spring more than those of the late years that passed over us, soft air and sunshine lap me around and I indeed see again the solemn gaiety of the tulip and hear the message of the blackbird's low and serenely joyous notes, my heart is young again, and the blood of the world is in my veins, and a woman's soul is beautiful, and her lips are sweet. — IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS; 2nd series.

*Q*SOMEONE HAS BROUGHT ME A SPRAY OF MIMOSA. I inhale its peculiar odour, not a specially delightful odour, which suggests honey and bruised leaves and, underneath, a fibrous stringiness, yet to me it brings an enlarging thrill which is endlessly delicious. At once I am transported across the gulf of forty years. I see again the Australian spring-time when these gracious, drooping, golden wattles are sprinkled over the vast expanse of solitary, undulating bush in the bright sunlight. I am among them once more at the threshold of the world, still with swelling hope and tremulous fear before the yet unopened door of Life. All the wistful, penetrating, exhilarant fragrance of youth is in this spray of mimosa.

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS; 2nd series.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S:

A MOST RADICAL AND A MOST COURAGEOUS PIONEER

BY *Bolton Hall*

WE FIND, as we go deeper into social theories, that their advocates can all be divided into two classes. One, those who believe in Authority, who think that the community should adopt, instead of competition set free from monopoly, some kind of control of the individual by an Administration.

The other, those who believe that people will in the main do right for its own sake when they do not feel compelled to do wrong; and who therefore contend that the function of Government is merely

to secure the equal freedom dreamed of in the Declaration of Independence.

Accordingly those who are for Liberty find that every man who speaks for Freedom, whether of speech or conduct or opportunity is on the same side.

Enthusiasts may feel that whoever is not with them in their particular raid against the army of reactionaries, is against them; but the foundation work is to make people think along the lines of liberalism. Even those who seek to abolish some petty restriction or foolish law; or to upset our present Plutocracy, though they may have no idea of what real liberty is, are on our side today.

It is related that Mahomed's beautiful young wife, Fatima, asked him "Do not you love me better than you love old Kadijah?" "No, by Allah" replied the Prophet "Kadijah believed in me when nobody else did."

So it is with Havelock Ellis, when nobody else believed in telling the truth about sex, when it was as much as to proclaim oneself an outcast to say that sex was clean and beautiful when rightly used, he dared to say it and said it in such a way that he

was heard and made it easy, at long last, for us to speak.

But it is not only freedom of speech or of the press that is involved. The "sex question", or rather the repression of sex expression, is not, as Spencer would have us believe, an outgrowth of religion, like fast days, the idea of sacrificing to the Gods that which is most dear to us, lest they be jealous. It is rather a result of the established ownership of women. If the woman is the property of the man, sexually and economically, he will object to anything that may arouse the desire of any other man to possess her; and equally anything that might incite or encourage her to desire anything more than her owner, actual or prospective, may give her.

Of course, the economically dependent woman, feeling that to get a good provider is the only success possible for her, falls in with the feeling of the men and even exceeds it, as a means of making herself a more desirable chattel.

The testimony of the divorce courts shows that most divorces originate in the failure of the man to fulfil his promise of liberally "providing."

The sex problem then is at bottom economic. The

woman who does not have to be married in order to live a life satisfactory to herself, sees no such reason to abstain from discussing what is perhaps the most important side of her life; nor to show, by her aversion to the mere mention of sex, that she will limit her intimacies to one man, and be in all respects an obedient wife, if she is so fortunate as to be selected.

This possessorship accounts for the bitterness of the slave owner against the abolitionist, whether the abolition be of chattel or matrimonial slavery. Sexual morality does not exist where the woman has education equal to the man's, and has also such access to the land with all its natural opportunities as to enable her to make an independent and easy living.

Therefore, we, who would change the forms as well as the spirit of our social contact, however little interest we may show in any woman question, which is always a man question also, have reason to hail as one of the early, most radical and most courageous in our ranks—Havelock Ellis.



HAVELOCK ELLIS

From a photograph taken in 1896. The bedroom
of the cottage at Carbis Bay.



HAVELOCK ELLIS:

AS A SENSITIVE, TENDER-HEARTED PERSON

BY *Llewellyn Jones*

THE word philosopher may mean a system maker, an analyst of knowledge, or in an old-fashioned sense it may mean a teacher who by his personality as well as his doctrines attracts disciples. In this last sense Havelock Ellis is perhaps the greatest living philosopher.

Certainly there is no one writing in English to whom the perplexed, the unhappy, the doubtful can so well turn for orientation and help as they can to this Englishman who was taken to Australia when a child, who lived in loneliness, faced all the problems with which nature tortures the sensitive soul,

underwent a sort of "conversion"—the work of another and much less known Englishman, James Hinton, being a sort of precipitating agent—studied medicine, and devoted his life to the statement—for he soon saw the solution was out of the question—of the great human problem of sexual relationship, and from the work so undertaken went on to give us a complete orientation of the individual to life.

Croce has somewhere remarked that the consolations of philosophy are efficacious only in philosophy—although those are not his words. But his point was that philosophy only consoled one for one's intellectual difficulties—that practical problems could only be solved by practical methods. This divorce of philosophy and practice, it will be noted, is the very opposite of the popular idea of certain religions and of New Thought that thinking will make one healthy or prosperous. That, of course, is absurd, but like every error it is a symbol or adumbration of a truth. And Havelock Ellis's philosophy, unlike Croce's idea of what a philosophy is, is intended as a method which will not only solve intellectual difficulties but make a real difference in human life. It

is not only a challenge to accept the world and what it brings us, but it is a technique of so doing.

Its exponent is a sensitive, tenderhearted person, brought up by an evangelical mother, a lover of art and of letters. But unlike most people whom that description would fit, he has become a scientist, studied medicine and practiced obstetrics among the poor of London. Which means, of course, that where the average sensitive person, finding a refuge in art, might well announce himself a pessimist because there was so much and so inevitable pain in the world, Havelock Ellis has met that pain, faced it and taken into his scheme of things.

... As the psychologist of sex Havelock Ellis was sure-footed, analytical and unafraid in the face of senseless public persecution. And he had bad luck to fight against. His great series of psychological studies was already planned when John Addington Symonds proposed to him that they collaborate on a work dealing with inversion. That suggestion led to Havelock Ellis putting out his work on inversion as the first of his volumes. The executors of the Symonds estate—Symonds having died—took fright

and forbade the issue of the edition in which collaboration was acknowledged, so that when the book came out Ellis was the sole author. He could not find a medical publisher with enough courage to handle the book and was led to give it to a new publisher who afterwards turned out to be a crook. This publisher also issued a magazine for the Legitimation league, and some copies of Ellis's book were sold at the league offices. The police were anxious to close up the Legitimation league, which stood for what were considered radical ideas about marriage and the status of illegitimate children, and its secretary, George Bedborough—now living in the middle west—was arrested for selling Ellis's book and also for circulating certain articles in the league's magazine. This made a very difficult case, for Ellis was not a defendant and could not therefore defend his book against the charge of obscenity. On the other hand, Bedborough had his own interests to watch, and could hardly be asked to take a chance on a prison term by defending a book which he may not even have read.

The result was that Havelock Ellis determined to publish all his other books in the series outside of

England. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had raised the issue of the freedom of publication of scientific books in England and that he helped to achieve for others what he himself had been denied.

However, the greater number of Havelock Ellis's many books do not deal with sex in its narrow and technical aspects, but with living. A man of immense mental energy, he has read not only the classical philosophers but all those — more perplexed and skeptical — of his own time. And he has tried their words in the furnace of living. To the pragmatic insistence that man is the measure of all things he has brought one man's vivid experience of the reality of nature. To the naturalist's or mechanist's insistence that nature is all and that man is a mere product of nature, he has opposed the testimony of his own mystical vision. A pragmatist in the narrow sense he is not, although he shares with the pragmatist that "skepticism of the instrument" which sees the mind not as a platonic something but as an instrument, evolved in the struggle for existence and adapted to the purposes of mastering the environment. To many English readers he first pointed out the constructive skepti-

cism, if one may call it that, of Vaihinger with his theory of science as a useful fiction and of Jules Gaultier with his description of "the universal process by which men...rise, by fashioning themselves to the model of their conceptions, the process indeed by which whole communities and civilization evolve the conceptions which are life-giving, and when they no longer subserve life replace them by others."

The weakness of most forms of pragmatism, of course, is that they are so engrossed in tracing out the instrumental bearings of knowledge and the social genesis of individual psychology that they pay very little attention to those values in life which are consummatory and aesthetic. A pragmatistic view of aesthetics not only sounds like a contradiction in terms, but on the rare occasions on which it has been attempted it proves to be so by explaining art away, instead of valuating it. Havelock Ellis, on the other hand, makes the aesthetic his ultimate category. But not the retired art of the boudoir, the ivory tower or the cloister. To spend a life chasing this and that isolated aesthetic perception is indeed to be a decadent. Havelock Ellis's aesthetic perception is of

the universe as a whole—and it is that and not anything theistic or supernatural that marks him as a mystic. However, his mysticism is an active one: the world he sees is a vast rhythmic dance, and man is not primarily a law observer, but a dancer, an artist, an active being...

"THE CHICAGO EVENING POST", July 13, 1928.

¶THE ARDOR AND HEROISM OF GREAT ACHIEVEMENT IN STYLE NEVER GROW LESS AS THE AGES PASS, but rather tend to grow more. That is so, not merely because the hardest tasks are left for the last, but because of the ever increasing impediments placed in the path of style by the piling up of mechanical rules and rigid conventions. It is doubtful whether on the whole the forces of life really gain on the surrounding inertia of death. The greatest writers must spend the blood and sweat of their souls, amid the execration and disdain of their contemporaries, in breaking the old moulds of style and pouring their 'fresh life into new moulds. From Dante to Carducci, from Rabelais to Proust, from Chaucer to Whitman, the giants of letters have been engaged in this life-giving task, and behind them the forces of death swiftly gather again. Here there is always room for the hero. No man, indeed, can write anything that matters who is not a hero at heart, even though to the people who pass him in the street or know him in the house he may seem as gentle as any dove. If all progress lies in an ever greater flexibility and intimacy of speech, a finer adaptation to the heights and depths of the mobile human soul, the task can never

be finally completed. Every writer is called afresh to reveal new strata of life. By digging in his own soul he becomes the discoverer of the soul of his family, of his nation, of the race, of the heart of humanity. For the great writer finds style as the mystic finds God, in his own soul. It is the final utterance of a sigh, which none could utter before him, and which all can who follow.

¶ Writing is an arduous spiritual and intellectual task, only to be achieved by patient and deliberate labour and much daring. Yet therewith we are only at the beginning. Writing is also the expression of individual personality, which springs up spontaneously, or is slowly drawn up from within, out of a well of inner emotions which none may command. But even with these two opposite factors we have not attained the complete synthesis. For style in the full sense is more than the deliberate and designed creation, more even than the unconscious and involuntary creation, of the individual man who therein expresses himself. The self that he thus expresses is a bundle of inherited tendencies that came the man himself can never entirely know whence. It is by the instinctive stress of a highly sensitive, or slightly abnormal constitution, that he is impelled to instil these tendencies into the alien magic of words. The stylum wherewith he strives to write himself on the yet blank pages of the world may have the obstinate vigor of the metal rod or the wild and quavering waywardness of an insect's wing, but behind it lie forces that extend into infinity. It moves us because it is itself moved by pulses which in varying measure we also have inherited, and because its primary source is in the heart of a cosmos from which we ourselves spring. — THE DANCE OF LIFE.

¶ *IN EVERY AGE OF DEMOCRATIC PLEBEIANISM, WHERE each man thinks he is as good a writer as the others, and takes his laws from the others, having no laws of his own nature, it is down this steep path that men, in a flock, inevitably run,—THE DANCE OF LIFE.* 212



HAVELOCK ELLIS:

A GREAT HUMANIST

BY *Hugh de Selincourt*

"God! Of whom music
And song and blood are pure
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure."

WITHOUT a stern application to fairy tales in childhood no man is equipped to appreciate to the full the more wonderful happenings of real life in maturity. A lovely mysterious power lies in the written word. One book keeps you awake at night with its horror or excitement; another book sets you shaking with laughter; another rouses tears and laughter. But this power at its gracious plenitude can only be manifested at rare intervals; for a book can have

the power to draw a young man nearer to all that is precious and life-giving in his own life; may put him in harmony with the great life of Nature without and within; may thus set him on the path to realise his world of dreams, by imparting knowledge, releasing energy, by quickening his self-confidence.

This is a mighty benefit for one man's writing to bestow upon another man's life. Assuredly it is; and nothing exhibits human scope more superbly than the ability to render help of this kind and the ability to receive it. The latter experience resembles that of a man who making his arduous way through desert country (beyond which the land of dreams or the land of deeper reality always lies) finds,—on the moment when hope is leaving him and he feels that he must perish of thirst by the way—finds that someone has journeyed there before him and has left a store of fresh water and a chart. He is given life and proceeds on his way, refreshed and with a keener sense than he could otherwise have possessed, of his direction.

Such was my experience when the sixth volume of Havelock Ellis's *STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX* fell into my hands. It is difficult to contem-

plate what may be the wonder of the written word without faintness, unless we remember the opening of St. John's gospel where the full majesty of the event is recorded—*In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God*: a truth which in these days of journalism is apt to be overlooked, and to render any contact with the Word an experience too astonishing to be pleasant. Head-lines and leaders are safeguards against this mysterious power.

After my rapturous welcome of this book I made it my business to study all the work of Havelock Ellis; and I have continued to do so with growing fervour as my power of appreciation developed. Any opportunity that is offered to me of helping, perchance, to extend the range of his beneficent influence I snatch, greedily as a healthy child a chocolate, eagerly as an alderman a civic honour; the only difference being that my delight and my sense of the honour conferred on me are even more intense and even more real. I am aware that, from one point of view, all praise is an impertinence; from another, however, it may be that praise is an urgent and exquisite necessity. The alchemy of love, in any of its

myriad forms, ordains that recognition of another's quality means greater personal freedom; and not, as is sometimes erroneously supposed, servility or subjection.

Nine out of ten literary persons in London would dismiss Havelock Ellis, if they knew his name at all (and their ignorance is profound and amazing enough to warrant the hypothesis) as a specialist on the subject of sex and nothing more. Mr. Wells, for example, did not mention his name in his summary of living writers, vented by Boon; and Mr. Arnold Bennett in the introductory chapter to his little book on *Woman* went out of his way to state that he had not read Havelock Ellis, with the wish presumably of removing from the reader's mind any fear that he was going to mix up his subject with unpleasantness. It is a prevalent misconception; and one which effectively bars all proper understanding of his work, including the **STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX.**

The subject of sex is so vast and difficult, so turgid with prejudice and superstition that it took the whole of a specialist's energy and courage to tackle. It was left in the hands of those people whose

business it was to deal with disease, moral or physical, priests, that is to say, and doctors. What makes Havelock Ellis's work supreme and individual, like *Paradise Lost* or the *Aeneid*, is that it is essentially the work of a great artist. A specialist is apt to think that his subject comprises the whole of life; he sees everything in its peculiar light; and though his contribution may contain what is valuable his perspective being wrong, its value, like that of other raw material, is concealed, until the stuff is refashioned by an artist into relation with the whole of life.

Havelock Ellis is a doctor and an expert of European reputation in the *Psychology of Sex*; but he is something more. He is the most sensitive and skilled living critic of literature, with an intimate knowledge and appreciation of the other arts. The combination is rare and beautiful, marking him out as a great humanist. His subject is not any particular manifestation of man's energy, such as sex or art or religion, but human nature in all its complexity; and his work is a comment on man's main activity, the greatest of arts, the art of living. His attitude is always the same, whether he happens to be recording the abberation of a sick woman from whom he removed the poison

of misunderstanding and whose "case", as he reports it, is a beautiful work of art, furthering our knowledge not only of one sick woman but of the human mind; or whether he is treating the work of a genius like Tolstoy or Leonardo — his attitude is one of reverence, the only creative attitude. It gleams through all his writing. . . .

As a critic Havelock Ellis stands in the great tradition of literature. *AFFIRMATIONS* and *THE NEW SPIRIT* are as fine as any critical work in the English language. Johnson seems parochial and pedantic; Hazlitt, for all his wealth of speech, hasty and impulsive; Carlyle for all his ability to praise, touchy and circumscribed; Emerson aloof and magisterial in his height; Matthew Arnold, in spite of his grace and humour, narrow and cold; by the side of this wise and profound humanist, with his sunbright, sunclear, sunwarm faculty of perception. His taste is impeccable; his knowledge vast and accurate; his power of appreciation unrivalled. He is able to appreciate with the same sensitive and supple insight St. Francis and Casanova, Huysmans and Tolstoy, Ibsen and George Chapman, Nietzsche and Herbert Spencer, Rodo, Diderot, Cowley, Hardy, Chaucer,

Remy de Gourmont and Walter Pater. Some critics such as Arthur Symons, for example, are able to describe with beautiful precision one leaf on the tree, to appraise the work of one writer or another with delicate sympathy and we are grateful to them. Havelock Ellis does this with consummate grace; but he does incomparably more; without any cumbrous effort, but with the simplicity of mind and purity of phrase which shine in all his writings he shows you the man who wrote the work; not the leaf only, but the branch on the tree of life, and the trunk and the roots in the earth's soil. His study of Nietzsche was the first to appear in England: it remains the best, the most perceptive and the most judicious: more informing even than the work of George Brandes, Nietzsche's discoverer and friend.

Modern critics of eminence write for the most part to defend their pet opinions and the respectability from which they draw their modest livelihoods, from the attacks of irresponsible artists. They have their reward; knighthoods, money, librarianships: these mandarins have their place doubtless in the scheme of things; but their work of blunting the lion's paws, however satisfactory to comfort, is negative and

valueless; their praise brings fame that quickly crumbles. Out of their ranks towers a man like Havelock Ellis, a free man among slaves. His work is scarcely recognized; but it happens to be of permanent value. Wherever a man exists who desires to learn and to grow free, the work of Havelock Ellis will be there waiting to help him towards a better knowledge of himself and of human nature and of the great life which surrounds all mortals; his work will be there, leading him by its lovely intimacy into the mysterious art of life, and graciously introducing him to all the finest spirits who have lived and expressed themselves in art or science or philosophy or religion. His work is a great affirmation of the human spirit. He wrote of St. Francis: "Before the threshold of our modern world was reached Francis sang in the sun and smiled away the spectres that squatted on the beautiful things of the earth." It is true of St. Francis; it is true today of this man of prodigious learning, whose gentleness and tenderness are of the kind that are supposed to belong to a woman only at her fairest; but are the outcome and the sign, in man or woman, of strength at its most heroic level. "For us" he has said and thereby revealed to the reverent eye

the inner secret of his own greatness. "For us there are still two wings by which we may raise ourselves above the earth, simplicity, that is to say, and purity."

Having glanced at his work as a critic of literature, let us now pass on to his other work, never forgetting that the usual watertight compartments in a man's mind have here no existence. It is a whole man who is writing always; animated by the same vision and the same faith and the same sense of beauty.

Shelley sang the union of science and poetry; Havelock Ellis shows in his monumental study of sex the effect of that union in its gracious plenitude. Shelley said that the aim of his work was to "beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wrecked": his light forever shines on those rocks, sneered at by those "whose sails were never to the tempest given." Havelock Ellis with infinite skill and patience has made a chart of the dangerous sea on which the true adventurers in life must voyage. Goethe saw human beings like earthenware pots on a stream, meeting only to crack and sink; and declared that the primal need of mankind was education in feeling.

Knowledge helped men to store and use the force

of electricity so that its manifestation should not be confined to the destructive lightning flashing in brilliance across the sky, striking to blast and kill, but a clean agent of service, stronger and more beneficial than any force in Nature. Feeling resembles electricity; but without knowledge its influence is more general and more disastrous, and with its knowledge its influence is even stronger and more beneficial. Shelley perceived this in vision with such intensity that he recreated the world as it would be, were this force that lies in every heart, both recognized and used. His vision is still treated with the contempt that would have been poured upon some dreamer in Chaucer's time who foretold the manifold uses to which the force displayed in lightning would in a few centuries be put.

But the obstructions in the way of this more important knowledge do not lie only or even chiefly in the difficulty of the subject itself, great as this is. It is considered wicked or unpleasant even to think of this power at all. Those who still see in it only a destructive force and wish to protect humanity against it (as conductors protect buildings against lightning) feel under the obligation to apologize for

the investigations required and veil them in a language which no uninitiated person may understand. Into this welter of obscurity and shame and superstition, Havelock Ellis, with the insight of a poet, the knowledge of a scientist and the simple language of a master in prose, has penetrated and allowed the living truth to emerge in its naked majesty, showing in minute and exquisite detail how this destructive force of feeling may be stored and controlled, and used to sustain and expand the spirit of man. Only a skilled scientist could have marshalled the necessary facts; only a poet could have written the book. Swarms of little works have fallen like sparks from his parent torch, each bringing its modicum of light. The great parent book may be obtained, however, in the country of its origin only by surreptitious means: its civic condemnation has not yet been annulled.

Our extended knowledge of human mind has been gained largely from the study of criminals and of lunatics, in whom one manifestation of some propensity common to all, has been developed to the detriment of others. This exaggeration of one propensity has brought the man, indeed, to prison or the

asylum and has also brought the propensity from the obscurity where it baffled study. Thus what has ruined an individual man has enriched the stock of human knowledge. The brotherhood of man is proved with terrible precision, from the standpoint of fear; with divine clearness, from the standpoint of love.

The psychoanalyst is apt to examine the work of some great man and to show that it springs from what he, with ghoulish glee, describes as rottenness. He delights to trace back beauty to some childish perversion; he uses a delicate instrument to force home his bad lesson of shame and disgust. He is a little man, who finds satisfaction in bringing great men down to his own level or beneath it. He is without reverence.

The same instrument in the hands of the artist serves to widen the field of his activity so that he is able to worship the spirit of beauty in its humblest most elemental form. He has no vulgar standard of what is nice and what is nasty; he is not shocked; he does not confuse shame with modesty. He sees with the fresh eye of a child and looks with reverence and wonder at the secrets of life whether they

are manifested in the growth of a primrose, or in the simplest functions of the human body. Above all, he is not horrified at perversion of any kind; he sees in it the divine power of love, stopped by some impediment of ignorance, and thus forced to express itself by one note only of the great orchestra. In the one he sees the whole. He is too wise in the subtle interplay of body and spirit to lay down rules or dogma: lightly as the fall of a rose petal, he lets drop a suggestion, and creates an atmosphere of enlightenment by his understanding. Finally, in the means of communion between man and woman, he sees not a trap or a delusion, but a holy instrument, the pride and glory of man.

Havelock Ellis does not treat his subject daintily or obscurely but proudly and simply, as a man might well do who is aware that he tracing beauty back to its very source and origin. "But as the mystic vision pierces deeper into the mystery of the world, it is seen that the Divine is more truly manifested in the falsely so-called humble human things; and the winds and the waters of the world are all passed through the human form and cannot be less admirable for their association with that exquisite mechanism. So

it is, we see, that to the Mystic the Human becomes Divine, and the voice of winds and streams, here as elsewhere, is the Voice of God."

This little paper is only a henchman's salute, as it were, to a King on his birthday: for this man is indeed one of those whom Shelley called—

"The kings of thought
Who waged contention with their times decay
And of the past are all that cannot pass away."

Let us read him and remember the power in this warfare of the smile and of kindness and of understanding; let us remember that "Strength and Hardness are the Companions of Death; Tenderness and Suppleness are the Companions of Life." Looking at the beautiful structure of his life and work (still in the making, still growing in beauty and majesty and light) one is able to recognize what Christ meant when he said that one just man was sufficient to save a city. For out of the harsh clangor of advertisement and politics, out of the hubbub of commerce and journalism and the general market, rises that work like a stately and gracious flower, sweet with the life that is eternal. He has said: "To see the World

as Beauty is the Whole End of Living": that is the motto of his work; that, the central point of his great vision; that, the pivot of his faith.

"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", Feb. 1922.

¶ THERE ARE AT LEAST TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT BOOKS AND AT THE PERSONALITIES BOOKS EXPRESS. In its chief but rarer aspect literature is the medium of art, and as such can raise no ethical problems. Whatever morality or immorality art may hold is quiescent, or lifted into an atmosphere of radiant immortality where questioning is irrelevant. Of the literature that is all art we need not even speak, unless by chance we too approach it as artists, trying to grasp it by imaginative insight. In literature, as elsewhere, art should only be approached as we would approach Paradise, for the sake of its joy. It would be well, indeed, if we could destroy or forget all that has ever been written about the world's great books, even if it were once worth while to write those books about books. How happy, for instance, the world might be if there were no literature about the Bible, if Augustine and Aquinas and Calvin and thousands of smaller men had not danced on it so long, stamping every page of it into mire, that now the vision of a single line, in its simple sense, is almost an effort of inspiration. All my life long I have been casting away the knowledge I have gained from books about literature, and from opinions about life, and coming to literature itself or to life itself, a slow and painful progress towards that Heaven of knowledge where a child is king.

But there is another kind of literature, a literature which is not all art—the literature of life. Literature differs from design or music by being closer to life, by being fundamentally not an art at all, but

merely the development of ordinary speech, only rising at intervals into the region of art. It is so close to life that largely it comes before us much as the actual facts of life come before us. So that while we were best silent about the literature of art, sanctified by time and the reverence of many men, we cannot question too keenly the literature of life. . . .

The century now nearly over has performed many dirty and laborious tasks; it has had to organize its own unwieldiness, to cleanse its Augean Stables of the filth it has itself deposited, to pull down the buildings it has itself erected. When we witness such work carried out—blunderingly, it may be, but yet, we thought, humbly—we may well point out what splendid fellows these modest, begrimed toilers really were, what useful and noble work they were engaged in, how large a promise they bear for the future. That was my own point of view. But the case is altered when these yet unwashed toilers rise up around us in half-intoxicated jubilation over the triumphs of their own little epoch, well assured that there never was such an age or such a race since the world began. Then we may well pause. It is time to recall the simple eternal facts of life. It is time to affirm the existence of those verities which are wrought into our very structure everywhere and always, and in the face of which the paltry triumphs of an "era" fall back into insignificance.

Yet every man must make his own affirmations. The great questions of life are immortal, only because no one can answer them for his fellows. I claim no general validity for my affirmations. . . . The final value of any book is not in the beliefs which it may give us or take away from us, but in its power to reveal to us our own real selves. If I can stimulate any one in the search for his own proper affirmations, he and I may well rest content. He is welcome to cast aside mine as the idle conclusions of a dreamer lying in the sunshine. Our own affirmations are always the best. Let us but be sure that they are our own, that they have grown up slowly and quietly, fed with the strength of our own blood and brain. Only with the help of such affirmations can we find a staff to comfort us through the valley of life. It is only when they utter affirmations, one has said, that the wands of the angels blossom.

71, rue des Saints-Pères.

Remy de Gourmont

Mme Mr Havelock Ellis

J'ai reçu le et beaucoup senti vos Impressions and Comments
Mais je vous remercie particulièrement de la façon cordiale dont j'y
suis traité. Vous savez quelle estime j'ai pour vous. Aussi suis-je
trouvé - m'etre plus agréable, si non de me trouver lorsque partout
de votre avis. Croirez-vous je vous prie votre bien dévoué, Remy.

Fac-simile card by *Remy de Gourmont* to *Havelock Ellis*.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S

A N I M P R E S S I O N

BY *Leon Bazalgette*

TOO ILL to be enabled to give my tribute the form and extent which would be suitable, I must limit myself to noting down an impression.

The name of Havelock Ellis, whenever it is mentioned to me, or when I evoke it for myself, invariably brings me back again to a time which is wonderfully rejuvenating. This impression of the time about which I want to speak must be very potent since all my later contacts with other and very different aspects of the ideas of Havelock Ellis have been powerless to weaken it.

I speak of that ardent period when I read in THE

NEW SPIRIT those luminous pages which played their important part in the formation of my mind, hungry for substantial nourishment. The chapters on Tolstoy, on Ibsen, exalt me by their ability to awaken, their power to suggest, the breadth of their viewpoints. This is particularly true of the "Introduction", the "Conclusion" and the study of Whitman. Subsequently I had the occasion to make a rather thorough study of the latter and to acquaint myself with everything which had been written about him. I have never found greater penetration than in the pages of THE NEW SPIRIT.

Dear Havelock Ellis, for how many questing young folks will you have been the fraternal Awakener? To how many will you have brought this nutriment for which we have never lost the taste afterward?

¶ THE WELL-INTENTIONED EFFORTS OF MANY PIONEERS in women's movements to treat men and women as identical, and, as it were, to force women into masculine moulds, were both mischievous and useless. Women will always be different from men, mentally as well as physically. It is well for both sexes that it should be so. It is owing to these differences that each sex can bring to the world's work various aptitudes that the other lacks. It is owing to these differences also that men and women have their undying charm for each other. We cannot change them, and we need not wish to. —ESSAYS IN WAR-TIME.



HAVELOCK ELLIS:

THE MELODY AND RHYTHM OF HIS PROSE

BY *Huntington Cairns*

“To write is a strenuous intellectual task”, Havelock Ellis has written, “not to be achieved without the exercise of the best trained and most deliberate rational faculties.” To the art of writing he has himself devoted much thought and effort. It constitutes, indeed, the theme of a notable essay and is the subject of many notes scattered through his volumes. From his first book to his last he has endeavored to express his thoughts in prose of a high quality. To the perfecting of the medium through which his personality found expression he has brought a scholar’s knowledge of the nature of literary prose and the

sensitiveness of an artist. His pages give evidence of a care which only the loving craftsman could expend upon them. But quality in English prose is not alone achieved by painful effort, as he himself has pointed out. There must be present that indefinable savor that has lifted English prose for brief periods to high levels of beauty, and it is that savor that the prose of Havelock Ellis unmistakably possesses.

It is no anomaly for a man of science to write superbly, and the fact that Havelock Ellis's best energies have gone into scientific research has no bearing upon the quality of the prose he writes. Men of science from Sir Francis Bacon to Bertrand Russell have written prose of a nobility that is not excelled by the greatest of English Stylists. It may be that the majority of the men of science who have written with distinction have also been concerned, apart from their scientific interests, with literature. There are, however, notable exceptions, of whom perhaps the foremost is Sir James Jeans, the cosmogonist, whose writings are exclusively devoted to the subjects within that field, but who is, nevertheless, possessed of a style of extraordinarily high quality. On the other hand, writers whose subjects would seem to demand

special aptitude in literary expression are frequently not only entirely devoid of all prosodical graces but seem able to select words that only approximately express their thought. It is enough in this connection, perhaps, to refer to the writings of John Dewey, which are not only devoid of all the attributes of fine writing, but are, as Joseph Warren Beach has pointed out in *The Outlook for American Prose*, as unprecise as any writing could well be. The high quality of Ellis's prose is thus independent of the nature of the pursuits to which he has devoted his life; its excellence is due to something far more significant and profound.

It is Havelock Ellis's distinguishing characteristic that he is more than a great scientist, more than a great man of letters, he is an artist. It is this fact alone, perhaps, that is the key to the understanding of his manifold activities. To every problem that he has approached, whether it be the problem of life or sex or genius, or the simple wonder of an English garden, he has brought all the understanding and the sensitiveness of the artist. All the marks of the artist are upon him: his appearance, his love of music, and his love of good acting, his feeling for na-

ture, sculpture and fine dancing.¹ He is seen today as one of the supremely great men of all time and, perhaps, when we look a little closer, it may be seen that he is one of the greatest artists of all time.

It is from his qualities as an artist that we may explain the excellence of his writing. As William Morrison Patterson discovered in his study of the rhythm of prose, spontaneity, ease and fitness characterize the motions of savages, while the movements of civilized men are awkward and replete with wasted effort. The writer of great prose has recaptured that rhythmic art which the race has lost. No reader of the prose of Havelock Ellis, if he has any musical and rhythmic sense at all, can be unaware of the melody and rhythm his prose possesses in such abundance. There is a peculiar harmony, a quiet rise and fall of emphasis that pervades all his writings and makes them not quite like the writings of any other man. Certain phrases of his own that he frequently employs, such as "it well may be" or "for

¹ In *THE DANCE OF LIFE* (p. 157) Ellis quotes his first schoolmaster as saying "You will have a hand of your own my boy." His handwriting is, however, the typical handwriting of a scholar. See the examples in *English Handwriting*, by Roger Fry and E. A. Lowe, S.P.E. Tract No. XXIII, Oxford, 1926.

as we know today", tend to give a distinctive rhythm. It is as pure and as highly rhythmical as the prose of De Quincey, Landor and Moore. . . . At times he achieves the tenderness that marks Hazlitt's "for a little while I had sat with the gods at their golden tables, I had tasted of all earth's bliss."

When Shakespeare writes "my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine" he is moved more by the music of the words than by the accuracy of his vision. Ellis, writing of the "restless, anti-septic sea" achieves as individual a vision and greater accuracy without the sacrifice of phrasal melody. Ellis believes that Raleigh's invocation of Death is the most magnificent sentence in the language.² The most magnificent sentence to be found in his own writings is addressed to mankind. "O Man, sublime in dreams, pitiful in real life, august in the creation of ideals, lower than an idiot in the face of the real world, O pitiful Man, leave the world alone to be

²"O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hath cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacit.*" Sir Walter Raleigh, *The History of the World*, Book V, Chap. VI.

lived in by those who know how to live; be content to dream." Of death he has written only indirectly, but with a touch of Biblical phraseology. "Last week, when I was feeling, as ever since I left Cornwall I have felt, singularly firm against assault, Death, in his casual tentative indifferent way, just gave me a torturing prick with his scythe as he passed by, leaving me alive but bleeding. Ever since I lie on my back invalid, for the first time in my active life, and whether he is likely to come again soon there is none to tell me."

The final arbiter of any prose, as Saintsbury found at the end of his long study of English prose rhythm, is the sensitive ear. Neither scansion nor analysis nor comparison reveals the standard by which we can measure the merit of a literary composition. It is by the ear alone that we must finally judge prose, as it is only by the ear that we are aware of the loveliness of a Shubert sonata. Other tests disclose the quality of thought rather than the excellence of the word-music. There is, for example, the test that William Bayard Hale applied in his brilliant study of Woodrow Wilson's prose. He found that a representative group of men of letters from Shakespeare to Shaw

employed on the average, in passages selected at random of 108 words, thirteen verbs and four and one-half adjectives. Woodrow Wilson, on the contrary employed six verbs and thirty adjectives. Havelock Ellis, by the same test, uses, curiously enough, the thirteen verbs but employs six adjectives. The extraordinary number of adjectives found in Wilson's text was plainly used to conceal a paucity of thought. The number employed by Ellis is no greater than that used by Shaw, for example, and indicates merely unimpeded progressive thought development. Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of the architectonics of Ellis's prose is the suggestiveness of his paragraph endings, for they are neither abrupt, as were Carlyle's, nor complete, as are Conrad's, but, their thought being fully expressed, they tend to shade off hinting at a suggestiveness of things unsaid.³ There is also the high note, which balances everything said before, upon which his compositions invariably end. But it is, however, when all is said, to the gorgeous word-music permeating his passages that the lover of prose will turn. There is a sym-

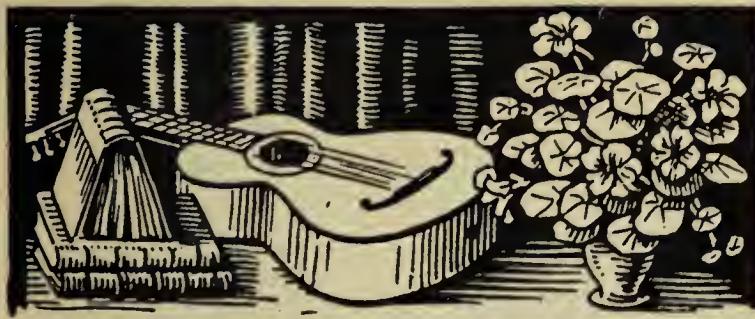
³ See George Saintsbury, *History of English Prose Rhythm*, London, 1922, p. 461.

phony of literary music to be found in his prose that only the greatest of English writers have equalled.

"BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW", Feb. 1929.

¶ WAR, AS MANKIND UNDERSTANDS WAR, SEEMS TO HAVE NO PLACE AMONG ANIMALS LIVING IN NATURE. It seems equally to have had no place, so far as investigation has yet been able to reveal, in the life of early man. Men were far too busy in the great fight against Nature to fight against each other, far too absorbed in the task of inventing methods of self-preservation to have much energy left for inventing methods of self-destruction. It was once supposed that the Homeric stories of war presented a picture of life near the beginning of the world. The Homeric picture in fact corresponds to a stage in human barbarism, certainly in its European manifestation, a stage also passed through in Northern Europe, where, nearly fifteen hundred years ago, the Greek traveller, Posidonius, found the Celtic chieftans in Britain living much like the people in Homer. But we know now that Homer, so far from bringing before us a primitive age, really represents the end of a long stage of human development, marked by a slow and steady growth in civilization and a vast accumulation of luxury. War is a luxury, in other words a manifestation of superfluous energy, not possible in those early stages when all the energies of men are taken up in the primary business of preserving and maintaining life. So it was that war had a beginning in human history. Is it unreasonable to suppose that it will also have an end?

ESSAYS IN WAR-TIME.



HAVELOCK ELLIS

AN APPRECIATION

BY *Rose Freeman-Ishill*

ALWAYS the reader of Havelock Ellis experiences a sense of breathless expectation after laying down his latest volume. That is not to say that his work is merely a promise of fulfilment, a subtle decoy to the ever elusive rainbow-end. The sense of expectation, the hush, the breath-taking fervor are the cosmic emotions he confers upon the one whom he upholds upon his wings, soaring from height to height and yet at the same time probing deepest depths. One who reads his books is never finished merely

because he has turned the last leaf. Some infinitesimal part of the great soul of Havelock Ellis remains to clarify, to add a different aspect of some old truth to the many phases of trifling or titanic events in daily life. This is exactly what that sense of expectation signifies to one who has pondered his last word: sometime, somehow, something will happen to which this will be the key.

Havelock Ellis possesses the soul of the artist and the mind of the scientist and throughout the ages there are very few, and those the greatest, whose component parts are so exquisitely balanced. To create Beauty is one process; to analyze it is another; but to wed the creative to the analytical and bring forth a more potent Beauty still out of that union is the very core of the utmost in beauty. That is exactly what Havelock Ellis has done throughout all his works, whether purely scientific or purely literary. He has brought forth a more significant and satisfying beauty—an intellectual Aphrodite out of untroubled waters. When he is spoken of as an "Artist of Love" or a "Philosopher of Love", the discerning reader is at once made poignantly aware of an essential—and even a vulgar—divorcement from in-



HAVELOCK ELLIS

From a photograph taken in Dec. 1897. The living-room
of the cottage at Carbis Bay.

alienable qualities. It is as if some snickering critic were to extol head and bust at the expense of torso and limbs. Man does not live by brain alone but by heart and senses and the exquisite awareness of physical weal. In *THE DANCE OF LIFE*—that beautiful poised thing—how keenly he feels the art and meditates upon the philosophy of living! For in spite of the almost universal acceptance of the statement that genius is unbalanced, that the plenitude which characterizes its particular gift is accompanied by a general atrophy of the faculties unrelated to his special talent, I have never believed this to be true of the really great. For poise is the mightiest power and that is the possession of so very few that the multitude of pettier talents subject it to the mob-law of ostracism. And the semi-artistic or semi-philosophical mob can be as crude and much more cruel than the “popular” mob—and as easily mistaken.

In the soul of Havelock Ellis there was never any callow season. Not that he has sprung full-fledged from the brow of life: the prodigy is hateful because his fearfully acrobatic powers verge on the monstrous while he is further from touching the deific than an ordinary mortal. There is a sweetness in the spring

season of his SONNETS and a compensating strength in the autumn of his IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS. And between the two lies the entire gamut of satisfaction. His soul has evolved a long-ripening fruit and its honey-thick, slow-flowing juice is replete with a strength-giving tonic.

His serenity is not the static peace of Nirvana. It is the serenity of the earth whose speed is so great that it seems to stand still, or the whirling wheel the hub and spokes of which seem blended into a living speed. It is the serenity of an incalculable vitality. It is a serenity which would lose its poise were it to stress its rhythm. And, finally, it is a serenity which engenders its own exaltations, deep but quiet, sure but understanding, omniscient but smiling, perfectly poised between spiritual forces that warm and intellectual potencies that ripen. And out of these depths he creates both beauty and sadness, militant idealism and Pan-like laughter.

What, however, is the note that *all* genius strikes in the receptive breast? What is the note that finds its answering echo in the sensitive soul? It is the note of isolation and Havelock Ellis strikes it strongly. There is no quavering uncertainty, no baffled

questings in the strength and delicacy of his books but a proud yea-saying to that terrible truth of human inaccessibility. He who possess his own soul must lose all hope of ever possessing or even intimately touching another's. The tragedy and the strength of humanity lies in its inevitable loneliness. We are gregarious when it storms outdoors. We huddle together and guard our differing loneliness. But to be strong enough to face the fact that each individual stands unalterably "on his own" is a deific acceptance of the penalties of deity, that is, of soul-possession, which places impalpable and inescapable barriers between soul and soul and sets each upon its own cold peak. As he says in his sonnet "Isolation":

"No separate soul my altar may attend;
Alone, apart, I stand until the end."

Yet, paradoxically, if man pays for his Godhood, the Gods must pay for their humanity. For the Gods are merely Ideals and it is man alone who can endow them with passion and with pity. It is the aloof Gods of immaculate conceptions—the inaccessible ideals — who turn human pain into a pivot upon

which their priests pin conflicting creeds. The isolation of Havelock Ellis, his serenity, is in reality a seething cosmos in the throes of creation. The genius bears all this universe within him, feeds Saturn-like upon his own creatures, re-creates stronger, more significant forms. But whenever he seeks to people this inner cosmos from outer chaos, he grasps only eluding phantoms endowed for the moment with the corporeal voices of his own exaltations. Hence his cry of doubt and frustration until he realizes that his own voice must answer his own heart.

Havelock Ellis means all this, and more. One of the many phases of his beauty is his ability to satisfy the diverse needs of different souls. The man born in the old way of the flesh, born messily of passion and blood and tears must needs mate with his own sublimest aspiration in order to give birth to a soul. And a soul so born has an intuition of the travail of others and a potent and yearning affinity towards the sorrows of humanity that sheds warmth across so much inevitable and essential loneliness.

One can read into Havelock Ellis. One can even dare to endow him for awhile with the shifting lights of one's own personality. One can drop a tiny seed

of one's own engendering into the fostering warmth of some of his interpretations and garner a fruit that owes its life to both oneself and Havelock Ellis. He enhances but does not indebt, he clarifies but does not submerge. The beauty of his work is both like and unlike the beauty of the pearl: it is an accretion of iridescent loveliness of which the inner layers may even surpass the outer; but it does not incarcerate a disease. It houses a soul.



¶ Civilization is good, and progress is necessary for any people. But "civilization" and "progress" mean much more than a feverish thirst for new things or a mad race for wealth, and some of us think that, however salutary the lessons that Spain may learn from the more prosperous nations of today, there are still more salutary lessons in the art of living which these nations may learn from Spain. One would grieve to see that in the attempt to purify her national currency Spain should cast away her gold with her dross. —THE SOUL OF SPAIN



EN STILL BOW DOWN BEFORE THE FETISH OF MERE QUANTITY IN POPULATION, AND THAT WORSHIP MAY BE THEIR UNDOING. Giant social organisms, like the giant animal species of early times, may be destined to disappear suddenly when they have attained their extreme expansion.

¶ Even if that should be so, even if there should be a solution of continuity in the course of civilization, even then, as again Jules de Gaultier also held, we need not despair, for life is a fountain of everlasting exhilaration. No creature on the earth has so tortured himself as Man, and none has raised a more exultant Alleluia. It would still be possible to erect places of refuge, cloisters wherein life would yet be full of joy for men and women determined by their vocation to care only for beauty and knowledge, and so to hand on to a future race the living torch of civilization. When we read Palladius, when we read Rabelais, we realize how vast a field lies open for human activity between the Thebaid on one side and Thelema on the other. Out of such ashes a new world might well arise. Sunset is the promise of dawn. —THE DANCE OF LIFE.



¶ SUB TEG MINE FAGI. The sky is a cloudless blue and the breeze murmurs pleasantly through the leaves overhead and the butterflies chase one another idly and the doves coo at intervals and the stream pressed by the water-lilies is almost too languid to move beneath the heat. Perfect peace seems to rule the world and the reign of Heaven begun on earth.

¶ I note these things and I note them with only sadness. For to-day, it is said, five nations are beginning to fight the greatest battle in the history of the world, and over the whole cradle of human civilization the Powers of Hell are let loose. *Vae victis! Vae victoribus!* —IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS; 2nd series. 246





HAVELOCK ELLIS

BY *Marguerite Tracy*

"So many beautiful things happen to me." —H. E.

IT is an open secret that the most recent and the most scholarly of Havelock Ellis's biographers wittily forestalled the criticism which he may have apprehended by confessing, before ever he wrote a line of it, that "such a book could only really be written by a woman."

This comment is perhaps in a measure true. Havelock Ellis undoubtedly appears to us as the only really great philosopher—outstanding in any age—whose life-message has been preeminently addressed

to women, although put forward for men as well as for women; whose outlook tends to orient women towards more evolved conceptions of their social responsibilities as their temporal powers increase, and to incline women towards wiser uses of those powers than men have thought it necessary to practise in the administration of civilized life. His own personal life is in such harmonious accord with the spirit of his vision that no woman can come in contact with him without realizing that in one instance at least, a philosophy has expressed a man quite as limpidly as the man has expressed a philosophy; and that the man himself is greater even than the stupendous edifice of his life's work.

It was while I was musing on this very acute observation of his biographer that my mind called up an imperishable little gem of portraiture which we owe to the artistry of Edith Ellis. (Its preservation, together with other essays and short tales, in two exquisitely hand-printed and decorated volumes, published in a private edition in 1924, is due to the happy initiative of the same master-craftsman who has permitted us to share with him in the celebrating of Havelock Ellis's seventieth birthday.)

The portrait in words that Edith Ellis painted of her husband, after something like twenty-five years of marriage to him, is a genuinely diathermic evocation of a radiant personality. Yes; there *should* be a woman's biography of Havelock Ellis! It should be written from the viewpoint of the great women who have been his contemporaries and friends; and the work already stands fairly outlined by one of these in the swift full-length study bequeathed to us and to posterity by Edith, his wife.

With an aim as virile, as finely balanced, as taut as the arch in the hand of a Bowman, she has given for such a biography *la prima spinta*; has sent an arrow on its throbbing flight towards its high mark. And the judgement has been so true, the eye so keen and sure, the heart that informed the hand has been so understanding, so tender and so gay, that the vibrant phrases sing on in the quickened imagination of the reader like the song of the arrow magically winging its flight to a mountain crest wreathed in ethereal mists.

Fortunate indeed is the biographer who, threading his way or hers through the maze of full life and coming upon such familiar treasure as a handful of

early verse, discovers it to be the tap-root, so to speak, of the tree itself. *SONNETS AND FOLK-SONGS* is such a volume of treasure; difficult, it is true, to come by, though recent; for it was published in a limited edition in 1925 by the Golden Cockerel Press, in London, and is already probably quite rare. I should not be surprised if one day this slender volume issued by the press with the golden name became really worth its weight in gold. The author of these sonnets and folk-songs confesses, in a singularly self-revealing Preface, to having had a predilection for the sonnet form in verse; "possibly", he suggests, "because it offers a restless scope for risky experiment." The sonnets date in time from his seventeenth year, to break off in his twenty-fifth, when, as a student of medicine, at St. Thomas Hospital in London, he became "absorbed in the immediate practical and emotional interests of a many-sided life", and turned to prose. And he adds with playful malice, "and possibly he has never been a properly prosaic writer of prose—except maybe in the matter of clarity—because from the age of twelve he had learnt to write chiefly in the medium of verse."

He views these sonnets "as an archeological record

of personal experiences in the evolution of an individual person's spirit." "Taken altogether," he continues, "it now seems to the writer, this whole group of sonnets lays bare the roots of the impulses that have stirred through all the activities of his life, from **THE NEW SPIRIT**, in which in 1889, nearly five years after the sonnets had ceased, he first put forth his programme, to **THE DANCE OF LIFE** with which, in 1923, he sought to round it off." While some of the sonnets appeared in print in reviews soon after they were written, he explains that he wrote them for himself, and had no special desire to call public attention to them. "When the tree is growing," he adds, "it is just as well not to lay bare the roots; but when growth has probably ceased it is no longer any matter."

For "Ellisian" enthusiasts who have no access to this late revealed but early document, his elucidation of one special group of the sonnets may be of curious interest. They form part of a series which was to have been called *Life and the Soul*, "being certain things that the Soul said to Life and bearing the motto: '*The Life is more than meat, and the body than raiment*', since it seemed to the youthful author when he

looked around the world in which he lived — and might it not have seemed to the youth even today? — that all, even so-called leaders of men, were merely occupied with 'meat' and with 'raiment' — with the material conditions of life and the external rules of morality — and that no one was seeking to grasp the actual naked and essential facts of human existence, so that 'Life' here became a large symbol with a significance peculiar to the writer."

One of these sonnets, the one entitled *Madonna* which begins, — "My lady once leapt sudden from the bed" — has for me as much importance as a foreshadowing, and I attach as much significance to it, as to any one of the early essays; as *St. Francis and Others*, for instance. For it seems to me that the young poet who could so faultlessly render the poignant truth that "familiar acts are beautiful through love" was ready for that "risky experiment" with an Anglo-Saxon vocabulary presented by the STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX.

Certainly he came authoritatively into the student lives of many young American women of the generation that followed his own, when the first volumes of this great work had appeared in the United States

and an enlightened Chair of Sociology had made them accessible on the shelves of the city University library. And the volumes were read with something of the initiate's joy in the fineness and felicity of the English. For one realized that the things here set forth were exceedingly difficult to say and for some of them there was no ready-made vocabulary that was presentable. Many of them had never been said before; were the outcome of laborious scientifically directed investigation into the light as well as the murky places of men's and women's sexual usages. The poet and the man of science together had evolved the remarkable beauty of some of these early scientific reports that were designed singly to rouse the intelligent collaboration of his medical confrères, but that went forth by virtue of their very fineness through the curricula of advanced universities, and moulded the opinion of a generation; hereby already fulfilling a prophecy of Edith Ellis, who pronounced him "a man whose written words must inevitably lead others to deeds for the good of the race."

Himself a supreme stylist in English letters, Havelock Ellis has no grammarian's quarrel with the parenthesis — (that little garden enclosed in the fair

field of informal composition)—and it is from a parenthesis in a letter that I draw an exquisite tribute to women which sufficiently reveals his private attitude toward them after a life spent largely in their interest as a psychologist, and in their companionship as a man and artist. "I am inclined to set a very high standard," he confesses, adding with a spontaneous rush of emotion, — "I have known such wonderful women!"

Curiously enough, among the many interesting likenesses that we have of Havelock Ellis, there is not one, I believe, by a woman. There are: the Jo Davidson bust, the portraits by Trevor, Man Ray, Henry Bishop, Paul Emil Bécat, and Walter Tittle, all in different mediums but each a vision containing some special feature of interest: the Bécat drawing, for instance, showing a wistful pair of temporarily idle hands; — (one reflects how very few have been the waking hours in which those delicate skilled hands have been so clasped in idleness)—while the powerful etching by Walter Tittle brings out a resemblance he seemed to trace between his famous sitter and the Dancing Faun of Pompeii. All men's

viewpoints, these. I do not know why this is so, but it seems worth recording.

His knowledge of the arts is encyclopaedic. Yet to visit with him an exposition of the ultra-moderns in Paris, to be taken by him to the play, or just to drift at his side along the fascinating Paris *Quai* where the little shops offer irresistible attractions is to go hand in hand with a connoisseur whom no pedantry trammels in his quick perception of a fresh vision of reality, and whom no subservience to fashion betrays into an infidelity towards beautiful things of a day that is gone. It was after a morning spent mostly with Matisse's canvasses that he paused with an instant intuition of its authenticity before a fragile wisp of a Corot in a print shop—Michel's I believe, on the *Quai St. Michel*. It was clear that the little drawing had completely captivated him, and I was not unprepared to learn next day that it had later passed into his cherishing possession. It was also not uncharacteristic of the charming things that occasionally occur to him that this drawing was two-fold; had another wisp of *Ville d'Avray* willows on the rough back of it. I do not know that he could have carried away from Paris anything more poign-

antly French than this bit of pastel paper made eloquent by Corot at Ville d'Avray. In fancy I see it, as it will presently hang in its new place in his study, in the house with the little garden at Herne Hill.

With the same happy impulsiveness that makes him instantly pick the right picture, he is continually making new friends who pass, as it were, into his careful keeping, acquiring the while a *je ne sais quoi* of impalpable merit from the lambent aura of his benignant personality. Friendship, with him, is really a beautiful treasure not to be carelessly handled as if the shops were full of duplicates of the same pattern, easily replaced. He wrote me delightfully, not long ago, with regard to a quite new friendship impulsively entered upon at a moment's notice with something of a child's quick instinct, that it would probably measure the span of his remaining years; "for my friendships," he interpolated, "do not get broken off." It is a fact, too, that his women friends, given any favoring propinquity, straightway become one another's friends; not superficially but from the heart. It must be a caprice of chance that those whom I have known and loved — Edith, Olive Schreiner,

Françoise Cyon and Margaret Sanger—have all been small in stature and fragile in one way and another as to health; but it is not chance that each one has been distinguished by a splendid high-hearted courage amounting to sheer heroism.

If I were to set down the impression that I always carry away from a meeting with him, and which lingers, alive and sweet in my heart until his slender height again towers above that of the other arriving passengers from—for instance—a Channel crossing, it is an impression made up of imponderables; a flashing realization that there is no one else whose movement is so swift without the least sign of haste; no one else whose personality seems so aristocratic without the slightest consciousness of caste; no one else whose personality sheds such a radiance about one's spirit; no one else whose touch is so light; no one else who is at once so gentle, so friendly and so gay.

"Life," he seems to assure one, "is, or ought to be one glorious playday, filled to overflowing with opportunities for risky experiment." He himself has made of it an experiment in fine living. It is rather as the dreamer that he visualizes himself, although

he will add mischievously, "a very obstinate and persistent one." Certainly, in solitude he dreamed a Titanic undertaking. But one notes that he had whetted his implements, words; and those who have read him attentively and penetrantly must be aware that within the flow of almost classically limpid English there lies a latent flashing wit and an irony that are keen as a rapier's point. I know only of one instance when he drew his weapons; but he came off with honors. Meekness is the last trait which I should consider consistent with so imperturbable a spirit. "With help or without it," he says simply in the Preface to vol. VI of the STUDIES, "I have followed my own path to the end." But laying aside the literary tools of polemical contention as he would his gentleman's sword because both weapons are obsolete, and writing with the assumption that his reader would be in agreement with him, this stubborn dreamer opened casements that faced wintry seas "and faery lands forlorn," as he searched through the great house of human life for Love, clear down to the dungeons of our modern civilization. Love as it might be, Havelock Ellis has reconstructed its image; with attention to its infinite possibilities of ecstatic joy, its quivering

response to beauty, its human limitations and imperfections that are its haunting pathos. And he has set this image of Love in our midſt, dedicated to the youth of generations yet unborn, enshrined like a young god in a temple of the ancients dedicate to the Eleusinian mysteries.

—As to his personal attitude towards living, along that perilous but fascinating path of individual experiment that he set out upon and which he has followed whithersoever it has led,—what could be more revealing than his exclaiming, with almost the ecſtacy of a little child: "So many beautiful things happen to me!"

Villino delle Rose, Via Solfatara,
PUZZUOLI.—August 1928.

¶ *The fundamental qualities of Man, equally with the fundamental qualities of Woman, are for ever needed in any harmonious civilization. There is a place for Masculinism as well as a place for Feminism. From the highest Standpoint there is not really any conflict at all. They serve the large cause of Humanity, which equally includes them both.* —ESSAYS IN WAR-TIME.



ESTERDAY, HERE IN LONDON, THE SKY WAS DARK. THE RAIN DROPPED CONTINUOUSLY, ONE'S SPIRIT WAS DISMAL. TODAY THE AIR has been washed clean, the sky is bright, the trees burst into fresh green. Here, as I sit in the Old Garden, the flowers flash with warm radiance beneath the sun, and I hear the deepest wisdom of the world slowly, quietly, melodiously voiced in the throat of the blackbird. I understand. I see the World as Beauty.

To see the World as Beauty is the whole End of Living. I cannot say it is the aim of living. Because the greatest ends are never the result of aiming; they are infinite and our aims can only be finite. We can never go beyond the duty of Saul, the Son of Kish, who went forth to seek his father's asses and found a Kingdom. It is only so that the Kingdom of Beauty is won. There is that element of truth in the contention of Bergson, no intellectual striving will bring us to the heart of things, we can only lay ourselves open to the influences of the world, and the living intuition will be born in its own due time.

Beauty is the end of living, not Truth. When I was a youth, by painful struggle, by deliberate courage, by intellectual effort, I won my way to what seemed to be Truth. It was not the end of living. It brought me no joy. Rather, it brought despair; the universe seemed empty and ugly. Yet in seeking the Asses of Truth I had been following the right road. One day, by no conscious effort of my own, by some inspiration from without, by some expiration from within, I saw that empty and ugly Universe as Beauty, and was joined to it in an embrace of the spirit. The joy of that Beauty has been with me ever since and will remain with me till I die. All my life has been the successive quiet realizations in the small things of the world of that primary realization in the greatest thing of the world. I know that no striving can help us to attain it, but, in so far as we attain, the end of living is reached and the cup of joy runs over. So I know at such a moment as this, today, as I sit here, alone, in the warm sunshine, while the flowers flame into colour and the birds gurgle their lazy broken message of wisdom, however my life may be shadowed by care, and my heart laden with memories, the essential problems are solved.



HAVELOCK ELLIS:

THE GREATEST INVESTIGATOR OF THE MYSTERIES OF SEX

BY *Pierre Ramus*

ONE of the great social and still greater sexual investigators, Havelock Ellis, has just passed his seventieth birthday. We humbly thank his spirit for its noble guidance through the problems of sex, that none more intrepidly than Ellis has defended and demonstrated from the standpoint of freedom.

It is almost twenty-six years ago since Fred Burry, a Canadian fighter for freedom following in the footsteps of Walt Whitman, loaned us in Toronto a secretly circulating work of Havelock Ellis which in

his native England was proscribed by prudery and hypocrisy and still is for the most part. We will never forget the impression made upon us by the reading of this work, all the more so as Professor Mavor, himself an intimate friend of Kropotkin who lived in his house during his tour through Canada, informed us that Havelock Ellis was also an admirer of Kropotkin. We understood from what luminous spirit these thoughts of scientific knowledge and most candid objectivity issue, both standing face to face. Only a person could write thus who in his reasoning bears the sovereign self-consciousness of a mission towards humanity and who is as unconcerned about the permission of governments and states as he is about its precepts. Havelock Ellis is the greatest investigator of the mysteries of sex. He has become the Liberator of both sexes through self-knowledge.

The entire magnitude of this wonderful spirit is poured out in a work but recently issued [in the German language] and certainly the synthesis of his investigation shows how his epilogue charms. **THE DANCE OF LIFE** (*Der Tanz des Lebens*, was published by Felix Meiner, Leipzig.) The rhythm of the dance

is to Havelock Ellis a rhythm of life and like a rich symphony of tunefulness and beauty he opens for us both historically and sexually the studies in the development of knowledge through which humanity progressed by means of the dance. All impulses of life were by him represented as a dance. He opens to us the most intimate forces of joy and in this also is its prophet, inimical to every gloomy life-denial and proclaiming the right of humanity to happiness.

We greet Havelock Ellis living on Galsworthy's Island of Pharisees and indefatigably creating—the Master, Fighter, Thinker, and Liberator.

"ERKENNTNIS UND BEFREIUNG", March 3, 1929.

Q A marvellous thing how pliant the human animal is to work! Certainly it is no Gospel of Work that the world needs. It has never been the great concern of the law-givers of mankind, not to ordain work, but, as we see so interestingly in the Mosaic Codes, to enjoin holidays from work. —THE DANCE OF LIFE.

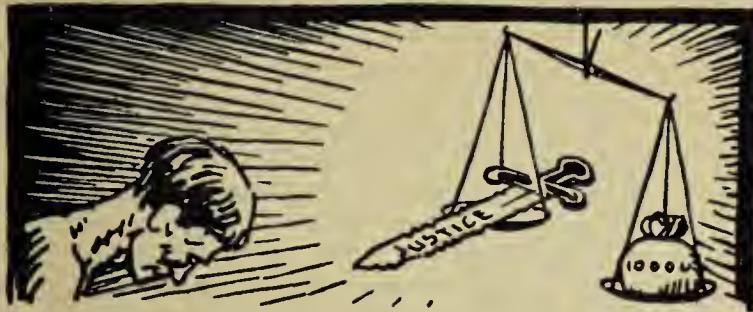


F THE LUNATIC ASYLUM AS AT PRESENT ESTABLISHED HAD EXISTED THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, WE MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE had Greece and Rome—it is doubtful—but we should certainly have had no Old Testament and no New.

The Hebrew religion would have perished of anaemia and the Christian religion could never have been born. Nearly all the prophets of the Jews from Samuel on are patients for the alienists and candidates for the Asylum. Had there been a Lunatic Asylum in the suburbs of Jerusalem, Jesus Christ would infallibly have been shut up in it at the outset of his public career. That interview with Satan on a pinnacle of the Temple would alone have damned him, and everything that happened after could but have confirmed the diagnosis. The whole religious complexion of the modern world is due to the absence from Jerusalem of a Lunatic Asylum.

¶ After Jesus the greatest revolutionary spiritual force in our world was Luther. He, who had once thrown his inkpot at the Devil in person, could scarcely have escaped the Asylum. The greatest after him was Rousseau, the spiritual renovator of our world, and he was at times definitely insane. It happily chanced that these men lived before our modern conception of the "lunatic" was formulated and acted upon. They could never have lived in our world.

¶ For, today, our world is a spiritually emasculated world. The Lunatic Asylum is an instrument for spiritual castration. It fails to grip the people, often highly placed, whose morbidity is really dangerous to society. For the rest, it seizes at random, among worst or best, those who are the refuse of society, and those who, while perhaps dangerous for themselves and a nuisance to those around them, may yet have it in them to be, for all we know, the benefactors of society, its reformers, its saints, its martyrs, even its gods.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S

A TRIBUTE

BY *Clarence Darrow*

FOR many years I have been an ardent admirer of Havelock Ellis and his work. As a young man he began his great work of teaching the facts about sex. Every line of his work has been serious, thoughtful, honest and brave. During a long life he has worked on what seemed a hopeless task. He has never been swerved from his cause by criticism, jibes, ridicule or the law. If I were an optimist, I should believe that the world would some day pay homage to his learning, bravery and devotion.

“NEVER you see the sovereign authority in a country extending beyond the region of police, you may say that country is badly governed.” Diderot, Goethe, Adam Smith, Beccaria, Mill, to mention but a few typical names, threw all the weight of their influence, sometimes with passionate emphasis, on the side of individuality and freedom, and their teaching reached its final consecration when Darwin accepted as his central theory the fruitful idea of Malthus. They felt, and rightly felt, that they were taking the step that was most needed. Those who advocated solidarity and social cooperation mostly went to the wall. Now it is the turn of the social instincts, and we must expect them to work themselves out to the utmost. We have to see to it that the truth to which Diderot and the rest fought their way is not meanwhile lost. The general will is itself today in danger of becoming a benevolent despotism, and perhaps the time will never arrive when such warnings as these will be quite out of date. When it is a question of the oppression of our fellows, we cannot always afford to wait until the offender listens to the voice of persuasion; him, at least, we must bring within “the region of police”: beyond that lies danger.

“Et si j’ai quelque volonté,
C’est que chacun fasse la sienne.”

So Diderot wrote in some impromptu verses at a convivial gathering over which he once presided; it was a summary of his views on many matters. “I am convinced,” he wrote, “that there can be no true happiness for the human race except in a social state in which there is neither king nor magistrate, nor priest nor laws, nor *meum* nor *tuum*, nor property in goods or land, nor vices nor virtues.” This is the anarchism that stands at the end of all social progress, but as an attainable social state it is still certainly, as Diderot adds, “diablement idéal”. He had no faith in moralization by Act of Parliament. “There will then be prostitutes?—Assuredly.—Mistresses?—Why not?—Girls seduced?—I expect there will.—Husbands and wives not always faithful?—I fear so. But at least,” he adds, “I shall be spared all those vices which misery, luxury, and poverty produce. The rest may be as it will be.” —THE NEW SPIRIT.



H A V E L O C K E L L I S

AND SEX REFORM

BY *Helene Stöcker, Ph. D.*

IT is nearly a half a century ago when in England a man conceived a plan for a life-work, dedicated to the investigation of sex and sex psychology. It is well known how the British government, after the appearance of his first book has made the publishing of further works by Havelock Ellis impossible in England, a symptom of the unheard of boldness, the deeply felt intellectual revolution of that plan at that time. But as has often happened, here too, that which was marked for a squelching by the British

censorship, turned into a blessing. The restraint has, at the same time, fostered the progress of the idea. This inhibition was the cause of the immediate appearance in America and Germany of some further books, thereby becoming accessible to a larger circle of readers, and thus make their influence stronger and more intensive than it would have been the case without said censorship.

He who today surveys the life-work of Havelock Ellis, pertaining to the psychology of sex-life, stands in admiration and gratitude before the energy and intrepidity that pursued the difficult, solitary road—once it was recognized as being the right one—without outside furtherance or encouragement to the very end. No one who has any knowledge of this subject, in any civilized country, will dispute that the works of Havelock Ellis constitute the pyschologically deepest and richest creations in the realm of sexual investigation. Havelock Ellis is an original thinker and investigator, physician and sociologist, philosopher and poet, all in one. His nature is so comprehensive, embracing all directions, that his life-work without question must be called the standard work of the movement for sex-science, for a new

sex-morality. The height of his point of view, the width of his horizon, the nobility of his intention and sentiment afford the reader at the same time one of the choicest intellectual enjoyments. A ripeness and an absence of prejudice emanate from him that are only at the disposal of a very rare human goodness. Havelock Ellis possesses an impartiality in, and capability of, acknowledging also the merits of others, as can grow out only from a strong and wholesome personality that rejoices in its own power and genuineness, that can give each his due without fear of detriment to his own originality.

When, a quarter of a century ago, we established here in Germany the movement for "Mutterschutz" (protection for mothers) and sex-reform, and thereby reaped implacable enmity, hatred and calumnia-
tion, disapproval of the most malicious sort for our pains, it was indeed the most consoling thought to know that in puritanical England a man was living who had come to the same conclusions and results as we, far away from him, and without knowing of him, had reached here. The psychological basis of our new world-philosophy as to eroticism was be-
coming more and more unassailable and irrefutable

by his work. He has given us the underlying elements of a sociology of sex-life, a scientific recapitulation of all that which to us seems to be a necessary postulate of every sexual reform—the most unprejudiced, scientific research of the sex-life in every phase, historical, legal, medical, sociological, ethical. An investigation which finally, "embracing all the different phases of research from all possible human viewpoints, will endeavor to harmonize all the psychological impulses—existing in great numbers, being varied and contradictory, and all rooting in like manner in the psychological organization of man."

Anyone who has ever seriously studied the work of Havelock Ellis knows how exhaustively he comprehended and formulated the complex of all these questions and problems. How carefully he has discussed the meaning of race-hygiene, the protection of the mother, sex enlightenment, and nakedness. And with great delicacy of feeling he pointed out the apparent success of the asceticism of the early Christian era; and how, in place of the naïve sensuality an astoundingly refind eroticism finally had developed from the cohabitation of men and women who denied themselves natural sexual intercourse.

Or, when we recall his treatment of the signification of chastity, sexual ethics, the combat with generic diseases, the art of love-making and wedlock, as well as eugenics, we again see how deeply the investigator penetrates into the minutest branches of these difficult problems, how sharply and clearly he perceives their nature, how courageously and undauntedly he points out the paths to higher development. He possesses the extremely rare, wonderful combination of talents to be investigator, thinker, prophet and pioneer, all in one. Each one of his words breathes, aside from the scientific matter in hand by a scholar, at the same time the spirit of the heir of those puritanical religious champions of faith, of whom he tells us in his books. A conviction, mighty and strengthening flows from them, gained from the struggles of today for personal freedom, for self-justification in love and matrimony also will not be in vain, but must lead to an undisputed victory.

Indeed, already we begin, especially during the last ten years, to feel the success of this struggle; everywhere we behold signs of realization.

The people of today will find it, perhaps, difficult to form an idea into what utter darkness and con-

fusion Havelock Ellis, with a moral courage most supreme and unheard of, thrust his torch of light, what oppressions of a tormenting superstition he banished.

In the difficult battle for sex-reform here in Germany I have certainly experienced as a friendly turn of fate, at all times to be able to draw comfort and strength from the perusing of his books. His collaboration in *Die Neue Generation*, a magazine published by me since 1905 — an organ of challenge for mother-protection, sex-reform and radical antagonism to war — was to me a combined joy and pride, as there is none more capable to say than he what really is the import of our great cause.

What has made his personality always unique — among the mass of fighters that have sprung up during this struggle for sex-knowledge and sex-reform in every country: in Havelock Ellis one does not notice the narrowness, the remnants of old prejudices that are often to be found in otherwise meritorious investigators who still cling to such fallacies as residues of old world-views. Be it that they do not recognize the necessity for tolerance towards homosexuality, or be it that every form of auto-

eroticism is looked upon as an Augustinian conception of "sin" or "vice"; be it that they do not recognize the necessity of birth-control for the sake of race-hygiene and race-improvement, be it, finally, that their privileged position as a man makes them haughty and selfish as to the requirements of woman. In Havelock Ellis, on the other hand, we find nowhere any dimness or restraint. Here everything is free, wide, clear atmosphere, as if permeated by a sun of reason and goodness. All riddles and knotted problems seem to be solved and cleared in the noble-minded intelligence of a personality whose inner harmony and equanimity strengthen and benefit us like summer's mountain breezes. Here all conclusions of modern, social thought, including the sphere of love-life are drawn, with a breadth of comprehension and understanding — what a rarity — that ignore the barriers which often hinder the intelligent man to completely understand the soul of woman, thus depriving him, by reason of an atavistic man-nish self-conceit, of the finer enjoyment of womanly idiosyncracy. Here, through Havelock Ellis the highest goal of human development—the "Androgyné" in the sense of romanticism, the union of "Manhood"

and "Womanhood" is reached. His life-work, dedicated to the investigation of the differences of sexes has led him, as a genuine "artist" of life, to search for a satisfactory solution, by acknowledging the dissimilarity, but also the equi-valuation of the sexes. Havelock Ellis knows that the Hindu wisdom of "That art Thou!" prevails even into the ultimate secrets of the personal union of man and woman, as in everything else; that love, and consideration for the other guarantees in the surest way one's own highest sense of happiness. He refutes the old error that in the past man had been less erotic, as also the shallow wisdom of the unlettered who claim our time was degenerated sensually in a greater degree than in former periods. On the contrary, we have today arrived at a point where we, in some sort or other, must reconquer, adopt with full consciousness, what former times already had possessed in a more naïve manner, less conscious, unconstrained. It is for us to blend a new spiritualized kind of eroticism with the naïve voluptuousness of antique culture, after the road has lead us over asceticism and puritanism, arresting our progress for a time, which check must now be overcome by us on a higher plane.

Only the union of soul and senses in love alone mediates the highest gratification. Only the chaste can really love, in a higher sense; only the chaste can really be voluptuous.

In the great struggle of the last century, for the freedom of woman, for the ennobling and refining of love, no one has furnished us with more powerful weapons than Havelock Ellis, thereby helping to lift our human culture, and especially our culture of love to a higher level. We owe it to him that these thoughts—totally incomprehensible for the majority of people half a century ago— to a great extent have today become rather natural and a matter of course. With all the powers of his mind and heart he took care to brand the old sex-ownership morality regarding woman, in all its narrowness and brutality, to prepare the way for a real, new refined sex-morality. As one of the first he dared to point out the meaning of the exaggerated valuing of physical virginity as nothing less than a male perversity with a kinship to a propensity for sexual intercourse with children. He did not hesitate to characterize as the contrary of morality, as the crassest abortion and unmorality that morality which

allows a man to either be responsible for his sex actions or not, and to shift the blame onto a weaker woman and an innocent child. But when sexual love no longer is looked upon as something impure and vile which must lower and degrade man, when woman no longer is looked upon as the property of man, then the demand for abstinence has lost its moral significance. The moment woman will take upon herself the full moral responsibility in sexual, as in other matters, it will become not only unbearable but, for society, also senseless to trace out the most intimate physiological and mental acts. The inner consequence of this new sex-morality we also recognize, on the one side, by the growing demand of the majority for civil marriage in place of church weddings, in all countries, and then by the increasing aversion against the intervention of the state in sexual matters, apart from the interest for the children. Here alone, where the interest of the children is concerned, begins what Havelock Ellis, what we demand in consequence of the new morality: the protection of the mother by society, the conscious, well-planned higher breeding in the sense of racial hygiene and race betterment; indeed, all that

A NOTE ON

The Bedborough Trial

BY

HAVELOCK ELLIS

LONDON

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which we endeavor to accomplish today in the name of science, from propagation. The sexual responsibility, demanded by us is one of the most essential suppositions of this new sexual culture. The fate of humanity — this we recognize today — lies not so much in the future as in the past, in its ancestors. If we desire an ascent of humanity it must be our concern after this to cultivate the race by careful selection. It must be reckoned, among other things, from the unfertile fecundity, the unspeakable sorrow of senseless mortality of mothers and children, after the creative force of nature has become conscious of itself in the brain of cultured humanity.

A man whose life-work from the beginning was dedicated to this high goal, *i.e.*, the harmonizing of the love-life of man, who so unerringly and systematically fulfilled this task, carries therewith his own reward within himself. Our gratitude, our words of thanks are beside it quite unessential. But an inner urge causes us to express to him on this day what a joy, what happiness it was for us and still is, impassioned and strengthened by him, to be able to work in the same sense and spirit as he himself. This brief, grateful presentation of that which Have-

lock Ellis means to the refinement of sex-morals, to the realization of sex-reform in the world, I cannot perhaps close more appropriately than with the beautiful words from the introduction to his book, *SEX IN RELATION TO SOCIETY*, which prove that he is conscious of the imperishableness of him who works for new ideas. "It sometimes seems, indeed, a hopeless task to move the pressure of inert prejudices which are at no point so obstinate as this of sex. It may help to restore the serenity of our optimism if we would more clearly realize that in a very few generations all these prejudices will have perished and be forgotten. He who follows in the steps of Nature after a law that was not made by man, and is above and beyond man, has time as well as eternity on his side, and can afford to be both patient and fearless. Men die, but the ideas they seek to kill live. Our books may be thrown to the flames, but in the next generation those flames become human souls."



H A V E L O C K E L L I S :

AS A GREAT PERSONALITY

BY *Dr. B. Malinowski*

H A V E L O C K E L L I S has been a personal experience to most thinking men and women of our age—a personal experience which lasts. His scientific work, his artistic vision and the dramatic rôle which he was made to play as the price of his prophetic influence—and which he played with a consummate dignity and restraint—all these surround him with that mythical halo which but rarely comes to a man during his lifetime. Those of us who have the privilege of personal acquaintance and friendship know well

with what charm and nobility he acquits himself of this most dangerous and difficult burden: world-wide fame achieved early in life.

But personal acquaintance is merely a confirmation of the many things which he gives in his published, spoken and acted manifestations; for as all great men, Havelock Ellis lives and reveals himself in his words and deeds. All true and real things in life are simple at heart, yet with an infinite variety of iridescent surface. The thoughts and sentiments of Havelock Ellis are direct in intent, manifold in the grasp of essential facts, and sincere in expression. His philosophic attitude is non-partisan and non-sectarian: he always remains the synthetic metaphysician of life.

The simplest and most fundamental truths are invariably the most difficult to see and to express. Havelock Ellis came to tell us that life in its fullest sense is worth living; that sex should be understood, indeed studied scientifically; that on the basis of such knowledge it must be morally vindicated; that a great many of the strict taboos and puritanic values of the past generation will have to change with the shifting setting of our protean culture.

Sex is a great and wonderful power for evil and for good, and we must deal with it as we deal with other forces of nature; understand, respect and control in the light of truth and not in the shadows of prejudice and preconception.

All this Havelock Ellis has given us. He has not proclaimed it as his own great "discovery", but has shown us the facts; illuminated them with his insight; lit them with the fire of his inspiration and enthusiasm. Havelock Ellis has never made "Sex" the only explanation of all mental phenomena, nor has he advocated free indulgence as the remedy of all spiritual and social evils; he never fell into the error of facile "pansexualism"; nor is his scientific work a system of onesided doctrines. He was indeed the first scientifically to unveil most of the real mysteries of the sexual instinct. His analysis of the two-fold aspect of this impulse, tumescence and its release; his theory of modesty as a biological asset; his radical distinction between the socially relevant and the essentially personal elements in Sex — all this and much more will remain as a classical and a lasting contribution to science.

His pioneering genius consists of a rare combin-

ation: commonsense and prophetic intuition. It has made Havelock Ellis anticipate most of the discoveries which are usually ascribed to Psycho-Analysis—and for which, indeed, he himself gives all credit to Freud, where this credit is really due. The whole path of theoretical development which we can follow in the seven volumes of the *PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX* is strewn with innumerable findings bearing on practically all sound modern doctrines in the sciences of the human mind, human society and the human body. As life itself, and the manifestations of the wide world, Havelock Ellis's work harbours inconsistencies, and it will provoke, now and then, contradictions from even his most enthusiastic followers. One might almost say that to learn from him, by reading his books, is like being in touch with experimental reality, so little *partiprīs*, parochialism and egocentric vanity is there in his work. So that even on those points where we disagree with Havelock Ellis, we still remain indebted to him for stimulus and inspiration.

There is one aspect of Havelock Ellis's work, however, which non-dogmatic and tentative though he has tried to make it himself, will, I think, remain of

permanent value. This is the ethical aspect, and here again it is his supreme tolerance and placidity of mind, combined with his warmth of heart and earnestness of purpose, which makes him go right every time. The dancing Philosopher of Life is never frivolous, never cynical and never bitter. He has — in spite of some false appearances and of some aphorisms which have been made about him—nothing of the satyr; nothing of the demon; too little perhaps of Dionysos. Some of us, made of a baser metal, may perhaps miss this in Havelock Ellis, the philosopher; even more in Havelock Ellis, the artist—but no serious and honest man will miss it in Havelock Ellis the friend and counsellor.

In his great work on Sex, Havelock Ellis has laid the foundation of a new ethical attitude as well as of a new science, and he has given not only an encyclopaedia of facts and a system of ideas, but also a charter of a new freedom.

Around his illuminating theories, Havelock Ellis builds a world of artistic impressions and spiritual experiences which breathe creative inspiration as well as moral help to so many of us who have become his pupils, his admirers and his followers: followers

in the gospel of moral and intellectual sincerity and simplicity; admirers of the imaginative power with which he leads us back into the romantic past, still surviving in Spain and other mediaeval strong-holds of Europe; pupils in the scientific outlook by which he guides us forward into the future, where new vistas open to human happiness in a fuller and richer life of love.

To me in my earlier youthful enthusiasms Havelock Ellis was first a myth, fraught with artistic and moral significance; later he was an intellectual reality in shaping the plastic phase of my mental development; finally he became a great personal experience when I met him and saw realized in life the anticipation of a great personality. In this, I am glad to say, I feel but one of the legion of his friends and admirers, for all of us like to share that which we regard as good and great. Havelock Ellis provokes just that unselfish admiration and devotion, and in this, perhaps, lies his greatest achievement.



HAVELOCK ELLIS:

ONE OF THE FEW GREAT HUMANISTS OF OUR AGE

BY *J. A. Hobson*

WHEN we think and speak of Havelock Ellis as one of the few great humanists of our age, and so distinguish him from the larger band of thinkers and workers who take their part in human service, what do we intend to convey by this distinction? What are the qualities of a great modern humanist? In the first place he must see and feel and think about all that goes to make up human life, its activities and their environing world. Not necessarily to see life "as a whole", for that is a pressure of intellectual pride

which ensnares one in a philosophic system. Such system is abhorent to humanism. Specialism and orderly coherent thinking are indeed essential, but they must always be recognized as servants not entitled to impose their rules upon the freedom of a master mind. It is probable, indeed, that some specialism belongs to humanism, for man must always lift the web of life at some point of particular interest. There can no more be a disinterested student than a disinterested lover. While thus it would be agreed that in some sense the Humanist fulfils the ancient precept: *Homo sum et nihil humani a me alienum puto*, it is a matter of vital importance to consider his particular approach. Sometimes it comes through one of the great creative arts, or a group of them, as in the epoch of the Renaissance. In our day, apparently, it is the sciences that stir most the curiosity and the creative imagination of great minds, and above all those branches of science which seek to reveal the hidden nature of humanity itself. In a very real sense, then, the lifelong devotion of Havelock Ellis to the psychology of sex is the key to his wider work of humanism, the origin of life to its contents. Even modern philosophers often seem ashamed of

man's animal nature and are anxious to explain how it may be subdued or transcended. But Ellis is wise enough to recognize the whole of man's life, even in what are deemed its most spiritual activities and achievements, as rooted in his bodily structure with its illimitable potencies of delicate and intricate expression. An acceptance of this intellectual standpoint does not, however, enable us to explain, or even to enjoy, the rich variety of the cultural feast which Ellis's writings spreads before us. For here the richness of his personal powers of sympathy and understanding, his intricate knowledge of many arts and sciences, of human achievement in its highest reaches, and a strength and delicacy of utterance which place him in the first rank of English writers —these gifts combine to give him the unique place he occupies in his age. With a certain note of austerity and diffidence that are everywhere discernible he has been able to vitalize more revaluations and adjustments, and even to inspire more reforms in personal life and in social institutions, than any modern school of philosophers or professional uplifters. For he has learned and practised the economy of not pursuing every thought to its 'logical conclusion',

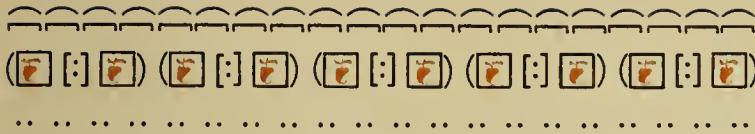
but of leaving a large margin for the creative and revealing activities to work their free will and have their way. His most instructive and persuasive writing is the art of the commentator and the skilled seer of fragmentary, though not unrelated visions that are 'there'.

¶ *It is fortunate, no doubt, that an age of machinery is well content with machine-made writing. It would be in bad taste—too physiological, too sentimental, altogether too antiquated—to refer to the symbolical significance of the highly relevant fact that the heart, while undoubtedly a machine, is at the same time a sensitively pulsating organ with fleshy strings stretched from ventricle to valves, a harp on which the great artist may play until our hearts also throb in unison. Yet there are some to whom it still seems that, beyond mechanical skill, the cadences of the artist's speech are the cadences of his heart, and the footfalls of his rhythm the footfalls of his spirit, in a great adventure across the universe.* —THE DANCE OF LIFE.



HAVELOCK ELLIS'S STUDIO

at Hawkes Point, Carbis Bay, Cornwall, which he occupied many years during the '90's. He is seated at the right on a hammock-chair, overlooking the sea, where he usually did his writing. The building was once occupied by an artist. It has a top-light and was originally a mining shed. The old shaft of a mine is at the back of the hammock-chair. Edward Carpenter has once expressed to Havelock Ellis: he thought it one of the finest views in England.



A REVELATION By Havelock Ellis

From—"IMPRESSIONS & COMMENTS"

THIRD SERIES



ROM time to time, at long intervals, she would drift into my room, like a large white bird hovering tremulously over the edge of a cliff, a shy and sinuous figure, so slender and so tall that she seemed frail, yet lithe, one divined, of firm and solid texture. I speak of her as a woman, yet she was in a sense beyond the distinction of sex, at once a married mother and an adolescent virginal youth, and these two together, not by any inharmonious clash, but lifted into the higher unity of a being who belongs to another race.

Yet let it not seem that at that time I made any observations so definite as these. This was still an altogether unknown instrument that was from time

to time placed within my reach, as yet a meaningless instrument on which I could scarcely strike a random casual note. I hardly even sought to. I was, as ever, incurious, always content to wait for the revelation the Gods may in their grace bring me, just as I have waited for years, consciously or unconsciously, before the paintings or the poems of some great master, who was meaningless to me, until by little glimpses of vision, by sudden flashes of intuition before my purged eye, the Flame of Beauty at last was bared. For I would say with Plotinus that it is the business of the Gods to come to me and not for me to go to them. Thus it was then; and when I look back to those days I seem only able to recall in detail the intellectual brows, a little ascetic, they seemed, above that long waving form, and an occasional ripple of laughter, a shallow ripple, like the little sudden shudder that passes over the surface of a solemn pool of water among the rocks at low tide, touched by a quick breath of wind from the sea.

So it was that slowly only and by imperceptible degrees I learnt to see and to evoke by touch the mystery of this new Revelation that the Gods had brought to my humble door. It was a memorable

Step in the unfoldment when, one unexpectant day, the tall figure rose and approached and I felt cool kisses, like the rich petals of some tea rose, falling softly on my face, amid murmured words, and the rustle of long cool limbs for a moment gliding gently around my own. Therewith the slow process of my awakening was touched into sudden acceleration, the vague images that had been aroused in my mind began to crystallise; there was a new keenness of vision in my eyes and a new sensitiveness of touch in my hands. For the first time I knew clearly that this was a Person, of whatever nature and from whatever far world visitant, a Person, not only a gracious wreath of soft shy mist, for concealed beneath there was a massive even rugged frame and a latent power of strong impulse that was new to itself as to me. So I grew alert and reverent, ready to worship whatever Divine Image I might be able to discern through earthly envelopes.

It cannot have been long after that day, I began to perceive something even in the manner of the garments of this Person different from the women I had known in the world. Her clothing was not something closely and firmly enswathing a loose

body, with difficulty found and disentangled, and when found mostly featureless and insignificant. There was a certain rarity and distinction, an individual impress, in the few garments that she wore; yet personal as they were, one realized that they were not part of her, they seemed to fall away at a touch, she seemed able to glide out of them with no effort. The Person to whom these garments belonged, however shy and shrinking in a cold and alien world, might thus be native to a world where clothing was a grace of living, rather than an essential art of living, and the body itself too full of meaning, and itself too full of mystery, to need garments or to bear being garmented. I dimly divined this as I caught careless entrancing glimpses of this body.

I well remember the day on which it was first altogether revealed to me. Day indeed it scarcely was any longer. Twilight had come, the light without shadows when all familiar things grow mysteriously unfamiliar, the light in which alone we can imagine that immortal forms of sculpture might become soft and flexible and warm. I lay back on my couch, the curtains of the windows were still parted and a bright light from afar made a clear pattern on the wall. We

talked of I know not what grave things in art or in life, and as we talked she rose from the depths of her chair and it seemed by scarce an effort of disentanglement floated into my sight without a single garment left to veil the soft radiance of her form. The room was full of diffused light, yet so softened and dimmed that that illusion of night was present which ever imparts strength and assurance to women and maybe to angels. Yet this illusion of night was no more than the atmosphere made visible, in which this lofty Person shone not only in clear outline, but with all due variations of bright tone and gloom of shaded recesses. All the natural saliences of form were subdued. The shallow inverted bowls of the breast were of a virginal shape astonishing to see, the firm belly no less, and only the little trace of a droop in the tender globes behind somehow indirectly suggested the touch of maternal fatigue. There was in this length in body and legs yet a measured and rightful proportion, so that one was reminded of those supreme Egyptian artists who—perhaps inspired by the neighbouring Dinka folk who are of all human people the most extravagantly and beautifully excessive in limb — drew upon their temple

walls such divinely tall and slender gods and men. Yet here was no schematically fantastic caricature. There was the tender almost pathetic breath of life emanating from her, emanating almost, one imagined, in fragrance, yet but imagined, for it was only by intimate contact that one might know or divine the scent and the taste of the mysterious salts and essences that distilled from the guarded places of her form and helped to suggest the firm underlying structure beneath a shape that at first glance seemed so ethereal, befitting large appetites and a great thirst for water and for wine, those two things which of all things that enter the human body have a significance, in purity and in hilarity, which is more than human and enable the human to drink of sources which are divine because alone they remain immortally incorrupt. So the vision before me was signed with the mark of an origin that seemed yet more hieratically remote than any racial sources to which her human kin bore witness.

In the human people we know, the mingling of race that must ever be present seems often to bring a clash and conflict of tendency in spirit, and almost it seems in body, a conscious struggle of higher and

lower, an ever-present awareness of a bit in the mouth, and invisible ancestors who draw the reins to this side and to that even at the same moment. It never seemed so to me in this Person. Even as in her form the virginal and the maternal were marvellously united into a harmony of adolescent youth, so it was in her spirit. The strange discrepancies of her soul lay peacefully side by side, the lion by the lamb. The thin austere lines upon her intellectual brows were the outward sign of a subtle brain that played among the glistening points of glacier heights, pursuing there delicate fancies of imagination that often seemed almost to elude perception, and wrought our human speech into harmonies as of stalactites of icicles grouped amid the rocks of the cliffs when a frost follows rain. Yet, without any violence of transition, she would linger maliciously over the stories of human weakness and brood deliciously over licentious images, until lascivious pearls of sweat gathered together in the sheltered recesses of the prostrate form lying passive, without movement, for the energy of passion is human and belongs not at all to those beings who seem to us to bear about their forms and their spirits something of the semi-

blance of Eternity. Human creatures, when they are most human, distinguish between good and evil, they strive after the good, they seek to avoid the evil, it is ever their desire to trample down their worse self and on that ruin to raise a better. In the perpetual effort of such moral struggle, in the desire, even though it prove vain, to give of itself to other ends, their human nobility lies. But to Heaven all things are fair. Nature and the Gods are no more evil than they are good; moral nobility is not for them. "I am what I am": it is their perpetual affirmation, not, it need be, arrogantly, nor yet, it need be, meekly, yet always without struggle.

"I am": that always seems to the human mind the affirmation of the Most High, yet it is an affirmation out of a sphere in which there is neither high nor low in our human sense, just as we see there neither good nor bad. When that is realized, we have gained the deepest insight into the Divine that the years can bring us, we no longer rate too highly or too lowly what man has blindly reverenced as God or contemned as Nature. Like Arethusa or some immortal Nymph of the ice and the water, this mysterious Person appeared to me, sometimes in the

silence, as it were, of glacial mountain heights, and sometimes on the lowlands of robustly gushing or gently rippling water. Yet there was no spiritual sense in which either the one or the other was truly high or truly low. There came before me the symbolically significant vision, the physical or the spiritual vision, in which this profound reality was made manifest and this lofty Person was revealed under an aspect which seemed the incarnation of that living and profuse Nature which is neither high nor low. The tall form languidly arose and stood erect, taut and massive it seemed now with the length of those straight adolescent legs still more ravishing in their unyielding pride, and the form before me seemed to become some adorable Olympian vase, and a large stream gushed afar in the glistening liquid arch, endlessly, it seemed to my wondering eyes, as I contemplated with entranced gaze this prototypal statue of the Fountain of Life, carved by the hands of some daring and divine architect, out of marble like flesh, that marble which has in its texture the mingled warm and matt tones of human flesh, mortal and immortal at once, motionless and passive, yet of wondrous energy, the image of creative arrogance;

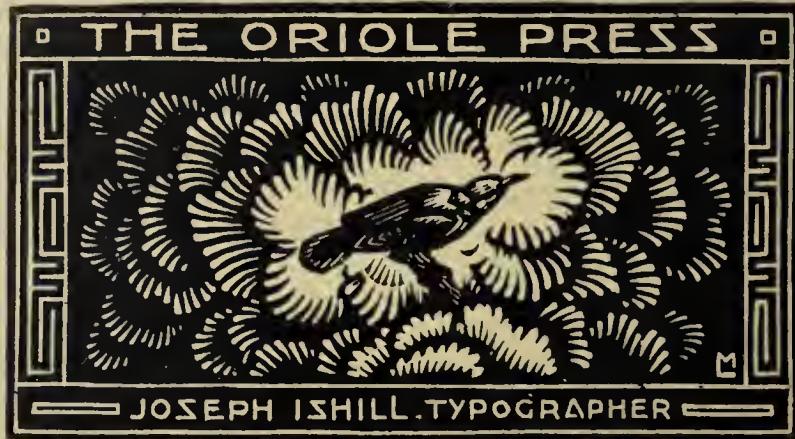
while on the firm austere lines of the face one read, not pride, but a shy and diffident smile, the fear lest to the merely human spectator that which is transcendent should be mistaken for what is gross.

Yet there is no language for mortals to whom are vouchsafed brief moments of intuition into the reality of a world which for all the daily purposes of life is merely a dull show fittingly expressed in dull words, nor are there any images to express meaningfully to men what comes into the mind when slowly one by one the scales have fallen from our eyes and we nakedly glimpse, once or twice or thrice on our course through the world and most of us never at all, one of those rare divine beings who pass veiled and disguised through life, as in mediaeval days the old forsaken gods of Greece and Rome were said still to linger here and there in the world, with a cowl drawn over their flaming eyes, or a rough kirtle deforming the symmetry of their perfect limbs.

Before the inner eye of those who are drowning, they say, there pass in procession the significant visions of all their lives. As I lie here, floating back to life, there pass before my inner eye from among the pictures of those rare and lovely persons that here

and there it has been given me as my supreme grace in the world to discern and to know, not those that are from long ago mine, closest and most tender, but this mysterious revealing Person, surrounded with a halo of silence and parted by a half the world's space.

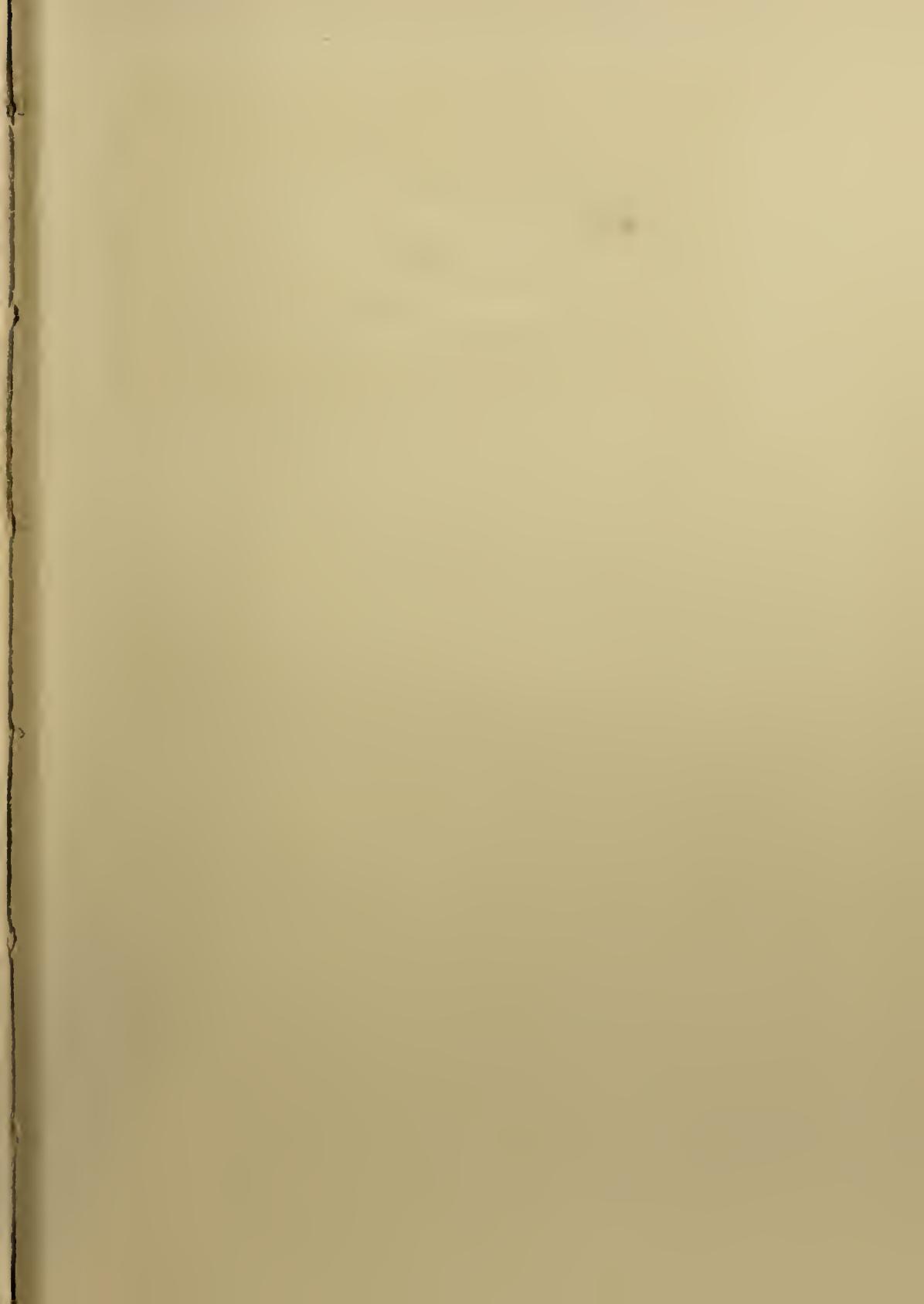


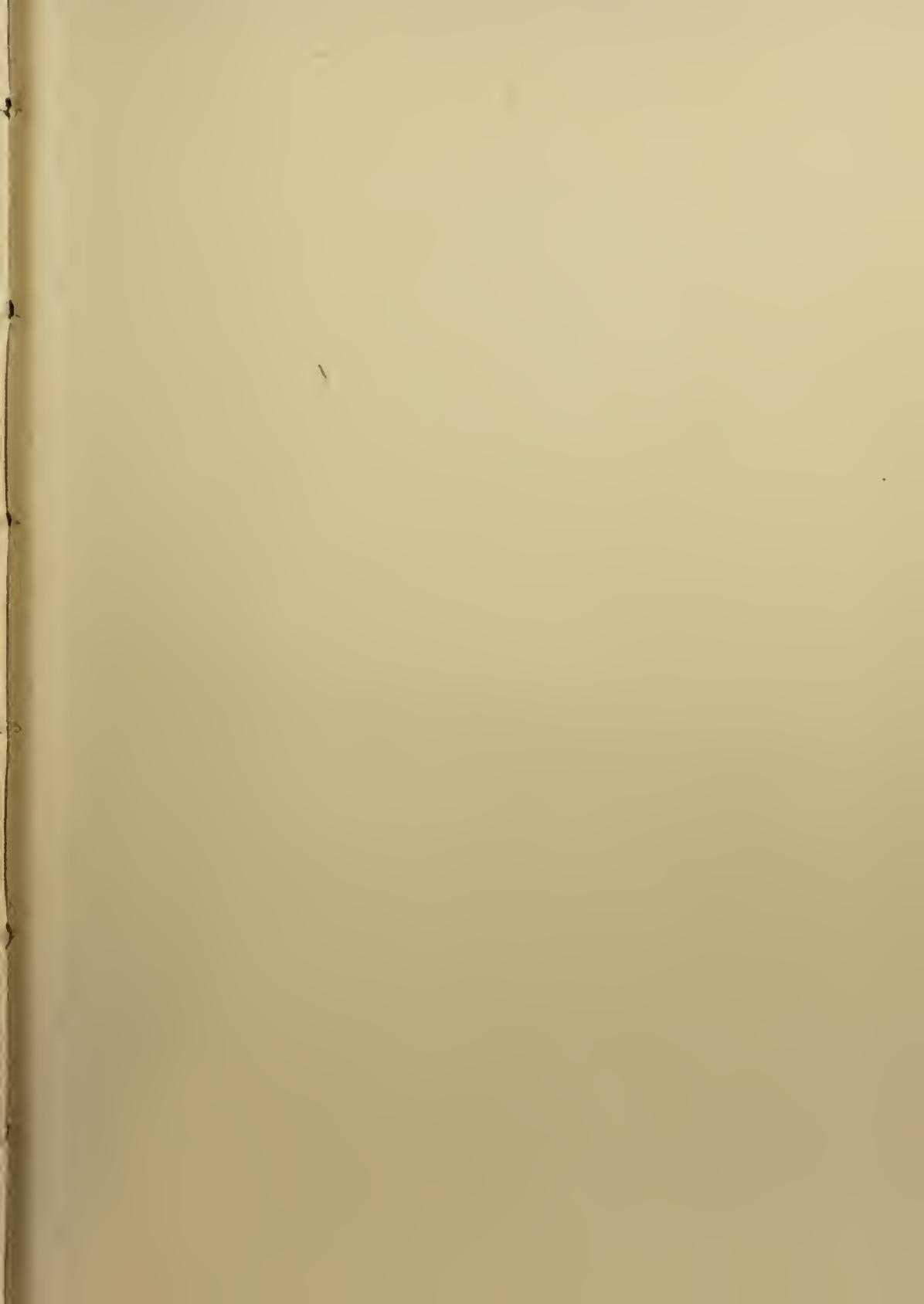


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